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PLAIN FACTS ABOUT PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

WERE you ever a member of a school board? If not, then have hardly been revealed to you, in their fullest measure, the machinations and tendencies of the dual forces that combine to establish our public schools: the educational forces on the one hand, and the public or political forces on the other. To the thoughtful board member are revealed the inherent weaknesses of the public-school system as developed in America. To him are shown the foibles and fancies of the educationist, the heedlessness and pettiness of the more thoughtless element in the constituency, and, alas! the limitations of the teachers. And he is constantly comparing the ideal schools he supposed to exist before he got his intimate insight, and the schools he really discovered after his official relationship began. This disillusioning is distracting.

Just at present there is a stirring about in the public-school world. Some mild muckrakers have been busy with the rake, and are trying to find out "What is the matter with our public schools;" and a few conscientious critics are pointing out genuine weaknesses in the *results* of our public-school system. This commotion comes almost like a shock, after a long lull, which had put us to sleep in the pedagogical cradle, bringing us pleasant dreams about the great public-school system, the pride of the land, the glory of the nation, and so forth. For everybody was quite sure that these schools were the bulwark of our freedom, and that they somehow were too sacred to be criticised. At the same time, every one reserved the right to decided personal opinions about

the way these schools should be run. For there is no other public institution so universally lauded in bulk, and so criticised *in parvo*, as the public-school system.

The results of the school system that are challenged in these newer indictments may be brought under three groups.

First, we are told that the pupil does not gain *real knowledge*. He studies about things, in an indefinite sort of way, but never learns the solid facts. The whole system, from the happy kindergarten to the mimic-college high school, is permeated with the haze of indefiniteness. There is present only the mirage of learning, not the substantial reality. The old-fashioned drilling has vanished. The line upon line and precept upon precept method, that builds real brain-substance, is replaced by pseudo-psychological "methods" taught in "normal" schools. The result is, the pupil is not trained in exactness and thoroughness.

Secondly, we are told that the pupil does not even learn to use his mind. Schoolmasters give as an excuse for the lack of exactness in their pupils, that the boys and girls have learned how to use their mental equipment even though they do not know very many facts. But here is a substantial arraignment of this supposed result of modern school methods. The school is an enslaver of memory instead of an emancipator of reasoning. Originality is tabooed, and servility demanded. The curse of the lawyer, the search for precedent, is written on the brow of pedagogy. Logic and reason are not encouraged.

And, thirdly, the results of our schools are not practical. This is heard on every hand. The schools do not fit for bread-and-butter earning, they rather make a boy or girl unfit for the hard tasks of life.

A fourth count in the indictment is sometimes added by the moralist, who claims that the moral traits of the child are hardly awakened, and that the boys and girls, especially those who break the ranks before the eighth grade is reached, are entirely unfit to meet the severe demands that the temptations of life make upon them.

These, briefly, are the charges. They may be summed up by saying that, in a very general and unsatisfactory way, the schools teach the elements of mental processes; that they, to this extent only, teach morals; and that they leave the aptitudes, manual and mental, in about as dormant a condition as they found them in.

These charges are made against the *results* of our public education. But these results are the outgrowth of *conditions*. I do not wish here to discuss the indictment, I wish only to describe frankly some of the conditions that prevail in our public schools, from which these undesirable consequences have grown. These plain facts I present, as they were unfolded to me while serving on the Board of Education in one of our large cities, where conditions are perhaps a little above the average.

I

And I begin with the teacher. For the teacher is the school. And in considering the teacher we must begin with the superintendent. The position of superintendent of schools is unique and anomalous. It demands the learning of a college president, the consecration of a clergyman, the wisdom of a judge, the executive talents of a financier, the patience of a church janitor, the humility of a deacon, and the craftiness of a politician. The position demands that the superintendent manage the schools purely as an educational investment for the public, without being in

any degree influenced by the passions and impulses of the public. It is because of these requirements, which would tax genius and divinity, that there are so few real superintendents. If you should attend a meeting of the National Association of Superintendents, for the purpose of seeking one for your home town, you would be depressed by the scarcity of first-class material for so important a place. You would learn, on inquiry, that most of these men drifted into the superintendency, — they just happened into the job. Some were educated for the ministry, some for the bar, some for medicine, a few had been in business, all of them had been teachers, but only a small minority had started out in life by choosing the regal following of educational leader as a profession, and had persisted in their laudable ambition with courage and perseverance.

Until very recently, there was no college or university that paid any attention to school administration in its curriculum. Those great centres of learning to which the nation rightly looks for educational guidance were blind to the great needs of the common schools; so that a young man, ambitious to become a successful superintendent of schools, had to pick his own way, prepared by experience and inclination but not by scientific guidance. The result was perfectly natural. The making of superintendents was left to chance, and to those interested forces which contrived to gain the mastery of the situation. Some superintendents were thus made by party politics, some by certain commercial interests, some by coteries of teachers or cliques of busybodies, and some, we may be very sure, by a happy and conscientious choice. These last have been, fortunately, the propulsive force in American public education, and the nation owes a large debt of gratitude to the great pioneer superintendents, who rose above the circumstances of their appointments and gave conscience and professional prowess to their tasks.

Happily there is now growing up in our

country a group of young men who have definitely chosen educational administrative work as their profession, who have been trained for their calling in colleges that have recognized their special needs, and who, it is hoped, will prove strong enough to withstand the temptations that are peculiar to public office. But ideal professional guidance in public-school affairs will not be possible until some of the conditions surrounding the office of superintendent are changed. The office must be entirely separated from the haphazard of politics. Formerly the superintendent was elected in many states by the people on party tickets. One of our large cities even to-day clings to this barbarous custom, to its shame and the great detriment of its school system. At present it is almost the universal custom to elect the superintendent through the board of education. Even under this practice he is still made to feel the insecurity of his tenure. For the board members are elected, and through them the people can strike at the superintendent. Every city is prone to have a superintendent war about every ten or twenty years. A man who has to direct so many teachers, placate so many parents, and come in practical contact with the public every day, will make enemies, especially if he is a robust and enterprising man. And these enemies will seek revenge at the polls. So, in order to raise a generation of professional superintendents, it will not be enough to have them trained in the technique of their profession. The tenure of office must be made long enough, and secure enough from interference by either the board or the public, to attract scholarly men.

While there has been so much of chance in the making of the superintendent, there has been a more earnest attempt made in the training of teachers, although even our normal schools are of comparatively recent origin. School-teaching is even now scarcely a profession. People still think that almost any one can be a teacher. In truth, any one who can pass the required examinations and get a certificate is le-

gally qualified to teach. These requirements are usually so low that a graduate of an ordinary high school can pass them. Indeed, our cities maintain normal schools that are filled with girls taken green from the high school, who are given two years of seasoning in "method," and are then turned back into the public schools whence they came. This perpetual stream wends its never-varying circuit annually, swelled only occasionally by the addition of a few women or men who have had a college education.

This kind of hurry-up training emphasizes method, not character; memory, not logic. It tends to make education mechanical, impersonal. It leads the youthful pedagogue to teach arithmetic and reading, when she should be told to teach Johnny and Mary. For education that is not individual, that does not respond hopefully and joyously to the magic of personal association, results in mental palsy. Our meagre, starveling way of preparing teachers degrades the schools and the profession. The basis of teaching must be knowledge, and how shall they teach if they have not knowledge? The inspiration of teaching must be personality, but how shall they inspire if they have no soul for their work?

Moreover, this factory method of making teachers inclines to shrivel them. The exactions of their daily tasks, goodness knows, are severe enough to deaden their wider instincts. The stronger reason why their preliminary training should be of the greatest diameter. The natural propensities of all human beings are easily influenced by their vocations. Perhaps this is why some teachers are so apt to be narrow and unsympathetic toward persons and events that lie beyond the pale of their immediate work. There must be a broad, sympathetic spirit at the basis of every profession; and it is this spirit that marks the subtle distinction between a calling and a business, — a distinction that is important and potent.

Of course, the vast majority of public-

school-teachers are women. Probably this will always be true, though more men are surely needed. Thirty years ago it was almost the only occupation a woman could enter. To-day the call of many occupations reaches her ear. The result is that many of the ablest and most robust women who must work, avoid teaching, and the ranks of the public-school teachers must suffer from this loss.

The state has certainly not done its part to glorify the profession of teaching. It has not lured talent, either by offering preparatory schools equal to those of the other professions, or by offering adequate pay. Our school resources are too small on all sides. The maximum tax levy for school purposes is usually fixed by state law, and the harassed school board is continually confronted by the task of doling out the resources at hand among teachers, and buildings, and supplies, and playgrounds, and free lectures, and a hundred other things that call for money. They are, as a rule, as generous with the teachers as the state permits them to be. On the other hand, better pay should be contingent upon a broader preparation, more effective service, a more genuine spirit of helpfulness, less petty self-seeking, and a more liberal outlook on life. Money alone cannot create a profession.

II

Out of such educational conditions has come the course of study. What shall these teachers teach? This seems to be a universal enigma. The question was not asked seventy years ago. The itinerant schoolmaster, boarding round, and gathering his flock from the scattered huts of the pioneers, taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. And the refulgent halo of the three R's rests above the traditions of these early district schools. With a little history, geography, and spelling added, this remained the course of study until some educator suddenly awoke to the fact that, while science was eagerly and rapidly enlarging the domain of human

knowledge, while human ingenuity was binding the continents into unity, and civilization was moving forward with swift strides, the course of study had remained quite stationary. So the process of "enriching" began. But alas! the enriching proceeded from books and theories, to the exclusion of the vital needs of the state. So much frosting has been put on the loaf, and so many raisins put within, that very little of the nourishing substance is left.

This course of study, being built by educators who have studied books rather than civilization, is bookish. Its creators being theorists rather than empiricists, it is transcendental. And the cry of an awakening nation is, "Back to the fundamentals. Make education practical." This is the extreme reaction on the part of the people from the extreme attempt on the part of educators to embellish their curriculum. The impulsive public, electing its school board, demands a "practical education," but fails to define what constitutes a practical education. So with the swaying pendulum we are bound to have either Day-Dreamer or Gradgrind.

Thus far we have been told not to meddle with the course of study. We, the laymen, must keep our hands off and let the professional educator arrange the schedules. And as a result every fad and fancy has been given a place, until the printed course of study resembles the menu card of a metropolitan restaurant. Modernly, every teacher has become a psychologist, and the beautiful science of child-study has been wounded and torn by thousands of clumsy, awkward amateurs, whose addenda to this "course" of study make the schools ridiculous to earnest, sensible men. These varied and all-embracing programmes of study presuppose every Tommy and Mary Ann to be a modern Lotze, capable of greater feats of genius than constructing, or even comprehending, a Microcosmos.

Of course it is all dealt out in homœopathic doses. There are pellets of anatomy and physiology, of painting and

drawing, of psychology and philosophy, of a little arithmetic and a little grammar. All the pellets are sugar-coated, for the whole pedagogical theory seems to command that the teacher make all these things easy for the pupil. So we have all kinds of patent devices for making the child's pathway one of velvet. There are wonderful new text-books that have all the lessons analyzed and classified, leaving very little for exertion. There are charts, multi-colored, that simplify the lessons, and pictures and cabinets that illustrate the charts. Everything is put in the pupils' hands. Genuine effort seems to be discouraged.

The vicious, immoral thing about all this is, that it enacts a great and terrible lie to the child. He is made to believe that superficiality is a substitute for thoroughness, and that effort is superfluous as well as unpleasant. And what is even more cruel, he is entirely unprepared for the school of life, where no teacher and no text are at his side to resolve his tasks from work into play.

And this hodge-podge of "essentials" and "enrichments" the teacher is told to dole out by "method." And were method, technical routine, is the deadly enemy of individual work. And individual development is the supreme function of human life. Society could endure the crazy patchwork of an enriched course of study, and by the stern competition of life teach the youth the lessons of perseverance and application; but society cannot long endure the suppression of personality. Our machine-made teachers are, by machine methods, making of our splendid boys and girls, each one stamped with the divinity of individuality, mere machines.

Now that the educator has had his day in telling us what to teach and how to teach it, the taxpayer is beginning to teach the pedagogue. He approaches the question from the bread-and-butter side. He leaves the basic studies in the course, follows the child into the world, and asks for *results*. The danger from this is apparent.

In the technique of the course of study, America is just beginning to learn from Germany the lesson of differentiation. Heretofore we have crammed everything into one building, and into one course of study. For instance, the city high school, the offspring of the old academy, has had tacked on to it some work in manual training and also some few commercial studies. The product is a hybrid, neither a technical school, nor a commercial school, nor a classical school. The time has now come for separating the diverse organs, and developing their functions. Technical and commercial high schools, fully equipped and doing a splendid work, are now found in our most advanced cities.

Of the grades the same is true. The trade-school is coming into vogue rapidly. It has come to stay. But not as an adjunct to the present grade schools. It will be an entity by itself. As our country fills up, this differentiation will increase. It must become our national economic salvation.

III

These American schools are *public* schools. This lends to them at once their greatest significance, their greatest power, and their greatest handicap: is at once the source of their wonderful strength and their gravest weakness. The handicaps mentioned above are technical, and to a great extent can be remedied; probably in the course of fifty years they will be. But when shall the foibles of the people be consumed, and when their impulsiveness tamed? The schools belong to everybody, and everybody wants to keep his spoon in the educational porridge, and stir, and stir, and stir.

Of the hampering and intermeddling public, the most excusable portion is the unreasonable parent. Parents who may be reasonable about all their neighbors and about all other subjects, are not unlikely to become impatient and unreasonable about school matters that pertain to their own children. It becomes a ques-

tion of my Charlie versus your Charlie. Of course the variety of subjects that appeal to the unreason of such people is limitless. It may be a matter of discipline, or of transfer, or of personal pique against the teacher, or any one of a thousand different trivialities. But this particular species of parent immediately magnifies it into an astounding greatness, and usually makes a neighborhood issue of it. This may merely be annoying; always it is irritating; and sometimes, unfortunately, it becomes inflaming. Then it leads to written charges, to courts-martial by the superintendent, star-chamber sessions by the board, lawsuits in the courts, and to political issues at the polls. Superintendents have been ousted, principals discharged, teachers' hearts broken, by these unreasonable meddlers. Such instances will recur, in various guises, to the reader. One fractious parent can upset an entire neighborhood, and dispel that beautiful spirit of coöperation between the home and the school that forms the real potency of education.

When this unreasonable ire is poured out upon a board member, its results are far less deplorable, for he is not as essential to the welfare of the schools, and has weapons at his command. While his life is made a burden by all kinds of busybodies, he yet has the imperial privilege of talking back.

Then there are many groups of special interests which try to use the schools to further their enterprises or prejudices. Among these the party politician may be placed first. Happily he is a vanishing factor in school elections and administration. The boards are in some states still nominated by party machinery, and placed on party tickets, but the Australian ballot and nomination by petition are being widely adopted for the school ticket. This removes the board from party politics so far as such a thing is possible. But the party spoilsman, in some cities, still looks upon school janitors and employees as legitimate party spoils. And he even ventures to call on the superin-

tendent and board members to suggest appointments for the teachers' roll, or to further the promotion of some teacher who may be related to an influential citizen, not infrequently accompanying his "request" with a mild threat. It is to the interest of the partisan, of course, to see that members are elected to the board whom he can use. Such men are ordinarily unfit for administering school affairs. It is an axiom that the usefulness to a community of a board-member increases directly as his political partisanship decreases. No doubt a purely political school board, particularly a large board, has been one of the great curses of our public schools. But they are almost a thing of the past, and with their departure will vanish the attempts to use the schools for purely partisan ends.

Of course, there is "politics" in everything, — in church, in business, wherever a group of men and women are contending for place and power. This instinct for playing the game of human nature is strongly developed in Americans, and forms the motive of our remarkable party organizations, and all our public institutions are peculiarly subject to these influences. This spirit lends itself very readily to trivial transactions. Old-time party politics are not nearly so destructive to school efficiency as are the petty "peanut" politics called forth by grievances, by revenge, by commercial cupidity, and a score of other petty potencies. Take, for instance, the question of retiring a superannuated teacher. Even in cities that provide a pension fund, this is a most delicate and hazardous undertaking for both superintendent and board. If the teacher of sixty or seventy years does not wish to retire gracefully and peacefully, she calls upon her hundreds of former pupils, many of them now leading business and professional men, she calls on the city editor of the daily papers, on her minister, her doctor, and her lawyer, on the members of her lodge and her church, and together they march in motley array, with grim energy, upon the school officials,

more determined than crusaders, and quite convinced that the welfare of the world is hanging on the outcome of their fight. If the school authorities yield, discipline goes wild. If they persist, the crowd threatens and plays politics when the term of the superintendent or board expires. And it is surprising what a fine class of citizens can be enlisted in these grievance campaigns. Men and women who surely ought to know better, who are expected to be self-possessed, allow themselves to be carried to ridiculous extremes over such matters.

Likewise the dismissal of incompetent teachers is made almost impossible in some communities by such over-zealous delirium on the part of good people. Sometimes lodges, business organizations, and even churches, are used as cudgels over the heads of the miserable school authorities. I have known a sewing society in a certain church in a small town to champion an unworthy superintendent and lead the fight to the polls, and, by virtue of the anomalous law that gives women the franchise in school questions, carry on a campaign of gossip and win an election.

In most of our cities there is a prevalent, provincial feeling that looks with disdain and disfavor upon the hiring of teachers from other towns. This sentiment makes of our schools semi-eleemosynary institutions, whose principal function is to give employment to the daughters and sons of the place. The bane of this in-and-in breeding is felt in every large city. So acute is the feeling that, if the superintendent goes abroad for a few alien teachers, he is decried as disloyal, and he is fortunate if the disgruntled ones fail in organizing a foolish opposition to his well-meant endeavor to infuse new life into his schools. There are instances on record where a determined parent has set out to elect a school board so that her daughter might be appointed a teacher, though she was lacking both in spirit and in knowledge. "I have lived here thirty years and paid taxes, and the city owes it

to me to employ my daughter, rather than hire some one from out of town who never helped make this city," said an irate parent to me, after I had told him I could not interfere with the appointing of teachers by the superintendent. And this feeling is quite as prevalent as it is hurtful to the schools.

Another form of school politics found in every city emanates from those commercial interests which find it profitable to be able to control school administration. While I believe the methods of book companies and supply houses have been very greatly improved in the last twenty years, it still remains true that some of their methods are inscrutable, and their attempt at interference with the selection of school boards and superintendents is not conducive to the best educational results. The popular estimate of the amount and manner of this interference is vastly and grotesquely exaggerated; but the involved interests have only themselves to blame for this. Their competition often lacks that fair and broad-minded spirit that is usually found among business men, while any unwarranted attempts to control school elections and appointments are hurtful to the schools. Of course this can be said of any other public business.

Still more unfortunate is it when a clique of teachers forms a cabal against superiors for the purpose of furthering its own selfish interests. They succeed at times in allying themselves with a faction in the board, and a reign of terror follows their enthronement. Cheap pedagogical factionalism has crippled many a school system. Only heroic remedies help such a pathological condition.

The result of all this agitation and pot-boiling is increased manifold by the attitude of the sensational newspapers. Such papers find meat in quarrels, and are always tempted to distort the truth into a misshapen thing. Fortunately such newspapers are rare. Even the wildest among them profess a crocodile interest in the children of the schools and the teachers.

But even the best and most conservative newspapers often do an irreparable injury to the educational work of the schools by giving voice to the silly discontent and personal vindictiveness of the disgruntled. Thus they awaken the distrust of the people and lead to a loss of confidence, based on no adequate reason, that undermines the work of conservative educators. The carping, fault-finding newspaper, that never permits a cheerful, helpful adjective to escape its fonts, that is pessimistic by policy, always hinting at things sinister, and saying that thus-and-so affirms that this and that should have been done as it was not done, and that so-and-so would have been better if this or that had not happened, and so forth, — this newspaper is infinitely worse in its influence on the schools than the senseless busybody and self-seeking meddler.

It is always easier for a sore-head to get a big headline in the dailies than for the constructive conservative; and unfortunately for society, human nature is always more willing to listen to calumny than to praise, and to lend its strength to tearing down than to building up.

The consequence of all this multi-formed political activity is, that turmoil unseats tranquillity, dark discontent stalks by the side of cheerful helpfulness, distrust dispels hope, and uneasiness and restlessness are felt everywhere in the schools. All these disgruntled forces, by working in unison, can usually elect at least one member to a board of education. Lucky is the city where it is not a majority. This member is the grievance member. He, or she, becomes the repository of all secret complaints. Dissatisfied teachers or parents or neighbors pour out their imaginings into his or her lap. Reporters, hard pressed for stuff, ply him or her with ingenious questions. The public is fed on a diet of "suppose" and "they say," while the poor schools are a-quiver, wondering what will happen next.

If these disgruntled ones succeed in carrying an election, and with it a major-

ity of the board, then the voice of the sovereign people must of course be obeyed! Whatever was the issue, usually kept in reserve during the campaign, it must now be dragged out and the will of the people vindicated — sometimes by breaking the heart of a fine and cultured teacher; sometimes by discharging a superintendent of independence and courage who refuses to do the bidding of the unreasonable board, and dares to stand between the people and their enemies; sometimes by ripping up a course of study, or by dismissing a business manager, or by reinstating a delinquent official. Whatever the original grievance, by the time election is over it has grown, like a fast-rolling snowball, and the avalanche is rushing on its destructive course.

IV

In spite of these volatile, irresponsible, disgruntled elements; in the teeth of agitation about what to teach and how to teach it, and how to build and where to build; against restlessness and suspiciousness on the part of teachers and patrons, our free schools have vindicated the great wisdom of their founders. At heart everybody believes in them, and they are among our most cherished public possessions. We must not be blind to the handicaps that so universally beset them.

Before they can approach the idealized usefulness that so often is pictured of them, they must be placed under purely professional control, out of the reach of the mere agitator, the headless and heedless costermonger of educational panaceas, and the unreason of the multitude. Moreover, there must be a saner popular participation, finding expression in much more generous tax levies, and the election of the wisest and sanest men of the community to membership on the governing board. There must come a greater public interest in the educational work of the school. Some method will be devised, whereby the public will be enabled to infuse some of its energy and

practicalness into the school work. The dividing of the city into small districts and appointing a committee of visitors from each district, whose duty it is to visit the schools, and suggest to the board of education and the superintendent such changes as they deem wise, has produced good results in German cities. And there must certainly be more educational aggressiveness on the part of the pedagogue, more response to the actual needs of life, both cultural and vocational.

It appears that the public-school educator needs tranquillity, freedom, and enterprise. He needs tranquillity, because the development of his science requires the repose of the study. The rude jolting of suspicion, jealousy, vindictiveness, and bigotry are fatal to the growth of a sane pedagogical science.

He needs freedom, for an institution dependent upon the political vicissitudes of the day cannot be stable and well poised.

And, above all, he needs enterprise, the enterprise to match his schools with our civilization.

Maybe, if there were more genuine enterprise, not the make-believe, bustling kind, among the educators, there would be a great deal less carping and parsimoniousness on the part of the people. Maybe the public would hail with great joy and coöperation such an energizing of the schools. Maybe it is too much to hope that this tranquillity, freedom, and enterprise shall ever abide in the schools that belong to an impulsive public which often seems to prefer a self-complacent mediocrity to a virile efficiency.

FUR TRADERS AS EMPIRE-BUILDERS

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

AMONG the many interesting things which associate themselves with the year 1908 are the tercentenary of the beginning of the fur trade on the American continent, and the centenary of the organization of the first fur company in the United States which operated on a large scale. And, let it be remembered, the trapper, hunter, and fur-collector, even more conspicuously than the gold-seekers, were the path-blazers in exploring and civilizing North America.

Gold-hunting occupied most of the Spaniards' time during their early days on this continent. But the fur trade was the leading activity of the Dutch in their short period of supremacy, ending in 1664, both in the present state of New York and in adjoining territory. It was an important concern of the British dur-

ing the first century of their dominance in the thirteen colonies. It was the chief interest of France in the days of her supremacy in Canada and the Mississippi valley, from Champlain's landing at Quebec in 1608 until Louis XV, at the end of the Seven Years' War in 1763, gave up Canada and the Mississippi watershed, and withdrew from the mainland of North America.

The fur trade sent St. Luson in 1671 to Sault Ste. Marie, to "take possession" of the continent, from the great lakes northward to the Frozen Ocean, and west to the South Sea, for France; started the trader Joliet and the missionary Marquette down the Wisconsin and the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas in 1673; incited La Salle's descent of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico in 1682,

when he took over that stream's watershed, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, in the name of Louis XIV; gave the Verandryes the chief impulse which carried them over a larger part of the provinces of Manitoba and Assiniboia, and into our state of Montana, in 1731-49, when none of the English of the Atlantic coast region, except the fur traders, had become acquainted with the Ohio valley; and secured from Louis XV's Director-General Abadie, at New Orleans, for the fur-gathering firm of Maxent, Laclede & Co., the patent under which St. Louis, Missouri, was founded in 1764.

The three hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the fur trade in the western hemisphere was celebrated at Quebec last year, in connection with the exercises to commemorate the establishment of Champlain's settlement at that point. The centenary of the starting of the fur trade of the United States on a large scale is that of the formation of Manuel Lisa's Missouri Fur Company in 1808, with headquarters at St. Louis, to operate on the upper Missouri and its tributaries.

But in operations over a broad territory and with vast resources, the pioneer of all the enterprises in its field, and the one which to this hour is the largest fur-trading corporation in the world, is the Hudson's Bay Company. This article aims to tell when and why that association, and its great British and Canadian rivals of a later day, were formed; to name some of their leaders, and their methods; and to point out the more striking economic, sociological, and political consequences of their work.

I

Sailing from Gravesend, on the Thames, and carrying the Sieur des Groseilliers as its principal passenger, the brigantine *Nonsuch*, commanded by the Boston skipper Zachariah Gillam, crossed the Atlantic, picked its way through Hud-

son's Straits, swung down the big bay to its southeast corner, and landed at the mouth of a large stream. Gillam christened this stream Rupert's River, and "took possession" of the country in the name of his sovereign Charles II.

The day was September 29, 1668. It is an important date in British and North American history. Gillam had entered the great fur-producing country which Groseilliers and his brother-in-law Radisson had, a year earlier, told Prince Rupert about. This was Rupert's reconnaissance. Just as soon as the sun of the spring of 1669 lifted the ice-blockade from the bay and the straits, the *Nonsuch* sailed out into the Atlantic and back to England, and Gillam told Rupert that Groseilliers' story was true.

The imagination of Charles I's old paladin of the parliamentary war blazed when he heard the wonders which his expedition to the Northland disclosed. And well it might. Gillam handed over to his patrons a larger prize than Jason ever dreamed of. From the voyage of Gillam's *Argos* dates the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company. Rupert was then more than fifty years of age, and his fame as a dashing soldier had traveled over the whole of the world which had civilized inhabitants. But he was now to impress himself on the geography of a continent in a way that was to make his name live when Edgehill, Marston Moor, Naseby, and the rest of his battles were forgotten.

On May 2, 1670, Charles II incorporated Prince Rupert, General Monk, Sir Philip Carteret, and their companions, as "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay." In the expansive phraseology of the time they were granted the "sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance to the straits commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts and

confines of the seas, bays, etc., aforesaid, that are not already actually possessed by the subjects of any other Christian prince or state." As the grant also specifically carried legislative, judicial, and executive powers, Charles passed over to "our dearly beloved Prince Rupert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Cumberland," etc., absolute control, subject to England's overlordship, of more than a fourth (the Rupert's Land of the old maps) of the entire continent of North America. In area, what was the Rome of Trajan's days to this?

The names of some of the persons prominently associated with the Hudson's Bay Company read like a roll-call of England's illustrious men. Prince Rupert, the Duke of York, afterward James II, and John Churchill, afterward Duke of Marlborough, were, in this order, the company's earliest governors. Its present head is Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

In the company's charter the only compensation which the generous Charles asked for the empire he was giving away (which did not belong to Charles or to England, for the French already had settlements on the St. Lawrence and at some points on its northern tributaries, of which we shall hear in due time in this narrative) was "two elks and two black beavers." The beaver was the lure which led to the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, just as, in the absence of gold, he was the inciting cause of the planting of the French colonies on the St. Lawrence and the great lakes.

With characteristic dash, Rupert started out to take possession of his new domain. The ink was hardly dry on the charter before a new vessel, under the enterprising Gillam, set out for that territory, carrying Radisson and Groseilliers with him, and the work of starting the sway of the company in the northern regions began vigorously. Rupert's vessels would sail from the Thames in June of each year, pass into Hudson's Bay early in July, about the middle of the long sum-

mer Arctic day, pick up the furs collected at the various stations (and stations began to dot the southern shores of the bay quickly after operations started), set out homeward in the latter part of September, and reach London toward the end of October.

Here is an invoice of one of Rupert's cargoes outward to his Indian clients in the early years of the Company: "Two hundred fowling pieces, and powder and shot; 200 brass kettles, sizes from 5 to 16 gallons; 12 gross of knives; 1,000 hatchets." By the addition of tobacco, hand looking-glasses, coarse, highly-colored wearing apparel, and trinkets of various sorts, the list expanded in diversity and quantity as additional stations were started. These were bartered with the Indians for furs, the beaver-skin being the unit in the exchange. At the outset the rate was 12 beaver-skins for a gun, 2 for a pound of powder, 1 for 4 pounds of shot, 1 for a pound of tobacco, 1 for 2 pounds of glass beads, and so on.

Lowell was right: civilization sometimes rides on a powder-wagon. Guns and ammunition usually had a prominent part in the consignments of the Hudson's Bay Company to its wilderness posts. But in the sense of cutting down forests and building up towns, civilization had no part in the company's plans. It aimed to preserve the forests as breeding-places for animals and to keep the towns out. The explorations and discoveries, however, which its operations necessitated, and the competition which it eventually incited, began at last to open Rupert's Land to settlement.

On their voyage of reconnaissance in 1668 Gillam, Groseilliers, and their crew, with the aid of some Cree Indians, built a stone factory, or station, at the mouth of Rupert's River, in the six or seven winter months while they were there, which they called Charles Fort, in honor of the King. This was the base to which Gillam sailed on his second trip in 1670, when he was accompanied by Radisson as well as by Groseilliers.

The work of the next decade and a half registered itself in the names which began to write themselves along the whole south coast of Hudson's Bay — Albany River, Severn River, Hayes Island, Hayes River, Nelson River, and Churchill River. Near the mouth of each of these streams, and on some of the islands, was erected a factory, or fort, all of which were primitive at first, but all of which grew with the lapse of time, while some became the centres of a large trade. Churchill River was named for John Churchill, who became governor of the company in 1686. Prince Rupert, after an administration of twelve years, died in 1682, and was succeeded by the Duke of York, who vacated the office when, on the death of his brother Charles in 1685, he became King James II. Fort Churchill, on the west coast of the bay, was 700 miles northwest of Charles Fort. The explorations and operations of the company had covered that distance in sixteen years.

Down all these and other streams and their tributaries, in the spring and early summer of each year, came the Crees from near the coast, and Assiniboines, Algonquins, and other tribes from regions at that time never seen by white men, from 500 to 800 miles in the interior, in their canoes loaded with beaver, martin, mink, red, silver, and black fox, and other peltries. To Fort Churchill, and to York factory, at the mouth of the Nelson, came Esquimaux from above the Arctic Circle, bearing the skins of polar bears, otters, and moose. In the barter the Hudson's Bay Company established trade connections which in some instances, through all the social, economic, and political mutations of two and a third centuries, continue to this hour.

II

One dark June night in 1686, eighty Frenchmen and Canadian *coureurs de bois*, or forest rangers, led by the Chevalier de Troyes, Le Moyne d'Iberville, and the latter's brothers Maricourt and

Sainte-Hélène, scaled the palisades of Fort Hayes, burst in the gate of the block-house, and captured the garrison before it could fire a shot. Troyes, Iberville, and their associates had left Montreal in March in their canoes, ascended the Ottawa, and, carrying their boats over the portages, traversed the other streams and lakes between the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay. The fall of Fort Hayes told what they were there for.

When Charles II handed over to Rupert all that part of Canada "not possessed by the subjects of any other Christian prince," he forgot that Louis XIV, with his base on the St. Lawrence, and with some posts to the northward, claimed all that territory as part of New France; or else he forgot that Louis was a "Christian prince." On that June night at Fort Hayes, Troyes and Iberville carried Louis's answer to Charles's challenge.

Twenty years earlier Radisson and Groseilliers told their king, Louis, about the rich fur country on the bay, and asked him to occupy it. But that monarch and his chief minister, Colbert, busy at the moment with larger concerns, gave no heed. Then the adventurers turned the prize over to Charles, incidentally renouncing their French allegiance and becoming British subjects. In the tempestuous days which followed, each of them swung back and forth several times between the two countries, Radisson in particular turning his political coat as often as Alcibiades. At the instant of the capture of Fort Hayes in 1686, the adventurers, in the midst of their oscillations, were in the service of England.

Immediately after they had stormed Fort Hayes, Iberville and his intrepid band set out to complete their conquests, and in the next few months Charles Fort, Gillam's original post at Rupert's River, and all the rest of the stations on Hudson's Bay, with the shipping in the harbors and all the valuable furs, passed into French hands. When this humiliation struck the company, Prince Rupert had been in his grave four years, his successor

was on the throne as James II, and the man who was to be the Duke of Marlborough, but who was still plain John Churchill, the husband of the brilliant and intriguing Sarah Jennings, was the company's chief executive.

During the world-wars of the next few years, which had England and France for their chief participants, the Hudson's Bay posts changed masters several times. As the largest figure in the northern region's land and sea battles in those volcanic days, Iberville struck telling blows for Louis. The end came with the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, which, for one of its features, had Louis's surrender of all his claims to Hudson's Bay.

Americans got a close acquaintance with Iberville through his dash down from Montreal in 1690, with a force of Indians and *coureurs de bois*, in which he burned Schenectady, the westernmost frontier post of the British settlements in New York, killed many of its inhabitants, and carried others off as prisoners to Canada. Under pleasanter auspices Americans knew Iberville later on, when he planted colonies at Biloxi, Mobile, and other places on the Gulf of Mexico, and, supplementing the work of Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, and others on the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, laid the foundations of that province of Louisiana which, in 1803, Bonaparte handed over to Jefferson. Iberville died of yellow fever in Havana in 1706, having crowded more events into his forty-five years of life than any other personage whose name down to that time was connected with the history of the New World.

By ratifying Charles II's pretensions of 1670, the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 brought to Hudson's Bay peace, exploration, expansion. It likewise brought cash. The wars between 1686 and 1713 hit the company hard. Its London head placed its losses at 200,000 pounds sterling, or \$1,000,000. Peace sent the company's agents into the interior to hunt up trade. Down the Nelson, the Churchill, and the other streams, the Indians again brought

their beaver-skins to the factories on the bay. The Council Board of the Adventurers at London once more declared dividends. And the company sent Britain's ensign into new seas. In Kipling's stirring words: —

What is the flag of England? Winds of the world declare?

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long,
long arctic night,
The musk ox knows the standard that flouts
the Northern light.

The dead, dumb fog has wrapped it — the
frozen dews have kissed —
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow star in
the mist.

But troubles of a new kind were just ahead of the company. London traders, jealous of the streams of cash which were rolling into its treasury, besieged Parliament to take away its monopoly, and grant a charter to a new corporation to exploit the northern regions. One of the purposes of the company, as set forth in its charter, was "the discovery of a passage to the South Sea." That short cut to Cathay, which navigators had been seeking since the days of John and Sebastian Cabot, and which Hudson imagined he found when he entered the straits which bear his name, was a very live issue in the three centuries immediately following Columbus, and it remained alive until long after Sir John Franklin's time, within the recollection of men still actively at work.

The opponents of the company, charging that it made no attempt to find this passage, fitted out vessels of their own to search for it. On the same quest the company sent out several ships through the Bay and the northwestern waters connecting therewith, beginning in 1719, and dispatched more of them after the new rivalry started. As we know, all these attempts failed until the British navigator McClure, in 1854, and the Norwegian skipper Amundsen, in 1906, drifted through the tortuous course, the former moving eastward from Bering Sea to

Baffin Bay, and the latter going from east to west. But Amundsen, as well as McClure, found that the northwest passage was valueless for commercial purposes. The Hudson's Bay Company's rivals failed to get a charter from Parliament, and the company's exploration work not only opened new fields for the collection of furs, but made some important additions to the world's knowledge of the arctic regions.

But during all those years the French, from their base on the St. Lawrence and the lakes, were, in their journeyings into the interior of the continent, far more enterprising and audacious than the British. Nicollet, Hennepin, Duluth, Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle dotted a large part of the United States and Canada with Gallic names, some of which persist to this day.

While the Hudson's Bay Company was making its unavailing search for a water outlet to the Pacific, Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Verandrye, a Canadian, who had been a soldier of Louis XIV in the War of the Spanish Succession, and was then a *coureur de bois*, attempted to reach it overland. The only assistance which the French government would give him was the privilege of selling all the furs he could get. Starting from Mackinaw, at the entrance to Lake Michigan, in the summer of 1731, he, with two of his sons and with a few Indians and *coureurs de bois*, made a series of wonderful journeys in the next few years. These took him to Rainy Lake, to the Lake of the Woods, to the upper Missouri and the Yellowstone, to the Rocky Mountains in our Montana, which his sons touched in 1743 (sixty-two years before Lewis and Clark, the United States' earliest pathfinders, reached there on their journey from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia), and northward far beyond the forks of the Saskatchewan, building posts in many places, trading and negotiating with the Sioux, Blackfeet, and Assiniboines, and fighting them when the necessity was

thrust upon him. He paddled his canoe on waters which flowed by way of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic; on streams which passed into the Mississippi and down into the Gulf of Mexico; along the Nelson and the Churchill, which emptied into Hudson's Bay; and he stood at the head-springs of waters which made their way into the Columbia, and thus onward to the Pacific. At Quebec in 1749, at the age of sixty-four, death stopped this heroic old path-blazer just as he was about to set out on a journey which he believed would bring him to the Western Sea.

Even as Verandrye was dying, the collisions were beginning in the present lake region and in the Ohio basin, between England and her American colonies on the one side and France on the other, bringing on what we call the French and Indian War, which was the American projection of Europe's and Asia's Seven Years' War. As one of its results, France was driven from the mainland of North America, in 1763, and the whole of Canada was placed under the British flag.

III

"We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one!" exclaimed Horace Walpole near the end of the Seven Years' War. England's thirteen colonies joined in the rejoicing, for when Louis XV handed over Canada to George III in 1763, he also ceded all of his empire between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. The territory west of that river Louis gave to Charles III of Spain, one of his luckless allies in the war. Thus the treaty of Paris of 1763 completed the work of the treaty of Utrecht of 1713, and now all the region from the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to the Arctic Ocean came into the hands of the British.

Unknown to themselves or to anybody else at the moment, the fur traders were altering the current of the world's history. The rivalries between the British and the

French dealers in peltries in America did as much as the strictly European issues to provoke the wars between England and France which ended in the expulsion of the French from the mainland of North America, and which resulted in England's conquest of India. Through Chatham, Wolfe, Clive, and their associates they made England, in Webster's swelling phrase, a "power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain" of her martial airs. They justified the pæan, effectively expressed by Skeat: —

No foreign lands of alien speech
Our broad domains divide;
Our British ports speak each to each
Across a friendly tide.
From far Hong Kong to Singapore
The course is safe and free;
Quebec is joined with India's shore
While Britain rules the sea.

By removing the pressure of the French against Britain's thirteen colonies, the fur-traders' wars precipitated the controversy between the colonies and England, which led to Lexington, Yorktown, and the creation of the United States.

When the year 1763 gave a free hand to the Hudson's Bay Company throughout the whole of Canada and a large part of the present United States, it soon placed many new streams, lakes, and mountains on the map. In the next few years the Mungo Park of the North, Samuel Hearne, an officer of the company, made as memorable contributions to the geography of the region west and northwest of the bay as Verandrye did to the southward a third of a century earlier. Tracing the Athabasca from near its headsprings in the Rocky Mountains northeastward into Lake Athabasca, which he named the Lake of the Hills, and smoking the calumet with Indians who had never seen the face of a white man before, he followed the stream

up into Great Slave Lake, and discovered and pursued the Coppermine River into the Arctic Ocean. This remarkable exploration, which brought him to a point far above the Arctic Circle, where he saw the sun shine for twenty-four hours, was completed in July, 1771.

At strategic spots on all the waters which he passed, the company soon established trading-posts. These remote and widely scattered stations soon began to render their tribute of peltries to the factories at the mouth of the Churchill and the Nelson, giving a new activity and gaiety to life on the bay during the July and August days of each year, when the company's vessels were taking on their cargoes for their voyage to London.

But more powerful competitors than the Hudson's Bay Company had encountered during the French occupation of Canada were soon to emerge; and, right here, 1783 becomes an important date in the annals of the company. That year saw the arrival in Baltimore of a German immigrant, one John Jacob Astor, who, a quarter of a century later, was to head the largest fur-trading company ever organized in the United States. That year saw the treaty of peace between the United States and George III, which eventually closed all the region south of the St. Lawrence and the lakes to the Canadian and British fur traders. But, what was of more immediate consequence, that year organized the Northwest Company, composed of Montreal merchants, the leading spirits among whom were Simon McTavish and Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher. A rival Montreal concern, the X Y Company, was absorbed by the Northwesters in 1805.

From 1783 to 1821, when it merged with the Hudson's Bay Company, the Northwest Company was by far the most alert rival that the old corporation ever met. With its headquarters at Montreal, and its principal collection point, first at Grand Portage, in our Minnesota, and afterward at Fort William, on the northern side of Lake Superior, the new

organization soon spread itself over a large territory. The Hudson's Bay Company's officers and employees were chiefly Scotch. The Northwest's officers were Scotch, English, and French, with the Scotch in the majority, but most of its employees were *coureurs de bois* who, during the French ascendancy in Canada, had learned thoroughly the trade of hunting, trapping, and transporting furs to the trading-posts by dog-sleds, on snowshoes, or by canoes, along the chains of lakes and network of rivers which spread across the whole face of the northern land. The Northwesters were soon operating through the valleys of the Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan, and the Pembina, in the older company's territory, and planted posts on the upper Mississippi, and along the Missouri, the Columbia, and some of their tributaries.

Lewis and Clark met agents of the Northwest and Hudson's Bay companies at several points between the present North Dakota and Oregon and Washington, in 1804-06. Pike saw some of the Northwesters on the Mississippi from Prairie du Chien northward, in his attempt to trace out the sources of that river in 1805. Major Stephen H. Long, in exploring the country between the upper Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains in 1823, found British traders in Minnesota and North Dakota. The Hudson's Bay Company held posts in the present state of Washington until after the Anglo-American treaty of 1846 gave the United States undisputed possession of the Pacific coast to the 49th parallel.

A few years after it was organized, the Northwest Company's collection of peltries in a single twelve-month went up to 185,000. Of these, 106,000 were beaver, 32,000 martin, 17,000 muskrat, 12,000 mink, the rest being fox, otter, bear, raccoon, and other animals.

One of the Northwest's officers, a restless and audacious Highlander, Alexander Mackenzie, in 1788 built Fort Chipewyan, named for the Chippewa Indians of that locality, at Lake Athabasca,

which Hearne, of the older company, had discovered twenty years earlier. With a small party of Canadian *voyageurs* and Indians, including a few Indian women, Mackenzie went by canoes in the summer of 1789 from Fort Chipewyan along the Slave River into Great Slave Lake, and thence into a stream since known as Mackenzie River, which he followed to the Arctic Ocean, striking that sea at a point 500 miles northwest of where Hearne reached it in 1771. In 1793, from his base near the head-waters of the Peace River, Mackenzie, with a few associates, crossed the barrier of the Canadian Rocky Mountains and reached the Pacific. He was the first man of the English-speaking race to strike the Pacific from the interior of the continent. This was twelve years before Lewis and Clark reached the Pacific by way of the Missouri and the Columbia. The best known of Mackenzie's companions on this trip of 1793 was Alexander Mackay, who, in 1811, as a member of Astor's American Fur Company, was killed by the Indians in their attack on Astor's vessel, the *Tonquin*, in the Pacific. Simon Frazer, David Thompson, John Stuart, and others of the Northwesters, also traced their names on Canada's geography.

The dash and vigor of the younger company culminated in war, in which it destroyed the Earl of Selkirk's Red River settlement of Scotch and Irish colonists, and built on lands in Manitoba obtained from the Hudson's Bay Company, and defended by that corporation. Then the man for the crisis came forward. This was Sir George Simpson, a young Scotchman, a newly appointed head of the older company. Simpson brought peace and union, in which the Northwesters lost their separate name and organization, and the Hudson's Bay Company once more dominated the field. This was in 1821.

Then the big monopoly held undisputed sway from the Arctic Ocean down to the United States line. But in the territory outside of Rupert's Land, the lo-

cality drained by the streams running into Hudson's Bay, the company's control was obtained by royal licenses, running twenty-one years. Pressure from the settlers who had located on the Red River, and here and there on the Pacific coast, constrained the British Parliament to refuse further contracts after that which expired in 1859, and in that year the fur trade of Canada outside of Rupert's Land was thrown open to the world's competition.

The growing national sentiment, which took shape in 1867 in the organization of most of the provinces of that day into the Dominion of Canada, also incited a desire on the Dominion's part to expand westward and northward. At last the company was induced to surrender all its rights to Rupert's Land, the Canadian government paying it \$1,500,000, and allowing it to hold all its posts and ten acres of ground around each of them, as well as permitting it to retain a twentieth of all the land within the fertile belt between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains.

The transfer of Rupert's Land was made to the Dominion in 1870, just two centuries after Charles had granted the charter to Rupert and his associates. While the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay" has lost the political power which it wielded for two hundred years over a large part of North America, it still gains a great revenue from the trade in furs, and it shares with the Dominion government in the profits which the sales of lands bring through the extension of the area of settlement.

IV

Where are the champions every one,

The Dauphins, the counsellors young and old ?

The barons of Salins, Dol, Dijon,

Vienne, Grenoble ? They all are cold.

Or take the folk under their banners enrolled —

Pursuivants, trumpeters, heralds (hey !

How they fed of the fat and the flagon trolled !)

The wind has carried them all away.

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Where are the fairs and the festivals which began back in the spacious times of Louis XIV, at which hundreds of Indians from the interior lakes and rivers, decked out in war-paint and eagle-feathers, and scores of gayly attired forest rangers, gathered every July at Montreal and Three Rivers to barter the stores of furs collected during the previous winter for powder, bullets, traps, knives, and trinkets and garish finery for the squaws back in the wilderness awaiting the return of their red and white mates, and made the long days and the short nights at these trysting-places resound with their carousals ?

What has become of the annual summer promenades of the "lords of the lakes and the forests" from Montreal, in their immense canoes, each manned by a dozen *voyageurs*, along the St. Lawrence and the lakes to the rendezvous at Fort William, and the wild welcome which greeted them there from their hundreds of savage retainers, red and white, — and the councils which they held there with their dozen or two dozen partners of the wilderness, in which they received reports of the work done in the previous twelve months and marked out the plan of campaign for the coming year, — and the days and nights of feasting, song, and revelry at the close of these gatherings, — and the rollicking songs of the *voyageurs*, as they sent their canoes speeding out from their mooring-places and started on their homeward journey to Montreal, — and the clamorous salutes from the shore by the Indians and the *coureurs de bois* as, bidding farewell to their patrons, they dispersed into the forest to make their way back to their hunting and trapping fields on the Severn, the Saskatchewan, and the Athabasca ?

Where are the snows of yesteryear ?

Along the routes on rivers and lakes traversed by the sultans of the fur trade of the old days, steamboats now carry their millions of passengers and their tens of millions of tons of grain, lumber, cop-

per, iron ore, coal, and other products every year. Through and around St. Mary's River, the rapids of which were an obstruction to the trappers and Indian traders from St. Lussou's days onward, now flows a commerce, in the seven months of the open season, three times as great as that through the Suez Canal in the twelve months of the year. The locomotive dashes along the trails blazed by Mackenzie, Mackay, Frazer, and Thompson. On spots on the portages across which Verandrye carried his canoes bustling towns have risen. Winnipeg, with 75,000 inhabitants, the largest of Canada's cities except Montreal and Toronto, has been built on the site of the old Hudson's Bay Company's trading-post of Fort Garry, at the junction of the Assiniboine and the Red River of the North.

"The inroads of civilization must inevitably drive the fur-bearing animals from their present pastures, though probably for many years to come the average collections will be fairly well maintained. Ultimately some of these animals must meet the fate of the buffalo." These were the words of Commissioner C. C. Chipman, the resident head of the Hudson's Bay Company, spoken to the writer of this article at the company's headquarters in Winnipeg a few months ago.

But not all the color, the glitter, and the gayety of the old forest life have departed. Although steamboats start out on the Saskatchewan, the Athabasca, and the Mackenzie, as soon as the ice leaves those streams in June or July, and carry supplies to the posts and collect the furs which are gathered there, down their tributaries still sail the canoe brigades, and from the far interior points come the dog-sleds or the ox-team caravans, as of old. The same animals are trapped as in the earlier day, with the same tools and in the same way.

At Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, which is touched by the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk, and the Canadian Northern railways, and which is the largest fur-collecting depot in the world,

with electric lights and all the appliances of a present-day city, the Indian and the white or mixed-breed forest-rover are familiar sights, and the eighteenth century jostles the twentieth.

Lovers of the earth's great open spaces can still be gratified in Canada. Residents or visitors at Edmonton see a mail carrier leave there on horseback for fur-trading posts in the far north, delivering his missives at Fort Chippewyan (where he discards his horses and takes to Esquimaux dog-sleds), on Lake Athabasca, at Fort Resolution, near Great Slave Lake, at Fort Franklin, on Great Bear Lake, and other points up to Fort McPherson, near where the Peel River empties into the Mackenzie, the northernmost post of the Hudson's Bay Company, several hundred miles above the Arctic Circle and 1950 miles north of Edmonton, the journey each way consuming three months.

For ages to come the valleys of the Nelson, Churchill, Mackenzie, and Yukon, will be the home of the trapper and the hunter. Over 300 buffaloes are roaming the prairies west and southwest of Great Slave Lake, between the Peace and the Liard rivers, the largest number of bison in their wild state still extant, the next largest number being the twenty-five in our Yellowstone Park. The

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past,

of Moore's "Canadian Boat Song" can still be heard by summer excursionists on Lake Winnipeg and Lake Athabasca, and the song bears a little, at least, of the suggestiveness which it carried in its earlier days.

The Hudson's Bay Company is selling more furs in 1908 than it ever did in the days of its monopoly. Its 250 factories, or collection stations, stretch from Labrador to and through British Columbia and the province of Yukon to the borders of Alaska, and it carries on its rolls an army of employees, white and red. In 1907 its profits, in excess of all its vast outlay, approximated \$2,500,000, more than

half of which was from land sales. There is no need for surprise that its shares, of the nominal value of \$50, sell for \$400 on the London market. Its greatest competitors in the Canadian field are the Revillon Brothers, a corporation with a capital of \$15,000,000, which was established back in 1723, which has its general headquarters at Paris, which has branches and collection and distribution offices at London, Leipzig, Moscow, Bokhara, Shanghai, Montreal, Edmonton, New York, and other places, and which operates extensively all over the

world, but which did not establish itself in a large way in Canada until about a dozen years ago. The Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Brothers each has two steamers plying between Hudson's Bay and Europe.

From a statement of Canada's exports of furs (of furs dressed and undressed, of furs produced by fish or marine animals, and of furs in the various stages of manufacture), kindly furnished to me by F. C. T. O'Hara, of the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa, the following table for recent years is made up:—

<i>Exports of Furs.</i>	<i>1905</i>	<i>1906</i>	<i>1907</i>
Dressed	\$21,703	\$49,357	\$125,816
Undressed	2,358,880	2,414,980	3,063,947
Skins of fish or marine animals	214,495	273,730	182,574
Furs, manufactured	18,305	24,197	24,495
Total	\$2,613,383	\$2,762,264	\$3,396,832
<i>Exported to</i>	<i>1905</i>	<i>1906</i>	<i>1907</i>
Great Britain	\$1,534,658	\$1,329,058	\$1,926,532
The United States	1,058,710	1,422,667	1,348,059
Other Countries	20,015	10,539	122,241
Total	\$2,613,383	\$2,762,264	\$3,396,832

The sea-otter and the seal are, at this moment, rapidly diminishing, a fact which accounts for the falling off in Canada's exportation of the skins of marine animals. In every other item in the list here cited, and also in the aggregate, there is an increase. And this statement does not cover the furs which remain for use in Canada, an item which, in the colder regions of that country, must amount to a large figure.

Vastness, color, movement, blend in the pageant of the fur trade as it unfolds itself in the great open spaces of the northern land. Speeding in and out of the straits and the bay, from June to September, the vessels of the Hudson's Bay Company deal with larger constituencies, red and white, than they dealt with in the

past. At the council board of the Adventurers in Leadenhall Street, London, in these days of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, greater sums of money are divided than his predecessors, Rupert, Marlborough, and the Duke of York, ever saw.

Over in British Columbia, just below Alaska's southern projection, as these lines are being written, Boston landscape architects are laying out the town of Prince Rupert, the coming ocean terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. We are thus carried back in memory to the Boston skipper Gillam, who, at Rupert's River, laid the foundation of Rupert's Land; 1908 is linked with 1668, and the gulf between Edward VII and Charles II is bridged.

(To be concluded.)

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

BY ALICE BROWN

ONSLow PERRY sat in the dusty, book-lined office of the Flywheel Publishing Company, his hand half-concealingly, half-protectingly on a letter he had just finished, and looked across the table at the soft-coal fire burning in the rusted grate. The *Flywheel* had selected an old house, falling into decay, in a quarter of the town forsaken by the sort of residents that had built it up grandly more than a hundred and fifty years ago. The mantels were so good, both sponsors of the *Flywheel* said gravely when they were chaffed about gravitating to the slums. So they put the house into fitting repair, and ceased to take any after-notice of it so far as dust and cobwebs went; they affected the attitude of leaving it to itself, to grow ancient again. There Dickerman, the editor and publisher, and Perry, his subordinate, received manuscript and made up the magazine. They had swallowed the house whole, it was said, for they also lived there and skirmished about, from inconsiderable eating-houses on their lean days to gilded cafés when their pockets ran over.

It was matter for amazement in a time when new magazines spring up and flourish briefly, that the *Flywheel* in particular should have sold; but even at first it did, and the wise declared they knew the reason. Dickerman was buying the most expensive and splendid contributors with his father's money, though he had the whim of making them publish anonymously. Dickerman himself, known in college as Crazy Ike, Dotty Dick, and half a dozen titles to the same shading and effect, could scarcely contain himself when the circulation ran unhaltingly up. It was, he felt, a personal tribute. He had planned the whole thing, and it was true that he had put his father's money into

it, after coaxings colored by sanguine prophecies absurdly contrasted with his resultant surprise at their fulfillment. But there, at a good figure, the circulation hung. It could not be whipped or spurred, nor did it drop very startlingly below that first buoyant figure.

Dickerman was a favorite among his mates, and he had an enormous acquaintance. Perry, too, owned a vogue of another sort. Men who were not of their own kind, brokers, grave professional workers, or gamblers on the scent of money, having met the two at clubs and laughed at their stories, their wild play of imagination, and antiphonal abuse of each other, cherished a lively curiosity to see what they would say when they really had a medium like the *Flywheel*. The two men together were possessed of a trick of augmenting each other, to the general mirth; and the absent, who happened not to be creditors, always thought of them to the accompaniment of a smile.

Perry, who sat at the table, arms relaxed and face wistfully puckered, hardly looked like a ministrant to gayety. He was sinewy, and light of hair and eyes, six feet tall, with good broad shoulders and a swing and dash that made the ladies look at him demurely. His thick hair tumbled over his forehead in a blowzy way, because he rumbled it when the world went ill. To the casual eye, he was a handsome, virile animal, with no lines permanent enough as yet to tell careless tales. The time would come when, unless he hardened his face by the repeated hammer-strokes that mould and change, some one would see a blenching of the eye, when his more decided intimates called upon him to do or leave undone, — a sensitive quiver of the mouth.

The door from the inner office opened,

and Dickerman came in. He was short-legged, and cushiony in the shoulders, absurdly fat, with round eyes staring behind large horn-bowed spectacles. His hair stood straight up from his forehead in bristles aggressively cultivated. The frown also was a part of his equipment, lest the world should misprize him for the plumpness thrust upon him. He threw a manuscript on the table.

"Read that," said he.

"When I have time," Perry answered, as if he did not propose to use the time he had, at call.

"You've got time now. It's only four thousand words. Want to talk to you about it."

Perry only leaned back in his chair, and gazed thoughtfully at Dickerman, who, knowing this mood in him, affected not to recognize it, and sought about among the effects on the table, whistling cheerily. But he was of the nature that, having something to say, cannot defer it.

"I'm going to just electrify you, Perry," he burst forth. "They're on to us."

"Who are?"

"Everybody. They will be by day after to-morrow. I met Hunkins on the ferry, and he could n't contain himself. Said he'd discovered how we made the *Fly-wheel* so distinctive. Said he found five or six old numbers on the hotel table where he'd been to interview the mill-hands. Said he read 'em consecutively. Said he guessed the whole thing."

Perry was looking at him with a gravity that seemed to indicate an issue very bad indeed.

"What did you say?" he inquired.

"Asked him what he meant."

"Well?"

"Said he would n't tell. We could buy the Wednesday's *Trumpet* and find out."

"He has a weekly column."

"Yes. And when he'd said that, he just could n't hold in, and came back and sputtered and laughed the way he does, and said he was going to write the history of the magazine and name it *The Echo*. Then he called me a clever fellow."

"What did you call him?"

"An ass. Because that was the answer to it."

"Well," said Perry. He took up a pencil and began drawing whorls and circles with a clever hand. He had a certain facility in everything. At one time, when he was an intimate of an artistic set in college, there had been an impression that he was going to work miracles as a draughtsman of some sort.

Dickie began to grin. He had a wide mouth and beautiful teeth.

"I almost told him how I did it," he said, with a chuckling appreciation of his own folly.

"Told him how you invented the *Fly-wheel*?"

"Yes. It tickled me so I thought I'd have to."

"Fool," said Perry indulgently.

"I saw myself lying there — I was in bed, you know — and thinking how it's only discovery that counts. After anybody's found a new way of doing something or other, there'll be plenty of fellows that can do the trick as well as he can, or better. But he caught it while it was rushing by, and labeled it, and it stands in the museum in his name."

"Yes, I know all that. You said that when you came to rope me in. You reeled it off, and I knew it was a monologue you'd got up for the boys; and then you sprung it on me that you were going to start a magazine."

"With anonymous contributions."

"Which I was to write."

"Because you could write 'em. If I could have done it, do you s'pose I'd have summoned anybody else from the vasty deep?"

"Never mind whether you would or would n't. Anyhow, I've done it. I've ground you out an imitation of Kipling and an imitation of Shaw, and all the whole blooming push, and when you've given 'em a good plausible title and put 'em in without a name, blessed if the wise can tell whether it is n't Kipling and Shaw."

"No, they can't. But here's that prattler's article coming out, and it gives the whole thing away. I do hate an incontinent babbler. If a fellow's got something to say, why can't he keep his mouth shut?"

That sounded to them both like the verbal tricks they used to delight the groundlings, and it made them melancholy. Perry often declared that nothing so blighted them as the particular character of each other's babble.

"It might boom the *Flywheel*," he said after a time.

"Why, it's putting a knife into it! Poor little *Flywheel*. Poor itty sing."

"You can't tell. When it comes to advertising, attack's as good as reinforcement. As a matter of fact, you really never can tell."

Dickerman stretched out his short legs and regarded them with disfavor. After a period of incubation, he glanced up brightly.

"You know my system," he said.

Perry spoke brutally, out of the affectionate derision that counts itself exempt from casuistry. "You have n't any system except the one you're riddling with highballs and cigarettes."

"What do you mean by saying I've got no system? I live by the inner light."

"Inner grandmother!"

"No, inner light. I'm a very intuitive person. I take up the morning paper. I turn to the market. If my inner light sends a long shaft of radiance, 'mystic, wonderful,' to any particular name, I buy that stock."

"You never made enough in stocks in the whole course of your life to buy your shoe-strings with, and have 'em charged."

"What's that got to do with it? The inner light goes on shining just the same. It's like the death of Paul Dombey. 'The light is shining on me as I go.' Well, it's shining on me now."

"Oh, you 'go' fast enough," commented Perry gloomily. "The bait is n't dug that you would n't nibble at."

"Now here we come to the *Flywheel*. When Hunkins told me he proposed showing up our methods, the inner light just coruscated, and I saw with my subconscious vision, 'Change your methods.' That's what we're going to do, my boy. We're going to change our methods."

"Then it happens at the right time," said Perry quickly, as if he found himself lacking in impetus to speak at all.

"'Psychological moment!' Have we got that on the *Flywheel's* taboo list? I must put down 'anent' and 'Frankenstein.' I thought of them this morning."

"It happens just right for me," Perry continued, "because you won't need me."

"Need you! Great Cæsar! you're the jelly in the tart. You're it!"

Perry played with his pencil, using it, by adroit touches, to thrust the stamped letter before him into a series of quick changes of place, as if it were a game. He glanced up from moment to moment, in a desultory way, to watch his friend.

"I've had an offer, Dickie," he said, "to go on the *Civilian* at fifteen per."

"Shameful! you shan't!"

Perry did not fight out that purely financial issue.

"I've written them I'd go," he said.

"The letter's here."

Dickie made a dive for it, but Perry, by a ready counter-movement, as if this also were the game, caught it up and dropped it into a drawer.

"Don't you mail that letter," Dickie blustered.

"Maybe I shan't. Honest, I don't know whether I shall or not. But it's written. I thought I'd like to see how it would sound."

Dickerman was staring at him with eyes ridiculously distended. He was white with surprised apprehension, white in patches that, beside the adjacent pink of his skin, had a droll distinctness.

"I never heard of such a thing," he declared. "Never! You know you can do what no other fellow can, and you propose to lock up your capital, refuse to

let it earn anything for you, and go out hod-carrying for so much a day."

Perry was returning his gaze with the rather appealing smile that made him younger than his years, the air of the boy that asks sweetly, unassumingly, for something he might easily be denied.

"The fact is, Dick, it's awfully bad for me to do your kind of thing. You see, it's a sort of high-class forgery."

"Bad for you? What do you mean? bad for your brains, or your pocket, or what?"

Now Perry looked absurdly conscious. His shamefaced mien said that he might be about to say something which could be used as a perennial text for jeering.

"It resolves itself," he deprecated, "into that question of the inner light."

But although Dickerman had himself introduced the inner light as a factor of illumination, somehow it became immediately different when Perry turned it on. It had ceased to disclose the merely humorous. It laid bare, with a most embarrassing distinctness, that earnest which is likely to be comedy's next neighbor. He shook his head.

"I have n't the least idea what you're driving at," he averred.

"No," said Perry. "I know you have n't. Did it ever occur to you that I'm a queer sort of chap?"

"You're as clever as they make 'em." Dickie flashed back, as if he were bidding for him.

"That's it. But it is n't my cleverness. It's the cleverness of the other man, the one that makes me talk, or write, — the author of the book I imitate. I'm a kind of a mirror. You hold up things to me and I reflect 'em." His face betrayed a keen mortification, the flush and quiver that might have sprung from some definite slight or indignity of the moment.

Dickie saw no way of following him, and frankly abjured the trouble of attempting it.

"Oh pshaw!" said he. "You're dotty. Come back! The *Flywheel's* got

to be adjusted. I told you I meant to change the system. I'm going to have some clever original work. What we want is to discover somebody."

"Count me out. You can't discover me."

Dickie pointed dramatically at the manuscript he had brought in with him.

"He's discovered," he remarked, with oracular certainty. "Behold!"

Perry stretched out his hand.

"Give it here," he bade him. "Let me see."

He took the paper and read it fast, frowning over it, and once he broke out.

"Good! oh, good!"

Dickie, nodding from time to time as he saw recognition of this or that distinction he remembered, smiled triumphantly. Perry turned back to the beginning and ran swiftly over it again. Then he slapped it down on the table and left it there, regarding it with a mixture of affection and abusive rallying, as one might a newly discovered and most bewildering person who is really so consummate that the finder shrinks from disclosing the full measure of his own extravagant approval.

"And the whole thing has been waiting round the corner ever since New York has had a foreign population," he said, in wonder. "One man does the Ghetto and another Little Italy, and just these people in here have been toting their bundles and marrying and burying, and nobody's photographed them. We're as dense as our cloud-capp'd granite hills."

"Well, we need n't be dense any longer," said Dickie. His eyes had that peculiar gleam that gathered when he came in after a particularly good night's sleep and declared the world looked so bright to him, and he found morning was so exactly at seven, that he'd bought five hundred shares of some stock with a picturesque name, because the sound of it invited him. "I want a series — six stories like that."

"Well, you've got the first. Going to order five others?"

"I'm going to order six others — of you."

"Me? What have I got to do with it?"

"My boy, you're the great and only imitator. You've read one story and you've seen how the trick was done. I'll bet a shoe-button you could tell me on the dot the names of the others that jumped into your brain since you read this."

Perry stirred uncomfortably in his chair.

"What's the use of talking like that?" he inquired testily. "You don't know what's in my brain, nor whether I've got a brain at all."

"Three thousand for six," Dickie was bidding. The color, a girlish rose flush, had overspread his cheeks. His eyes gained in light until they glittered with the gambling zest. "Daddy'll stand for it. He made golcondas in sugar last week. Three thousand! You can go abroad and tell Chesterton he's a paradox. You can go to China and drop a tear on the grave of Tsi-hsi. What do you say?"

The enemy within was beguiling Perry more insidiously than the persuader without. The six stories with the same complexion, every intimate touch to the life like this, were lined up beckoning to him. He put out his hand rather uncertainly toward the manuscript. He hated to dismiss them into oblivion, pretty, ingenuous, unborn children. His vague seeking for control and guidance was only stronger than his lack of personal initiative. Give him the right sort of captain, he had always known, and he could have made a faithful soldier.

"How about this girl?" he asked.

"Girl? That is n't a girl. It's a middle-aged man, knocked into shape by all the devilish things we know — competition and work and worry. Don't you see how middle-aged it is?"

"Don't you see how ideal it is?" Perry did lay his hand on the paper now, almost caressingly.

"I rather guess you can recall your

ideals when you're middle-aged. They loom, too, you're so far in the ditch below them. Oh, no, Perry, no! This is mellow. There's practice in it, disappointment. Nobody under thirty ever said a thing like that." He drew the manuscript from under Perry's unwilling fingers and whirled the pages to a halt. "Read that."

Perry evidently did not propose recurring to it. The impression made on him at the start needed no augmenting.

"What are you going to do with it?" he asked.

"Return it," Dickie responded, in a tone as conclusive as the words.

"Pick her brains of their secret and then chuck the shell of it back to her? Talk about the inner light! Dick, you're defeated. You're killed, but you don't know it."

"Fiddlededum!" said Dickerman, looking at his watch. "I've got to be up town in less time than I can get there. You can see the author. He's coming in this morning for his manuscript."

"This author? This manuscript?"

"Yes, he wrote he'd call. I fancied he had to consider the difference between one stamp or two, poor beggar! I depute to you the task of telling him we don't want the manuscript, and offering him a cigar. You'll see for yourself he's a man of forty."

Dickie was out of his chair, giving a characteristic hunch to his clothes, to adapt them the more graciously to his hateful chubbiness. Perry looked his helpless discomfort over the thankless job thrust upon him, and asked rather bitterly, —

"Shall I tell her you are returning the manuscript because I can write you six of the same pattern, now I've learned the way?"

"Tell him I refuse it, that's all. I do, lock, stock, and barrel, prologue and epilogue. I don't want it. No printee. Finis."

"Why not ask her to write you five more like it?"

"Because I don't want her to. Because" — he halted at the door and diffused the sunniest smile — "because you'll do the same thing better. You always improve on your pattern. That's why you're the man to do it. 'We needs must love the highest,' must n't we? I rather guess we must. If you can do a better job than this codger that's happened to stumble on a gold mine, are n't you the chap to do it? Bet you'll have three of 'em written before to-morrow morning. And — don't you mail that letter."

He whistled cheerily down the stairs, and Perry condemned him picturesquely. He pounced on a big envelope, as if it could help him, and dipped his pen. The story should be mailed to the author whose literary domain was threatened with invasion. It should be out of the office on the instant, so that it could tempt him no more with its beguiling limpidity, its human warmth, the perfection of form that might well be the despair of even a master imitator.

But when he returned to the manuscript for the address, he had the setback of finding none. Then he pushed it away from him, and, because his angry impulse had spent itself and he lacked even the spirit to go into the inner room to find a record of the story, he lay back in his chair with one idle hand hanging over the arm, and tried to fight down the certainty that this was destiny and that he was about to do the job of his nefarious imitating. Pen and ink seemed calling him with the force of a spell. Arguments began to chase through his mind, not for earning the money, but for proving to himself that he could do work as good as this, and better. He went back over the genesis of literature and reminded himself that one man could hardly do whatever he did save in the light cast over his shoulder by the other man who had gone before. Who except the scholar, reading certain verse, remembered who first made that metre his own and sealed it, as he had thought, with a golden seal of his recognized distinction? One man

had opened the orient to western eyes by the talisman of his quick sight and hurrying pen, and the west had rushed into what had looked at first like preempted ground, and staked out splendid claims.

First, there is the discoverer. Then, when the trees are blazed by the pioneer axe, paths have to be made to river and spring. He remembered a poem that told, with a dignified but hurt emphasis, this same tale of the pioneer's sharing his discovery with after-invaders deputed, by the unvarying law of leveling, to develop the land. Once, in the midst of this inner colloquy, he paused, with a whimsical flirt of the mind, to wonder whether Dickerman, on his way uptown, was sending these arguments back to him by wireless; it was a part of his morbid self-consciousness, at this time, to regard Dickie, when he was not in the room offering his pinkiness and gayety for testimony to the wholesomeness of things, as mysteriously equipped with necromantic powers of evil.

Now, he felt, his mind was almost reconciled to the feat of leaping into the field and sowing magic seed of the plant that comes up in an hour, where the other mind had ploughed and furrowed and raised the stock that bore the bright new bloom: almost reconciled, but not quite. There was something within him, an unnamed personality, something more august than any mind, and either royal or timid, because it walked always veiled. On this inner person he was now laying a mandatory and beseeching finger, bidding it come out into the daylight and tell what it really had to say, when the door opened and the girl came in. That was what he called her at once, because he had prophesied her in relation to the story — the girl. She was dark and slender, very neat and yet not at first sight significant, because she looked like many other women dressed trigly for their work. But Perry, as he got out of his chair, noted distinctive things about her, a pallor that was yet wholesome, dark shining hair, and sincere gray eyes under a lovely line

of brow. She was not timid, he saw, for she advanced to his table at once, and said, —

"My name is Hartwell. I came to ask about a manuscript I sent in."

"G. Hartwell?" he inquired. He went round the table, and pulled out Dickie's chair. "Won't you sit down, Miss Hartwell? I have the manuscript here."

She took the chair with a quiet acceptance of its being the thing to do; but her eye did light when it followed his to the little pile of paper there on the table.

"I hope," she began, and then dropped into a form of speech that should make it easier for him: "I'm afraid you're not going to take it."

"Have you been writing long?"

He had gone back to his seat, and now reproved himself for the futility of his beginning when it was so evident that she was too young to have been doing anything long.

"I don't write. I teach school. But I want to leave it, and do writing altogether."

"Journalism, or — this?" He touched the manuscript again with a kind of approving intimacy.

"I've already done some journalism, book-notices and reading manuscript. But this," her eyes, too, sought the story, "this is what I really want to do."

At once he saw that it stood for exactly what it did in his own longings, — one of the free, splendid masteries, a craft to be studied with devotion for a lifetime perhaps, if only one could say at the close, "I have served one thing well." He wanted to have his brutal task over as soon as possible.

"He's not going to take it," he threw at her.

A look of almost terrified surprise shot into her face, to be quelled as swiftly under a patience that looked as if it had been learned through much rebuff.

"Then you're not Mr. Dickerman?" she asked.

"No." He sacrificed Dickie without an instant's scruple. "He does n't think

he can use it. He believes he may have more of the same kind."

She made a movement to take the story, but he closed his hand upon it. Thereupon she waited for anything further he might have to say. His inexplicable mortification impressed itself upon her then, and she tried to help him.

"I can't wonder," she said. "It's presumption in me to jump into a pool where there are such big fish. Of course nobody'd see me. The other tails and fins are flashing so!" Her big, sweet mouth broadened into a smile. "No magazine has such a list of contributors as yours. And they do their best work for you. You must offer them big bribes, to publish such good stuff anonymously."

Perry felt his face crimsoning with pleasure. He could hardly help rising to make her a bow, and murmur his delighted appreciation.

"You like it then?" he speciously inquired. "You like the *Flywheel*?"

She answered without an instant's pause.

"Oh, it's superb! But I can't help thinking — you'll pardon me, won't you? — it's a mistake to keep the contributors anonymous. Folks are so stupid, most of them. They don't recognize the master hand unless it signs its name. Some of us do, and it makes us fearfully conceited. But you can't build up a circulation out of the elect, now, can you? There are n't enough of us."

Then she laughed unaffectedly over her cockiness, and he joined her, taking up the current number of the *Flywheel*, and asking, with a shamefacedness she could not penetrate, —

"Run over the contents, will you, and name the contributors?"

She did it without reflection. There were a dozen names, four of them as significant as the modern list affords, and the others of the well-known best in an inferior circle. As she ran them rapidly through, Perry felt himself tingling with the pleasure of it. This he had done; if he could not create, he could at least dup-

licate the best makers so that fine eyes and fine ears could hardly tell the difference, which might, after all, be sometimes in his favor.

"Thank you," he said soberly at the end, but she could not know exactly what his gratitude was for. Suddenly he found he was throwing prudence and a dozen lesser bits of ballast overboard, and admitting her to the inside of his mind where he conceived and plotted. "See here," he said, "do you want me to tell you what I should do with this story?" His hand had not left her manuscript. Now it beat upon it with an indicating finger. She nodded.

"I should give it to the *Councillor*."

"The *Councillor*! I should n't dare. It is n't for the likes of me."

"The *Councillor* will jump at it."

"But you did n't jump."

He temporized. "It's a bully story," he said. "There's been nothing like it in a year's issue of all the magazines, the whole posse of them."

"But there's an out about it or you'd take it yourself."

"I don't say there is n't — for the *Flywheel*. But you try the *Councillor*. And —" he looked her straight in the eye, to make her, if he could, share his conviction — "and not alone. With five others like it."

"A series?"

"Yes. The minute I'd read this I saw what they could be. Don't you see, you could take the sixteen-year old girl and put her into the shop, to substitute for her sister, so the sister can make her wedding-clothes. The family need never know who it was the sister was engaged to, but when Rosa gets into the shop she finds it's that frightful *Lecor-escor* —"

One by one they went over them, from the grandfather to the child, and stabbed the tragedy of each. Now the girl talked faster than he. Color came into her face; she flashed and charmed unconsciously.

"Of course I can," she kept saying.

"Of course! Why, it's the story of the

family. This little sketch only begins it. How stupid I was!"

Then only did he give her back her manuscript.

"Got any more in your head?" he asked, with a misleading lightness. It covered an almost fatherly anxiety. He wanted her to succeed. It seemed worth any sacrifice.

She laughed back at him out of that new brilliancy.

"Lots!" she said almost defiantly, as if she challenged him to dispute it. "If I could only get time, I should glut the market. The supervisors keep us frightfully busy doing fool things. But —" she lifted her head to its little willful pose — "I shall get time. I'm determined."

Perry was looking at her narrowly, partly because it was evident that she would soon go and it seemed desirable to learn her face by heart, and also to come to some understanding of a will so secure that it predicted what must be.

"Do you always do what you determine on?" he asked, so seriously that she answered, not out of her whimsical mood of the previous moment, but with a soft earnestness, —

"I try to, when it's right."

Then, as his face continued to interrogate her with its painful appeal, she saw that more was required of her. "We must," she ventured, from the shyness of the unaccustomed preacher. "We must, must n't we?"

"Must what?"

"We must determine on things and then just do them."

He stared down at his hand playing with the papercutter, and did not look up even though he knew, by the little preparatory rustle, that in an instant she would go.

"Sit still," he said. "I want to ask you something."

So she kept her seat and was very quiet, watching his face grow graver than the moment seemed to warrant.

"It's about a story," he began. "I

want you to tell me what you think could be done with it."

"You want me to do it?" she asked alertly.

"I don't know. Maybe I do. Maybe I want you to collaborate. I fancy I've got to have a hand in it myself. We might call it 'The Mirror,' or something of that sort. It's the story of a man who found he could only reflect things. He could n't give out any light of his own. Understand?"

"No," she answered frankly.

"Well, to illustrate, here are you, writing stories. You think of 'em —"

"They come to me."

"It's all one. But so far as you know, the story springs, in the form you finally use, from your own brain. Of course you're indebted to previous observation, a million hints from without. But you take those million hints and fuse and color and shape in your own private workshop — your brain. That's what you do, or think you do; for after all none of us knows really much about it."

"That's what I think I do."

"Now take another kind of brain, the brain of the man we spoke of. That's a workshop, too, but it's different. The tools are about the same, for he turns out the brand of article you do; but the beginning, the inception, is different. You work — or you think you work — without a pattern."

She had fallen in with the fancy.

"I make my own pattern," she said quickly. "But I do it only because I've seen so many thousand patterns cut by master workmen before me. Still I think my pattern is my own."

"Exactly! but the man we're dealing with can't make his pattern. He can only work after somebody has given him a model. He can do it then, stunning stuff, you know, but it's never anything but a copy. It's the difference between Cellini and a clever silversmith who is merely clever. You take him a vase of Cellini and he can copy it exquisitely, but he could n't have designed it."

"Is n't that the difference between an artisan and an artist?"

"I fancy so. Well, now, an artisan may be honest, usually is. But if he stole patterns whenever he got a chance, and said, 'They're mine. They're the real thing,' he would n't be honest, now, would he?"

"Oh, no. He'd be a scamp."

"He might do it at first as a kind of a joke, and because he was really rather vain and it tickled him to see he could do the trick as well as anybody, only show him how. But one day it might occur to him that he was too much of a copyist. It had ceased to be a question of filling orders in the intellectual workshop. It was everything now."

"It had gone into his life."

"Yes, he was getting to be obedient to the chaps that were stronger than he. I don't know that they're stronger. Only they have such an infernal way of seeming original and bossing from that side of things. And he's made only to reflect, and he can't help reflecting. What's he going to do?"

He looked up at her now, and found she was resting both elbows on the table and had propped her chin on her hands, in the attitude of deep reflection. She did not answer him with a glance. The hypothetical man evidently seemed of enormous importance to her, sufficient to demand the most earnest thought; but her air also said that she found no definite personal issue in the case.

"He was meant to be a private soldier," she half-declared, half-inquired for confirmation.

"It would seem so."

"Nothing but his own will would make him a leader?"

"I doubt if his will could do it. I told you he was n't altogether weak, — at least, he does n't seem so to me, — but he's no initiative. He's simply got to copy, in his work, and, I almost think, he's got to obey in his life. Now what's going to prevent him from sagging more and more, leaning on other wills, coming

at call, even doing the things he knows ought not to be done? There's a kind of a dry rot in it. That's what I'm asking you to save him from."

She took her elbows off the table and sat up straight, looking at him now as he looked at her. Their eyes met, and each recognized the spirit behind the darkening pupils.

"He must n't do the things that ought not to be done," she said concisely. "He simply must n't."

"But he's a private soldier. We began with that."

"He must n't serve under any captain that is n't — oh, is n't perfectly splendid! He must n't fight in any cause that is n't just."

"Then it's the question of the captain?"

"Yes. At first, until he's trained and trained, and fought and fought, until he's got his will tempered — oh, well, then, you know, I think he'd be promoted."

"You do?"

She nodded. The laughter ran into his face, and hers answered it.

"Do you know," he said confidentially, "I'm not sure he'd want to be promoted. I think it would scare him."

"It's my opinion half of them are scared," she answered, — "the leaders. That's why they are so big. They're brave enough to fight the foe within at the same time they're fighting the one without."

She had risen now, and he did not try to keep her.

"I wonder," he was musing, "whether it is a question of captains! Strong-willed —" He looked at her as if he inventoried her qualities, and she gazed innocently back at him, waiting to say good-by. "Strong-willed, sound-hearted, kind — and beautiful."

Then he seemed impatiently to put that by, as if he were talking foolishness she could not yet be trusted with. He came back to his everyday look of accessible, charming good humor.

"Would you mind," he asked, in an off-hand fashion, "leaving me your address? I have an idea I shall want to see you again about this — or something."

She wrote the address in a firm hand, putting the sheet of yellow paper he gave her flat against the wall.

"Thank you," he said, and she responded, at the door, with a kind little smile and a good-by. She was over the sill, when he bent quickly, opened the drawer, and took out the letter he had tossed there an hour ago. He strode after her, holding it outstretched.

"Would you mind," he asked, in a laughing earnest, "would you mind mailing this?"

She took it with no appearance of surprise.

"Delighted," she said. "Good-by again."

He was at the head of the stairs looking down at her nodding plume.

"I had a fancy," he called, in an exhilaration she did not understand, "to have you mail it. It's for luck."

PHYSICAL SCIENCE OF TO-DAY

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE

IN a rapid review of physical science of to-day, I should doubtless disappoint many if I did not give the first place to wireless telegraphy, and to the surprising report that the dreams of the alchemists are being realized by the actual transmutation of one metal into another. I will, therefore, accede to what I believe is the desire of the majority of my readers. Wireless telegraphy undoubtedly seems to the unscientific person the most marvelous achievement of modern physical science; but to the scientific man it assumes far less importance than some recent discoveries to which I propose to call attention.

The theory of the transmission of messages without wires is contained in a paper by Hertz, a late professor of physics at Bonn, and if he were alive he might say, as Faraday did of his great experimental work which led to all the practical employments of electricity to-day, "We will now hand this over to the calculators." The calculators have certainly developed Faraday's gifts with eminent skill, and they are fast making wireless telegraphy a practical art.

I lately sat in a corner of the smoking-room of an Atlantic steamer, — that repository of inaccurate information, — and heard an apparently well-informed gentleman, gifted with a flow of language, inform a group that it would be well to invest in wireless telephony, for it promised to displace present methods of transmission of messages. I kept a discreet silence, remembering how often Dr. Lardner is quoted in regard to the impossibility of crossing the Atlantic in a steamer, and there I was with the voyage nearly consummated. There is, however, at present, no practical transmitter for wireless telephony. The art is in the

condition of that of the telephone before Francis Blake invented his transmitter; and in a worse condition, for one could speak with the unaided telephone, without the carbon transmitter, fifty to a hundred miles. The distance to which speech can be transmitted by wireless telephony in commercial practice is about ten miles. It is said that a distance of a thousand miles has occasionally been reached; but it required the expenditure of many horse-power.

Can I also dismiss the report of the transmutation of metals in as brief a manner? Sir William Ramsay has shown that the emanation from radium inclosed in an air-tight vessel changes from its peculiar spectrum into an entirely different one, — that of the gas helium — which, as its name implies, is found in the sun. This discovery has been confirmed by other observers, and Ramsay, continuing his studies, has stated that, under the influence of radium, copper is transmuted into the metals lithium, sodium, and potassium. This result was received by the scientific world with much skepticism; for it was thought that various impurities in the containing vessels might account for the startling result. Madame Curie, who, in collaboration with her husband, discovered radium, has lately repeated Ramsay's experiments, taking precautions in regard to impure substances by conducting the necessary operations in platinum vessels, and has failed to confirm Ramsay's result.

The subjects of wireless telegraphy and the transmutation of metals are certainly the most sensational ones in the physical science of to-day, and I shall do well if I succeed in interesting the reader in those phases of my subjects which are of supreme interest to scientific men. In con-

versing on recent advances in physics with unscientific but otherwise well-educated friends I find a striking intellectual peculiarity. Many are interested to know what are the practical results of recent discoveries. They desire to know how far one can send wireless messages, and whether there is a possibility of transmuting the baser metals into gold; but one quickly loses their attention when one enters into the most elementary discussion of the scientific aspects of the questions.

This indolence of mind is perhaps due to the lack of power of concentration, a power which might be cultivated by a more scientific education. The reader may say that it is more probably the result of the use of technical terms by the physicist. I confess that when I ask an astronomer how large Mars appears in his telescope, and he answers that it subtends so many degrees of arc, I hesitate to pursue my inquiries further. I shall therefore endeavor to avoid scientific jargon in this paper.

I have said that the marvelous achievement of wireless telegraphy seems, to the scientific man, of less importance than many recent developments of physical science. The wonder and mystery in regard to the passage of messages without wires is far less than in the transmission of an ordinary telephonic message over a copper wire. In the case of the wireless message we know that there are unimpeded waves through the ether of space, and granting the supposition of the ether, the mathematical discussion of the waves is comparatively simple; but in the passage of electricity over or through a copper wire we are dealing with very complex conditions, and we have no reasonable theory of its action unless we adopt the hypothesis that there are minute charged particles called electrons, which act and react in a very complicated manner upon the particles of metal, much as a swiftly-moving athlete acts in forcing his way through a dense crowd. The wireless wave is an athlete in the open.

I speak of a theory of electrons, which may lead to an explanation of the mystery of the manner of the passage of electricity through matter; and I am led to the subjects of ionization and radioactivity, which are now the most prominent topics in physical science. By ionization we mean the breaking up of a liquid, air, or gas into minute particles which are charged with electricity. This ionization can be produced by electricity, by ultra-violet light, — that is, light of very short wave-length which is invisible to the eye, — and also by radium. The literature of the subjects of ionization and radioactivity — that is, the ionization produced by radium — is far greater than that of the entire subject of electricity fifty years ago.

In these two subjects we are dealing with the smallest body which has been recognized in the world — the electron. It is one one-thousandth the size of the hydrogen atom, and the hydrogen atom is far too small to be seen under the most powerful microscope. The electron is also called the negative particle, for it is charged with negative electricity, — it may be negative electricity itself; and it plays the predominant part in all the new theories of electricity and matter. I propose to call the reader's attention to one of its manifestations which promises to revolutionize our views of matter, — a manifestation which is attracting more attention from physicists than even the change of the spectrum of radium bromide to that of helium; for it leads to a new conception of the stuff of this world, and, according to some philosophers, makes that stuff as thin as the baseless fabric of a vision.

Before entering into an account of this manifestation, let us ask ourselves if, in our theories of atoms and electrons, we have really advanced beyond the ideas of the ancients. Democritus certainly advanced a theory of atoms, and Epicurus taught that an infinite number of atoms, existing from all eternity in infinite space, continually in motion, were the elements

of that matter of which the universe is composed. It is true that our modern theory of atoms, at first sight, seems to resemble closely that of these two philosophers; for in the air of a room we suppose billions of atoms; we believe in the continuity of matter, and therefore that all matter is ultimately made up of atoms. The ancients' conception of atoms was a flight of the imagination, but the modern theory is supported by measurements of weight, magnitude, and speed.

I wish, however, to call attention to the matter of speed, for in regard to it we have advanced far beyond the highest flight of imagination of the ancients. The greatest speed known to the Greeks or Romans was that of an athlete, a horse, or a dart. To them the earth was at rest, and the stars fixed in space. They would be appalled, if they should revisit the earth, by the speed of an express train. They never conceived, in their theories of atoms, of infinite collections of minute particles aggregated into the sphere of our earth, which is spinning on its axis with such speed that we on its circumference at the equator are traveling from night to morning with a speed of seventeen miles a minute — the velocity of a cannon-ball; and that this earth, this collection of atoms, is traveling through space about the sun, from month to month, from summer to winter, with a velocity of nineteen miles a second, seventy-five times the speed of a cannon-ball. The average man of to-day, I venture to say, is in the mental attitude of the ancients in respect to the realization of great speed. To him the world is moving with a velocity which he cannot measure, and therefore does not realize. Indeed, I cannot call to mind any poet who sings of great speed. It is true that in Milton's *Paradise Lost* there are the following lines descriptive of the fall from Heaven of Mulciber: —

“From morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle.”

A simple calculation will show that in the space of fourteen hours — the time mentioned — he would have attained a final velocity of over three hundred miles a second — a velocity of nearly twenty times that of our progress through space. The poet, in correcting an ancient fable, and in striving for accuracy, is not restricted in his flights of imagination by a consideration of the heat which would have been developed by impact. When Vulcan was headlong sent, with his industrious crew, to build in Hell, could there have been a prophetic physical conception in Milton's mind of a generation of heat which would have fitted the objects of Heavenly wrath for their future abode?

The chief characteristic of modern physical science is its development of knowledge of the consequences which follow from changes in or cessation of great speed. A cannon-ball by its impact can raise a steel plate to a white heat; the earth striking another heavenly body, not a comet, might instantly become a fiery furnace.

It is related of a late professor in Harvard University that he was invited to deliver lectures on astronomy in a town not far from Boston, in the days when lyceum courses on high topics had not been supplanted by stereopticon shows. The selectmen said that the town was too poor to give him the fee he asked, and he finally agreed to deliver the course of lectures for half the sum he had originally demanded. In those lectures he proceeded to enlarge upon the terrible catastrophes which might arise from a possible disturbance of the equipoise of the earth. At the conclusion of the course the selectmen offered him the other half of the sum he had demanded, if he would show how the equipoise would probably be maintained. This he did, and gained the sum he had originally asked.

While the earth spins on and pursues its path without collisions, modern physicists are occupied in the study of countless atoms in disturbed orbits, and in con-

siderations of the impact of innumerable invisible particles which are moving with velocities infinitely greater than that of the earth. It is as if some being should survey the moon, earth, and sun — yes, the entire universe of stars — from an infinite distance, and should discover planets in orbital movements and stars in collision. Maeterlinck can conceive of a Higher Being studying us as we study an ant-heap.

We are beginning to have a realizing sense of the effect on matter of great speed, for until now it has been impossible in laboratories to experiment on matter moving faster than a rifle-ball — perhaps fifteen hundred feet a second. We soon reach the point of rupture of a steel disc when we attempt to revolve it with such an angular velocity that a point on its rim moves only three times faster than the swiftest express train — or three miles a minute. The resistance of the air is a powerful factor which we have to overcome. To obtain an idea of this resistance, an interesting experiment consists in attaching an ordinary newspaper to an axle, and endeavoring to flatten it into a disc by a rapid revolution of the axle. The experiment requires the expenditure of at least ten horse-power. It is said that the Wright brothers found no facts on record which could aid them in their efforts to construct and manage an aeroplane; they were obliged to make their own experiments.

One can conceive that matter might assume an entirely different aspect if it should move with a velocity of many thousand miles a second. Since it is impossible to experiment with visible objects, — such as those we measure on an ordinary balance, — it remained to discover an invisible particle of infinitesimal weight, to which could be communicated an enormous velocity. We must bear in mind that a body of infinitesimal size moving with a velocity of many thousand miles a second can develop by impact a considerable and measurable amount of heat, for energy is proportional to the

product of the mass by the square of the velocity. Such a body has been discovered, and the analysis of its behavior while traveling many thousand miles a second is the most remarkable result obtained from radium. The latter substance shoots forth a particle which is called an electron, — for it is charged with electricity. I have said that it is one one-thousandth of the size of the hydrogen atom. A statement of enormously large or infinitely small dimensions, with which science is concerned, often transcends our power of apprehension; but I will endeavor to give some idea of the size of the electron.

It is estimated that 250,000,000 hydrogen molecules in line measure an inch. A cube having a side of one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch — the *minimum visible* under the most powerful microscope — contains from sixty to a hundred millions of molecules of oxygen or nitrogen, and more of hydrogen. If one could magnify a drop of water to the apparent size of the earth seen from a distance at which a small orange is just visible, we could see its molecules. The electron is the smallest body we have recognized in the universe, and it is certainly a wonderful proof of the fineness and accuracy of modern scientific methods that an invisible particle of such almost inconceivable minuteness can be isolated, and its mass and velocity measured.

I have dwelt at some length upon the subject of speed, in order to lead the mind of the reader to what I consider the most significant fact in modern physical science; and the fact is this: the mass of the electron increases as it flies with a velocity of over fifty thousand miles a second. The physicists are asking themselves, "Is this increase in mass a true increase, or is it an electrical phenomenon?" If it is the latter we have, so to speak, a new hold upon the ether which is supposed to fill all space, for we can study its commotions if we cannot weigh it while it is at rest. It is only through the phenomena of light that we have recognized the necessity of

an ethereal medium for the transmission of light waves, and Maxwell has shown that electromagnetic waves are propagated from the sun by the same medium. Wireless telegraphy depends upon these electrical waves, which are transmitted with the velocity of 180,000 miles a second — the velocity also of light.

The electron has another remarkable manifestation. It is capable of producing by its motion the phenomenon of magnetism, and we are moving toward a theory of magnetic activity on the sun which may enlighten us in regard to the cause of the magnetism of the earth. This invisible particle is also changing our views in regard to the probable age and future duration of the sun. Physicists and geologists no longer dispute over the age of the earth, and the length of time which will elapse before the sun is extinguished. The discovery of radium and the electron have made us mute.

To radium we owe a great extension of the theory of ionization, that is, the breaking up of a liquid or gas under the effect of electricity or radium into small particles, which are called ions. This new development of physical science is called radioactivity. The great volume of investigations on the subject of ionization and its allied subject, radioactivity, may induce some future physicist to rewrite Tyndall's epoch-making book entitled *Heat as a Mode of Motion*, which appeared nearly fifty years ago. The new treatment of energy will consist, not, as in Tyndall's treatise, mainly of a discussion of the heat developed by motion of tangible bodies, but of a treatment of the heat and radiations which result from the impact of invisible particles. The new treatise should be written by one gifted with scientific imagination, controlled by a sense of exactness; and the reading public will be fortunate if the author should possess Tyndall's power of exposition. Physical science, however, is advancing so fast that no competent scientific man would think of undertaking the task at present; for the book would have to be

rewritten before it had been published a year. The university lecturer is now compelled to rewrite his lectures on energy and radiations from month to month.

In our conception of the action of electrons we seem to be reviving, in a certain measure, Sir Isaac Newton's corpuscular theory, which supposed that light was caused by the motion of infinitely small particles called corpuscles; and also Benjamin Franklin's one-fluid theory of electricity, which taught that negative electricity is due to a deficit of something which appears as an excess in positive electricity. In the modern theory of the electron, the negative charge may be regarded as the state of the positive charge after the electron has been detached from it. A distinguished English physicist said to me lately that there is a mine of suggestions in Franklin's electrical work. The latter, however, had no conception of an interaction between invisible particles and a universal ether.

I have said that wireless telegraphy should excite less wonder than the transmission of an ordinary telephonic message over a copper wire. We have abandoned all electrical fluids, and have in their place waves in the ether and swiftly moving electrons. These electrons can be weighed and their speed can be determined, but the ether is thoroughly intangible; even the earth, in its swift motion, causes no commotion in it. We must reflect, however, that until now we have not been able to study the behavior of this ether toward matter in motion under a speed greater than that of a point revolving on the surface of the earth. It seems probable that future knowledge of the properties of the ether will come from the study of the behavior of electrons moving through it with velocities many thousand times greater than the speed of the earth on its axis. The study of electrons and that of the ether must be pursued together. But progress in the study of the ether advances very slowly. Lord Kelvin made many attempts to conceive of its structure and its behavior under

strain; but his powerful mind, aided by all the mathematical knowledge of his time, failed in the attempt. The only new fact in regard to it that has been discovered during the last fifty years is that light exerts a pressure in the direction of its propagation; and a distinguished physicist has hazarded the suggestion that this pressure may carry germs of life to remote parts of the stellar universe. It may be that we shall adopt a hypothesis of the aggregation of these invisible particles or germs into visible forms. This hypothesis would be indeed a nebulous one.

In considering the theories of modern physical science, and the mass of facts which have been obtained, do we not wonder at the flights of imagination of scientific men, and at the results they obtain by following the lead of the faculty of imagination? Imagination is the greatest moving force in the world. In saying this, I am merely repeating a remark of Disraeli's, and to prove the strength of his conviction I will repeat a story Mr. Lowell told me when he was minister to England. It is the custom of the Royal Academy of Painters to hold a private view of their pictures before the public exhibition. Disraeli, walking arm in arm with Browning through the galleries, said, "What strikes me most forcibly here is the lack of imagination;" and he proceeded to enlarge upon the power of imagination, declaring it to be the greatest force in the world. In responding to a toast at the banquet which followed the private exhibition, he dwelt upon the wealth of imagination in evidence on the walls about him, and again expressed his conviction that imagination is the moving force in the world. Browning repeated Disraeli's first remark to Gladstone, who sat beside him, and he muttered, "The Devil!"

If I paused here the reader might conclude that considerations of speed form the chief characteristic of modern physical science. But the factor of time underlies the factor of speed. It is only by

thought of time that we measure speed; we always speak of so many feet a second, so many miles an hour. Time is an ultimate consideration.

In this rapid review of modern physical science I should be remiss if I did not refer to the effect that physical research is having upon contemporaneous thought. Physicists have apparently reduced matter to a possible whirl in the ether, and the ether is intangible. The discussion of the meaning of matter, speed, and time brings the physicists into the field of the philosophers, who claim that the former, in their late theories, are steadily approaching the views of the scholastic philosophers. The world is an illusion of the senses; matter, speed, and time have no objective reality.

This article may be read by a philosopher who is delighted that a smug physicist is approaching his appropriate field, and who would be pleased to have me enlarge further upon the fleeting illusions of physical science. I am reminded of the old Scottish woman who asked the distinguished preacher Irving to sit down beside her and "gang over the essentials." All true physicists, however, should decline to discuss with philosophers the actuality of matter, of speed, and of time.

The function of the scientific man is to measure and to generalize from facts. The measuring worm is safe so long as it confines its progress to its continent, — the top of a table, — but when it reaches the edge it finds an unfathomable abyss. While the physicist is measuring the specific gravity of lead to the sixth place of decimals, the philosopher has written a volume to prove the non-existence of matter. When a physicist ventures into philosophy he is in the condition of a man who steps in the dark over a precipice.

In the new subject, too, of psychology physical science is having a dominant influence. Emerson says, "The human heart concerns us more than peering into microscopes, and is larger than can be

measured by the pompous figures of the astronomer." In saying this he expresses only a half-truth, for it is recognized today by the best trained psychologists that it is only by the employment of the refined methods of the physicist that psychology can become a science; moreover, is not the high ideal of scientific honesty inculcated in physical research an im-

portant factor in the study of man's deepest impulses? The greatest attribute of the Creator is strict accuracy and honesty. One per cent error in the law of gravitation would cause the reader of this paper to cease its perusal and prepare for a catastrophe. The nearer we approach strict honesty the nearer we approach Divinity.

THE HOTEL

BY HARRIET MONROE

THE long resounding marble corridors, the shining parlors with shining women in them.

The French room, with its gilt and garlands under plump little tumbling painted loves.

The Turkish room, with its jumble of many carpets and its stiffly squared un-Turkish chairs.

The English room, all heavy crimson and gold, with spreading palms lifted high in round green tubs.

The electric lights in twos and threes and hundreds, made into festoons and spirals and arabesques, a maze and magic of bright persistent radiance.

The people sitting in corners by twos and threes, and cooing together under the glare.

The long rows of silent people in chairs, watching with eyes that see not while the patient band tangles the air with music.

The bell-boys marching in with cards, and shouting names over and over into ears that do not heed.

The stout and gorgeous dowagers in lacy white and lilac, bedizened with many jewels, with smart little scarlet or azure hats on their gray-streaked hair.

The business men in trim and spotless suits, who walk in and out with eager steps, or sit at the desks and tables, or watch the shining women.

The telephone girls forever listening to far voices, with the silver band over their hair and the little black caps obliterating their ears.

The telegraph tickers sounding their perpetual *chit* — *chit-chit* from the uttermost ends of the earth.

The waiters, in black swallow-tails and white aprons, passing here and there with trays of bottles and glasses.

The quiet and sumptuous bar-room, with purplish men softly drinking in little alcoves, while the bar-keeper, mixing bright liquors, is rapidly plying his bottles.

The great bedecked and gilded café, with its glitter of a thousand mirrors, with its little white tables bearing gluttonous dishes whereto bright forks, held by pampered hands, flicker daintily back and forth.

The white-tiled, immaculate kitchen, with many little round blue fires, where white-clad cooks are making spiced and flavored dishes.

The cool cellars filled with meats and fruits, or layered with sealed and bottled wines mellowing softly in the darkness.

The invisible stories of furnaces and machines, burrowing deep down into the earth, where grimy workmen are heavily laboring.

The many-windowed stories of little homes and shelters and sleeping-places, reaching up into the night like some miraculous, high-piled honeycomb of wax-white cells.

The clothes inside of the cells — the stuffs, the silks, the laces; the elaborate delicate disguises that wait in trunks and drawers and closets, or bedrape and conceal human flesh.

The people inside of the clothes, the bodies white and young, bodies fat and bulging, bodies wrinkled and wan, all alike veiled by fine fabrics, sheltered by walls and roofs, shut in from the sun and stars.

The souls inside of the bodies — the naked souls; souls weazen and weak, or proud and brave; all imprisoned in flesh, wrapped in woven stuffs, enclosed in thick and painted masonry, shut away with many shadows from the shining truth.

God inside of the souls, God veiled and wrapped and imprisoned and shadowed in fold on fold of flesh and fabrics and mockeries; but ever alive, struggling and rising again, seeking the light, freeing the world.

THE INDUSTRIAL DILEMMA

II

THE RAILROADS AND EDUCATION

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

As time goes on, the embarrassment of the authorities, and of public opinion, in dealing with the industrial situation in railroads and elsewhere is certain to resolve itself into action along definite and reasonable lines. As a matter of fact, the result of years of agitation and study can be accurately forecasted, and is known in advance. Certain impressions and lessons are being constantly imprinted on the mind of the community, and the doctrine of the survival of the fittest applies with equal significance to the world of ideas and to animal life. Looked into closely, we find this principle of the survival of best-fitted ideas to be the anchor to which democracy attaches, and always has attached, its optimism.

At the beginning, and looking ahead, the democratic idea proclaimed to the world, not "I rule," or "I serve," but "*I trust.*" And the reason for the faith that lies at the root of democratic institutions is known to all. Through good report and evil report the faith of democracy in education, and in the social conscience as director of ways and means, has never wavered. In the present century, it is true, the fundamental truth and supremacy of democratic principles are being tested up to the hilt. But all this "knocking" and "raking" means purification. The faith of the great mass of the people in the solution of industrial and social problems by educational methods knows no shadow of turning. To sneerers and doubters, democracy responds by increasing her educational facilities, and by widening the sphere of her activity. Above all the turmoil and

the controversy, she calmly abides the issue.

The determined and well-directed effort of present-day educators to keep in close touch with industrial progress is certainly one of the healthiest signs of the times. Schools and colleges no longer pride themselves exclusively upon the scholars, the poets, and the theologians they send forth into the world. Not to mention the professions, marked attention is now being paid to the industrial arts, and to the requirements of commercial life; in fact, honors are bestowed with impartiality upon excellence in almost every branch of honest human endeavor.

Once impressed with the importance of the educational problem in the social and industrial life of the nation, one turns instinctively to the railroads for illustrations of its work and principles. There are very good reasons for directing our efforts and study in this direction. For the railroad is probably the most important industry in the country, not alone as an employer of labor and a purchaser of material, but on account of its intimate relation to the every-day needs and safety of society.

Day by day the railroads are getting closer to the homes and the pockets of the people. It can no longer be asserted that five or six capitalists own or control the destinies of any railroad. They are now nearly all subject to the influence of an army of stockholders. For example, to illustrate the distribution of railroad stock among the homes of the people, it is worth noting that nearly half of the \$9,437,839 which the Pennsylvania Railroad lately

distributed as the semi-annual dividend on its \$314,594,650 of capital stock, was paid to women. There are now 58,739 stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose average holdings are 107 shares. Of these, about 28,000, or 47 per cent, are women, who, the figures show, own a total of over \$148,000,000 of Pennsylvania stock. The November dividend last year was paid to 52,622 stockholders. The increase since then has been 6117, or at the rate of twenty new stockholders in the Pennsylvania Railroad for each business day of the present twelve months. Consequently it is eminently the concern of the general public to see to it that both as regards the physical condition of a railroad, and as regards the means employed for the efficiency of its service, the very best material and the highest quality of leadership and workmanship are insisted upon.

To begin, with then, and very naturally, the topic "Education and the Railroads" divides itself into two main sections, namely, the enlightenment and instruction of the public in regard to actual conditions and methods of operation; and, on the other hand, the enlightenment and instruction of employees and employers in regard to their responsibilities and duties. As it seems to me, the first and more important of these considerations relates to the education and enlightenment of public opinion. To this end, we must have a fearless description and analysis of present-day conditions and tendencies. But for a number of reasons those who are best posted and informed, whether on the side of labor or of capital, have actually two sets of opinions: that which they know in their hearts to be true and right; and, on the other hand, a modified statement of these real opinions, which alone they are willing to publish over their own signatures.

It thus becomes evident that the knowledge of the public in regard to present-day conditions on our railroads is derived from incomplete and modified information. Neither the worker, the manager,

nor the capitalist can be depended upon to forget self-interest, and to publish the whole truth in the interests of the community. Studying the history of the case, which includes the contents of the employee's schedules or bill of rights, and the absolute silence of railroad managers, one must be pardoned for arriving at the conclusion that in the past, at any rate, these forces have been actually in combination or tacit agreement to keep the public in ignorance of the actual ways and means by which the business of the common carrier is being transacted on American railroads. The only way the railroad manager can dispose of this charge is by coming out in the open and frankly explaining his position. He, the manager, is in a position of public trust and responsibility. The public look to him for a sane and safe administration of the railroad business, in the interest of the whole people.

In the process of enlightening and educating public opinion on these matters the time has come for the manager to give an account of his stewardship. In a word, is he nowadays to be called a manager or simply a slave to a cut-and-dried schedule of arrangements which he has entered into with organizations of his employees, and in which, it is claimed, the public interests have been sacrificed? Is the manager willing to publish and comment on these agreements for the information and education of the traveling public? In the business of the common carrier, what reason or excuse can be advanced for secrecy? These are questions which the railroad manager is now called upon to answer, for they relate to the social standing and to the moral health, not only of the worker and the manager, but with positive emphasis to the self-respect and the social conscience of the community.

At the present day the public is utterly and unaccountably ignorant of the nature of the points at issue between labor and management on the railroad. There seems to be little disposition in any quarter to enlighten or educate the public on

topics in which they are vitally interested.

Under date of December 4, 1908, a mediation pact was signed in Washington by representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Dr. Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, were the mediators. From the published report of the proceedings it is evident that the engineers are dissatisfied with the discipline that is administered to the members of its brotherhood, while the managers complain of the interference with the regulations of the road which they try to enforce in the interest of the traveling public. Sooner or later public opinion is always called upon to throw the weight of its influence on one side or the other; consequently the details of the controversy, with concrete illustrations of the points at issue, should receive the widest possible publicity. To furnish the public with as much of the inside information as possible, is the primary purpose of this article.

In the *Santa Fé Employees' Magazine* for November, 1908, one of a series of very seasonable articles on the relations that obtain on our railroads, between the man and the manager, was written by a well-posted and conscientious employee of that system. To begin with, he made the following statement:—

“It is very evident we railroad men have rendered a very poor account of our stewardship.” In discussing the failure of employees to report transgressions, the writer insists that they “often run the risk of dismissal, rather than comment officially on the conduct of a fellow employee. Many of them have a peculiar sliding scale which they use when the necessity confronts them for reporting their fellows. Upon this scale appears (in unwritten letters) the enormity of the violation, the standing of the delinquent among his comrades, and last, but greatest of all, the chances of the officials’ finding it out. These matters are all weighed

before a decision is arrived at as to whether to make a report or not.

“That such a condition of affairs exists is not hard to believe, when we take into consideration that the vast majority of enginemen and trainmen are members of railway brotherhoods, *bound together by secret ties in an endeavor to promote their interests as a body*, and to render mutual assistance and relief. And then, back of this lies the fact that an employee who makes it a practice to report, or who will report another when it might have been covered up, is in a fair way to become an outcast, deprived of the confidence of his friends and co-workers. Between the attitude of employees who will not report the shortcomings of their fellows, and the inability of the officials to learn of the transgressions of these men, poor old Safety is between the devil and the deep sea.”

This is one of the most important contributions that has yet been written and signed by a railroad employee. The traveling public must understand from this information that the business of the common carrier is being conducted by employees who, for unstated reasons, are bound together by secret ties. Without pausing to discuss the nature of these secret ties, or their relation to the safety of the traveling public, it will, I think, be allowed that no special privileges can be granted by the community, either to corporations or to brotherhoods of railroad men, in regard to their methods of serving the public in this business of the common carrier.

The same law that applies to a traffic arrangement should also be in force in regard to the railroad man’s schedule. This should not only be a theoretical fact or condition, but the making of the schedule itself should actually be looked upon as an affair in which the public is a vitally interested factor, and nothing should be allowed to appear in it that can be shown to interfere with the maintenance of discipline, with the safety of travel, or with the industrial and ethical ideals of the

American people. At the present day, the party most concerned, the principal sufferer in this secret contract between the man and the manager, has no voice in its composition, and is kept in total ignorance of its stipulations and their social significance.

The following illustration will be sufficient to demonstrate the wide and important significance of this branch of my subject: Some time ago the adjustment committee of one of the largest unions of railroad employees paid an official visit to a railroad manager, and said to him in substance, "For the future we desire to establish the rule that no employee in our department shall be permitted to consult or confer with a superintendent on matters relating to his work except through the medium of the adjustment committee."

The thoughtful reader is invited to think over this proposition, and if possible to reconcile it with his ideas of personal liberty and the first principles of American civilization. According to my light, the only way to enlighten the public in regard to the significance of this and similar situations in the industrial world, is to furnish concrete illustrations of actual work and behavior, and to call attention to the lessons contained in them.

Some time ago the general manager of perhaps the largest railroad system in the United States, said to me, "I hope to live to see the day when a railroad manager, as an individual responsible to the public for the safety of travel, shall be able to remove a man for the simple reason that in his opinion the employee is actually unsafe to run an engine or conduct a train."

The manifest meaning and the lesson for the traveling public contained in this statement cannot be too strongly emphasized. The safety of travel at the present day is actually at the mercy of a system that has eliminated the very first principles of sane supervision and executive control. Just how this principle lives, moves, and conducts itself on an American railroad, cannot but make the judi-

cious grieve. Let us look into this matter with all seriousness.

Some time ago, on one of the most important railroad systems in the country, an engineman, while backing his train into a yard, called in his flagman before the train was in to clear. As the result his engine was "side-swiped" by a passenger train and several employees were injured. After a thorough investigation into the accident itself, and considering the previous record of the man, the superintendent of the division, his assistant, and the superintendent of motive power, reported to the general manager that the man in question, in their opinion, was unfit to be in charge of an engine. In the words of the superintendent, "We might just as well have saved ourselves the trouble and time given to the matter. The usual number of marks that apply to his offense was added to the man's record, and that is all there was to it. We now watch the going out and coming in of that man with fear and trembling; but we are helpless."

The traveling public is to-day at the mercy of the railroad man's schedule. It is not so much this clause or that clause that is objectionable, but the simple power and practice of a powerful organization to dispute and appeal from the decision of the management, not only in matters of discipline, but actually in every verdict that happens to rub any individual railroad man the wrong way.

With a view to enlightening public opinion on the widespread nature of this evil, illustrations must not be spared.

One of the best-known methods employed by railroad managers at the present day to ascertain the vigilance and obedience of road men, is what is commonly called the surprise test. This is, perhaps, the best out-on-the-road inspection yet inaugurated, for it places all employees on an equality so far as observance of the rules is concerned. When this system of surprise tests was first inaugurated on a western railroad, on whose pay rolls there are upwards of fifty thousand

employees, the management encountered a very strange experience, which will serve to illustrate another phase of the railroad man's schedule, and the principles which are involved.

One day two of the chief executive officers of this railroad took a trip out on the road. Alighting at a way station, they walked along the track for a mile or two until they came to a long wooden trestle. Taking all necessary precautions, they built a fire in close proximity to the bridge and then secreted themselves in the bushes to watch the effect of their surprise test. Before long an express passenger train came along, and although a cloud of smoke was ascending through the rafters of the bridge and right in the face and eyes of the engineman on the passenger train, he failed to pay the slightest attention to it, but kept on his way with undiminished speed.

The test officers remained at their posts in the bushes. Very soon another train came along, but the engineman of the second train had no sooner caught a glimpse of the smoke than he blew the customary fire-signal. He then whistled out his flagman, brought his train to a standstill, and with the assistance of the train crew he quickly extinguished the flames. At the end of his trip he reported the matter to his superintendent on the usual form.

A few days later, the general manager, who had been one of the test officers in the bushes, called the engineman of the first train into his office. The evidence was altogether too strong for the engineman to question the existence of the fire, so he fell back upon the simple excuse that he did n't or could n't see it. The manager said to him, in substance, "I am very sorry that I am unable to remove you from your engine for inexcusable carelessness. You are just as well aware as I am that every trestle and wooden bridge on your run is actually a fire-risk or a fire-trap. It is surely not too much to ask you to remember this every time you approach or run over a bridge with the lives of hundreds of passengers in

your charge and keeping. In my opinion you are not a safe man to be in charge of an engine; that is all I have to say to you; you may go." Then the engineman of the second train was called into the office. The manager thanked him and complimented him in flattering terms for his conduct in regard to the fire under the bridge. Finally, he said to him, "As a slight acknowledgment of your prompt action and praiseworthy conduct in the interests of the passengers and the road, I grant you a month's leave of absence, with full pay."

So far, so good. But before long the grievance committee of the brotherhood took the matter up, and informed the manager that he would have to cancel his disposition of the case. In plain English, it was against the principles and rules of the brotherhood to pick out and signalize any man's conduct in this way. No allowance, either in time or money, would be sanctioned by the brotherhood to any man for doing his duty. It creates a distinction where no distinction is recognized. It makes a difference in the pay schedule, where no variation is permitted in favor of any man. This was the decision of the adjustment committee, and so far as the public and the management are concerned, it remains the law on the subject.

Nevertheless, public opinion is invited to study this illustration, and to think it over from a wider standpoint than that contained in the fiat of a grievance committee, or the unwilling consent of a railroad manager.

But now just a word or two about my illustrations in general. It is, of course, a noticeable fact about these illustrations that I seldom mention the road upon which the incident occurs, and still less the names of the managers or the men concerned in them. There is at bottom a deep-rooted reason for this omission. It is a matter of common knowledge that, so far as educating the public into a knowledge of the internal management or conduct of the railroad business is concerned,

every employee who is connected with an organization, and every superintendent who has a position he cares anything about, is virtually and practically under an implied oath of secrecy. Thus the man is supposed to be loyal to his union, the superintendent to the management of his road.

It would appear from this that we have something to conceal, or that we do not care to submit many of our methods and regulations to public criticism. Few of us have stopped to think of our behavior in this light, and yet there can be no other excuse or reason for secrecy in a business that so closely concerns the public interest and welfare as this business of the common carrier. We are all under the spell of Mr. Carnegie's old maxim, "Richard, if you want to succeed in this business you will have to keep your mouth shut, and always remember that a close mouth is always the sign of a wise head."

In considering the industrial dilemma with which we are confronted at the present day, and in proposing and inviting a new and better order of things on American railroads, the breaking of the ice contained in the secret platform of the manager and the employee is a matter of the first importance.

It is of little use to ask the writer of this article to prove the truth of his illustrations while the manager remains silent. What the writer knows is but a drop in the bucket to what the manager is aware of, and won't tell. To tell the truth, the manager has the best of reasons at the present day for keeping his mouth shut, and for allowing the public to worry itself out of the dilemma as best it can.

Some time ago I asked the president of a Western railroad to account for this seeming indifference of railroad managers. He replied, "Silence is the last stand of the American railroad managers. To express opinions or assert ourselves in any way would cost millions. The revenues of the railroads to-day are at the mercy of the political schemer, who, upon occasion, makes a deal at our expense

with our own flesh and blood, that is to say, with our employees. It is the apathy of the public to its real interests that is the actual cause and root of inefficient management. For example, if I were to make a public statement that the inspectors employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission are nearly all of them discharged employees, do you think it would shock the public's sense of fairness? Not a bit of it. Stranger things are happening every day. Take another illustration. A piece of machinery, a self-dumping ash-pan, was invented. Legislation was sought to compel the railroads to adopt the invention. The cost, of course, figured little in the matter. After hearing from all sides, the congressional committee to whom the matter had been referred concluded not to report the bill favorably. Thereupon, within a day or two of the closing of the session, both Speaker Cannon and Vice-President Fairbanks were bombarded with telegrams to the effect that 75,000 firemen demanded that the ash-pan law should be passed. This could only be done by unanimous consent, but it was done thereupon, and the law passed in both the House and the Senate, and was signed by the President, who sent the pen to Grand Chief Hanrahan. The railroads must now foot the bills."

But so far as the public is concerned the paralysis and silence of the railroad manager can be brought still nearer home. At a station on a certain railroad, the change of men was supposed to take place at 11 P. M., but on account of the train service the relief man was always five minutes late. The man he relieved objected to this, and insisted upon leaving the office at 11 P. M. The matter was taken up by the union, and considerable feeling was manifested on both sides. Finally, the business was taken to the manager of the road for settlement. But neither conciliation nor arbitration had any effect whatever, and so at last, in despair, the manager changed the schedule of the train.

How does a settlement of this kind suit the traveling public? What is to be said about their convenience and their connections? Should any fifty merchants in a city desire to change the time of a train they would soon discover that they had quite a job on their hands. In talking to a manager about this case, he informed me he could furnish a dozen illustrations of a similar nature. From this statement we may infer that when the manager, by means of public recognition and support, can be persuaded to come out in the open and tell his story, strange revelations may be expected.

Continuing my illustrations of methods and ideals on American railroads, another interesting phase has to be noticed.

In one of the articles of a former series which appeared in this magazine, I had occasion to refer to the painstaking and successful management of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Previous to writing the article I paid a visit to the road. I collected a mass of statistics, and conversed with many of the employees. I was very much impressed with the healthy *esprit de corps* that seemed to me to be a marked characteristic of the work and conversation of the employees. On all sides there seemed to be a spirit of coöperation, which was fostered by a marked liberality of treatment on the part of the management toward the employees. The actual results, in efficiency of service and freedom from accidents, were known to railroad men all over the country, and recorded in the newspapers. Over and over again, employees of the Chicago and Alton informed me that in those days serious accidents were almost unheard of, and injuries to passengers and trainmen were few and far between.

But now, within a year or so, a change has come over the spirit of the scene. New methods of management are now in force. According to the talk and understanding among the men, the watchword of the former administration was efficiency of service: that of the latter is economy of operation and a reduction of the

working force to the lowest possible limit. The men very quickly catch on to the ideals and policy of a management. To secure efficiency of service, a wide sympathy and consideration for the interests of the employees must actually be the first consideration. To cut a gang of men in half, reduce the wages of the survivors, and then preach the doctrine of coöperation in the interests of efficiency, is questionable policy. It is not necessary to take my ideas on the subject as warrant for applying the story to the Chicago and Alton Railroad.

For some time past the superintendent of the road has made a feature of lectures and talks to employees, and has been calling attention to the unsatisfactory state of affairs. One of his circulars reads as follows: "We are having too many mishaps, the offered excuse for which has been, 'We have been doing that way right along, and nothing has ever happened.' This is following out customs and practices with utter disregard to rules. The safety of yourselves and all your fellow employees, as well as the economical operation of the road, is directly proportionate to the rules being carried out."

In one of his talks to the men, Superintendent Mulhearn dwelt largely upon the subject of ambition. He appealed to every employee to keep advancement in view, and to think of something else besides six o'clock and pay-day. He declared that the careful, conscientious, loyal employee would be in the front, and help make up the family of officials and others in the executive positions, while the drone and don't-care variety would always remain at the bottom. He said that he was anxious that every employee try to make himself valuable to the company, so that mutual interests might be conserved, and that all might profit.

These confidential talks, and the general policy of Superintendent Mulhearn, will perhaps be considered as decidedly healthy and satisfactory. From the viewpoint of public education and the real interests of the men, the railroad, and the

community, however, a little analysis of the coöperative doctrine will not be out of place.

I spoke to one of the subordinate officials of the Chicago and Alton about it. This man was in charge of fifty or sixty men. I said to him, "I notice the officials on the Chicago and Alton have inaugurated a campaign of instruction and education, with a view to interest the men in their work, and to induce them to coöperate with the management in the interest of efficiency and economy. I would like to know what this means," I continued; "is it a real gospel you are preaching, or is it only a method adopted to secure economy and efficiency of operation without any positive and real regard for the interests of the men? For example, when your superintendent says that on his railroad drones will remain at the bottom and conscientious employees be advanced over their heads, is the statement a fact, or a mere figure of speech? Are you yourself at liberty to handle your men in this way? Is there any way, so far as you know, by which you can single out a good man and favor him? Can you increase his pay, promote him, or distinguish him above, or at the expense of, the shiftless worker? If not, what does all this preaching amount to? The doctrine is hollow to the core if, after all your preaching, your superintendent, and you yourself, deliberately advance a man, perhaps a drone, regardless of his qualifications, over the heads of good men, simply because he happens to be their senior."

The foreman I spoke to confessed his inability to answer me in a satisfactory manner. While he was willing to admit the truth of my contention, he blamed the schedules for the unsatisfactory relations that exist, on all railroads, between the men and the management.

Unfortunately, however, the men are unable to look upon the seniority rule in this light. They seem to think the very existence of the unions on the railroads is dependent upon the enforcement of the seniority idea to the letter. And they are

right, while the men and the management continue to be antagonistic forces. While this feeling of separate interests and objects remains in force, coöperation is a mere will-o-the-wisp. The men themselves are quick to appreciate this fact.

Some time ago I met an engineman who is employed on the New Haven system. He was more or less familiar with my essays and arguments. He considered them quite plausible in theory, but useless as to any practical application. He said to me, "Can you give me one reason why a railroad man should interest himself in the management or the welfare of his road?"—"Your pocket-book, and your self-respect," I suggested.—"Not at all," he replied. "You must give me a definite, a concrete illustration. I must get some actual return for any special interest I take, over and above the routine of my work. But we want this as a body, and not separate illustrations as individuals. For example, I say to my railroad, 'One shovelful of coal in every four that is handled on a locomotive is wasted. Make a bargain with us and we will actually save you twenty-five per cent of your coal bill. Moreover, there are a score of other ways in which economy can be exercised in our department, and quite as many in which the comfort and convenience of the traveling public can be increased. As individuals, we decline to consider the matter either with you or the public: but if you, the railroad, will set aside a block of your stock of a value equivalent to the saving we are prepared to guarantee to you, and place this stock in the hands of our unions, we will at once talk and act coöperation with you to some purpose. At the same time, we candidly confess to you that we desire to hold and control this stock with the ultimate object of getting a share in the management.'"

At the present day, without doubt, the most interesting single topic connected with the industrial situation on railroads is contained in the word *schedule*. What is this schedule we hear so much about?

What is the nature of this interesting agreement which defines the rights of a railroad man, and the powers of the superintendent? Generally speaking, the schedule is a very simple and comprehensible document. The schedule of the Boston and Maine trainmen, for example, contains no less than seventy-three rules or stipulations. From the moment when a trainman goes on duty in the morning until he puts up at night, every move he makes, every circumstance he encounters, or is liable to encounter, is outlined in some clause of his schedule, and the remuneration for his services connected therewith is distinctly defined. With the changing of conditions and the constant expansion of business, new clauses are added to the schedule. It is hardly too much to say that nine out of ten of the stipulations in the trainman's schedule can actually be called the righting of wrongs. Take the following, for illustration: —

No. 6. Crews will not be required to work with more than one inexperienced man.

No. 11. Men shall, if they so desire, upon leaving the service, be given a letter stating the nature and time of service and reason for leaving the same.

No. 19. Men released from duty between terminal stations will receive pay for full run.

No. 28. Regular conductors, doing the work of an assistant conductor, will receive regular conductor's rate of pay for the day.

No. 45. Men doubling hills, or obliged to follow the engine in going for water or coal, will be allowed mileage in addition to trip.

The agreement covers every conceivable phase of the railroad man's work. His overtime, his promotion, his pay for attending court; when he is called for duty and not required; his leave of absence, his right to employment after being injured in the service, his emergency service, his extra service, his wreck-train service, — not an item is forgotten, every

detail in regard to his work and pay is down in black and white, and he carries the agreement, signed by the general manager, in his pocket.

No little admiration and praise must be accorded to organized labor for this crowning result of years of agitation and courageous effort. But nevertheless there are one or two clauses in this schedule which very closely concern the public interests; their nature, and their effect on the community at large, should be thoroughly understood.

Among the general rules of the trainman's schedule, No. 1 reads as follows:

"Promotions will be governed by merit, ability, and seniority; all things being equal, preference will be given to men longest in the service, the superintendent to be judge of qualifications."

This rule is altogether in the best interests of the men, the management, and the community at large. The superintendent is placed in charge of the promotion department. He is empowered to overlook seniority in favor of merit and ability. In this rule there is actually no appeal from his decisions. He is distinctly named as judge of qualifications for every vacancy or appointment in the train service. But in actual practice the rule is useless and unworkable. One rule in the schedule is played against another, and in the *mêlée* the judge is turned into a cipher.

Rule No. 7 is as follows: —

"In case of discipline, right of appeal will be granted if exercised within ten days, and a hearing will be given as promptly as possible, at which men may be accompanied by fellow employees of the same or superior class. If the investigation finds the accused blameless, his record will remain as previous thereto, and he shall receive pay for all time lost."

Here again, standing by itself, is a fairly good rule, which does away with any possibility of unprincipled management. But unfortunately the employee, through his organization, has seen fit to enlarge

the right of appeal from the verdict of the management in matters of discipline to a general right of appeal from anything that displeases him in every nook and corner of the railroad business. In this way the superintendent, as final and absolute judge of qualifications, is blotted out. At the present day if he should exercise his prerogative and place merit and ability above seniority, he would raise a veritable storm in railroad circles. As a direct result of this state of affairs, merit and ability, as qualifications for promotion, have been banished from the train service of American railroads.

From the educational standpoint the contents of the railroad man's schedule, and its effect upon the efficiency of the service, are in little danger of being over-emphasized.

According to John Ruskin, there are two important mottoes in the industrial world: the employers', which says, "Every man in his place," and the employees' which demands for "Every man his

chance." Mr. Ruskin adds the following comment: —

"Let us mend the employees' motto a little and say, 'Every man his certainty,' — certainty, that if he does well he will be honored and aided and advanced, and equal certainty that if he does ill he will by sure justice be judged and corrected. For the only thing of consequence is what we *do*; and for man, woman or child, the first point of education is to make them do their best. It is the law of good economy to make the best of *everything*. How much more to make the best of *every creature*."

So far in this article, from the educational standpoint, my object has been to call attention to actual conditions and methods of operation on the railroads. Next in order comes the attempt to interest all concerned in certain practical reforms, to the end that we may secure better work and a better understanding between the men, the management, and the community.

CAVOUR AND BISMARCK

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I

THE seeds of birth lie so mysteriously hidden in death that historians are still disputing whether the French Revolution and Napoleon's régime mark the close of one epoch, or the beginning of another; but there can be no doubt that the twenty-five years between the meeting of the States-General and the battle of Waterloo had to precede the transformation which Europe has undergone.

On the Continent the major constructive works of the nineteenth century were the Kingdom of Italy and the German Empire. To these achievements many forces, many men, many parties contrib-

uted; but, as always happens in historical crises of deepest human significance, the struggle in each country was directed, and in a fashion embodied, by a mighty personality. For convenience' sake, we depersonalize history, assume that we are watching abstract movements, talk of the *Zeitgeist*, reduce the course of a nation's growth to a few formulas. Destiny, however, takes care to remind us ever and anon that human history is the product of men and women. Passions are not abstract, motives are not abstract, deeds are not abstract: they are the manifestations of human will, — the most concrete thing of which we have any knowledge. And throughout the course of man's evolu-

tion we come upon a few commanding personages — Cæsar, Mahomet, Hildebrand, Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington — each of whom seems to collect and unite the vital forces of his time or nation, and to transmit them, modified and energized by his individuality. So light streams colorless into a prism, and pours out from it, perhaps broken up into iridescent rays, perhaps focused into burning intensity. The unification of Italy and the creation of Imperial Germany had each its symbolic man, Cavour and Bismarck, who appear to have pursued similar ends; in fact, however, they used different means, and arrived at different goals. Let us first look briefly at their personal equipment.

II

Through his father, who was a marquis, Camillo Benso di Cavour, born in 1810, came of the ancient Piedmontese aristocracy. Legend gave him a Crusading ancestor, a Teutonic companion of Frederick Barbarossa; records show that for six centuries at least the Bensì lived the life of the Subalpine people, neither French nor Italian, but a blend which both Frenchmen and Italians regarded as an inferior strain. Piedmont was the only corner of Italy that had escaped the wonderful flowering of the Renaissance, and its appalling decay. Cavour's mother was born Swiss and brought up Protestant, and one of his aunts married the French Duke of Clermont-Tonnerre. Thus from his childhood, which he passed in the city of Turin at its time of most hopeless reaction, he had cosmopolitan contacts: at home, his kinsfolk came and went, and brought with them tidings of the great world beyond the horizon; or he paid visits to his mother's people at Geneva, where dwelt an enlightened liberty-loving community, somewhat puritanical, perhaps, but staunch in character and friendly to progress.

Being a younger son, he was placed in the Military Academy at Turin. At six-

teen he was graduated, most proficient in mathematics, into the Engineer Corps; at twenty, he resigned, apparently under a cloud of royal displeasure, for he had already earned the reputation of detesting despotic reaction in Church and State, and of speaking his mind without prudence. Shut out from a career under the crown, he took charge of a remote farm which had run down through neglect. Having made the farm pay, in a few years he was managing a great estate at Leri, where he learned every detail of agriculture. He traveled often, — to Switzerland, to France, to England, — and with wonderful ease passed from his peasantry at Leri into the company of the cosmopolitan frequenters of the first *salons* of Paris.

Having a passion for contemporary politics, he studied the questions that were agitating society, sought the principles behind them, observed the personal quality of men leading or going to lead, and confirmed the faith, which seems in some strange way to have been born in him, that Liberty was the key to the new age. But, as his Liberalism made him hateful to King Charles Albert and the Retrogrades, the only outlet for his intellectual ferment was in essays, political and economical, which had to be printed in foreign reviews because Piedmont was garroted by five sets of censors.

Otto von Bismarck, born in 1815, belonged to the Prussian landed gentry. He sprang from a family which in old days had helped to defend the Eastern marches against heathen invaders, men who loved fighting better than thinking, voracious eaters and unquenchable drinkers, who passed on from sire to son a mastiff's fidelity to their sovereign. On both his father's and his mother's side, Bismarck's roots struck deep into the army and into the bureaucracy, — typical Prussian soil. He grew up to be the despair of his stiff kinsfolk. At the university, which he quitted without a degree, he distinguished himself by his capacity for beer-drinking rather than for scholar-

ship; and afterwards, he soon found both the law and a bureaucratic position too irksome for his independent nature. He figured as a boisterous rural knight, — “mad Bismarck,” — whose horse-play and pranks shocked his conventional neighbors. “His wine-cellar was his first care. . . . He quaffed huge cups of mixed champagne and porter, he awoke his guests in the morning by firing off pistols close to their ears, and he terrified his lady-cousins by turning foxes into the drawing-room.” He too had a small country-place thrust upon him after his father’s death, and he plunged into the life of country gentleman with all the zeal of a nature that could do nothing by halves. He “attended fairs, sold wood, inspected timber, handled grain, drove hard bargains, gathered rents, and sat as deputy in a local diet.” It is recorded that “his first speech in the annual assembly treated of the ‘excessive consumption of tallow in the workhouse.’”

Occasionally, his biographer says, revels gave way to reflection; and there is plenty of evidence to show that he was a promiscuous reader. His position as magistrate and as captain of the dikes put upon him certain small duties, but he spent most of his time in hunting or idleness, with one or two trips to France and England. Very few who saw the tall, blond Junker in those days, suspected that beneath his Borussian roughness — a roughness which was the natural trait of a race that had never been really softened by culture — there lay the strength of genius. In his narrow political creed, which glorified the Prussian system of despotism and made no pretense of sugar-coating it for the sake of popularity, and in his apparent scorn of erudition, in which Germany had recently come to the front, he seemed simply to reflect the prejudices of the rural nobility among whom he ranked in the lowest class.

In 1847, when Cavour founded *Il Risorgimento* newspaper at Turin, and Bismarck was chosen an alternate deputy to the Landtag, nobody foresaw that

these two were the predestined creators of Italian and of German unity.

III

Very different problems confronted them. Never in modern times had Italy been either united or free. Her brilliant medieval republics, torn by the world-conflict of Pope and Emperor, and lacking, as in that age they were fated to lack, a sufficient basis of democracy, sank inevitably into despotisms. Venice alone pursued her imperial way, age after age; but Venice was an oligarchy. The amazing unfettering of the intellect and of conduct which distinguished the Renaissance produced a people among whom individualism ran riot. It was individualism without moral restraints or religious ideals. Degeneracy followed. The Italians seemed only too clearly a played-out race, far gone in fossilization. They were practicing a sort of ancestor-worship — a languidly-boastful telling over of the glories of their past — when Napoleon I awakened them.

But after Waterloo, although again reduced to political servitude, and split up into seven states, over which, except in Piedmont, Austria lorded it, the Italians could not be coerced into acquiescence. The urge to become a nation, free and independent, gave them no rest. They groped for liberty; they made many sacrifices; they plotted; they dared — and after tragic failures, which showed the futility of such attempts, they understood that *liberty*, based on a constitutional government, could not be secured without *independence*. Then other heroic sacrifices, and other tragic defeats, taught them that independence itself could be achieved through *unity* only. But what sort of unity — federal, monarchical, or republican? If federal, what should serve as the common bond? If monarchical, who should be king? If republican, who should be president? Each of these alternatives had many supporters and many opponents. Individualism, which

rulers and circumstances had always aggravated, blocked the way to harmony. One thing, however, fixed itself in the minds of all patriots—unity, of whatever form, could be reached only through the previous expulsion of the Austrians.

Germany also was granulated into many political units—more than forty independent states and autonomous cities—and fierce was the rivalry, not to say hatred, among them. Nevertheless, material interests led them to maintain a customs union, which strengthened the national sentiment; and behind this there was the memory of the old Empire which, in spite of its imperfections, lived in imagination as the symbol of the oneness of the Germans,—of a people who had a common heritage of glory, and a common destiny. Still, the pettiest German state or free city clung to its independence.

This German Particularism was the fruit of Feudalism, that is, of a system which is the negation of individual liberty; whereas Italian Individualism was derived from the municipal practices of the Roman Empire, practices which, revived by the medieval republics and abused by them, ended in license, but which in their origin had established some sort of fair compromise between that craving for local liberties and those demands of the central powers, which are the contradictions that every government must deal with.

One cardinal difference to be noted between the Italians and the Germans was their relative prestige. The Italians, I have just said, seemed an exhausted stock. The Germans, on the contrary, had not yet reached their prime. Civilization had penetrated to them comparatively late; if they had not yet adopted its graces, they had also been saved from its accompanying vices. Since about 1760 the German genius had taken a marvellous flight. In poetry, in letters, in history, in science, in philosophy, in music, Germany was leading the world. Her soldiers enjoyed a high reputation. Her

men and women were robust, sober, patient, persevering, industrious; they possessed the Teutonic instinct for hard facts, and the Teutonic preference for truth-telling; and a magnificent system of education, the masterpiece of Stein and Wilhelm von Humboldt, was carrying enlightenment into every hamlet. The Italians, on the other hand, had known for centuries the heel of Frenchmen and Spaniards, of Germans and Austrians. With too much reason, they were supposed to be incapable of governing themselves. The Jesuits had devitalized their schools. The world wrote them down as effeminate, ignorant, superstitious, the dupes of an effete priesthood, or the victims of a shallow and sterile atheism.

Politically, the most important difference between the two countries lay in the fact that Germany was independent. Since the War of Liberation in 1813 no foreigner had ruled over a foot of her soil, or even dictated the policy of her feeblest prince. So the first aim of the Germans was unity, not independence. Among their states, Austria held first place. Prussia could hope to unify Germany only after Austria had been excluded. As to liberty, although among the compatriots of Schiller and of Fichte many yearned for it, the majority, saturated in feudal tradition, did not look upon it as essential.

Most Germans found in Goethe, rather than in Schiller, their spokesman. "Freedom is an odd thing," said Goethe to Eckermann, "and every man has enough of it, if he can only satisfy himself. What avails a superfluity of freedom which we cannot use? . . . If a man has freedom enough to live healthy, and work at his craft, he has enough: and so much all can easily obtain. Then, all of us are free only under certain conditions, which we must fulfill. The citizen is as free as the nobleman, when he restrains himself within the limits which God has appointed by placing him in that rank. The nobleman is as free as the prince; for, if he will but observe a few cere-

monies at court, he may feel himself his equal. Freedom consists, not in refusing to recognize anything above us, but in respecting something which is above us; for, by respecting it, we raise ourselves to it, and by our very acknowledgment make manifest that we bear within ourselves what is higher, and are worthy to be on a level with it."

Bred in their bone and distilled in their marrow, Feudalism is the chief political contribution of the Teutons to civilization — a system which expresses the Teutonic nature as exactly as the oligarchic patriciate expressed that of the Venetians, or constitutionalism embodies that of the Anglo-Saxons. Now, the ideal of Feudalism was not liberty, but privilege — the dependence of class on class by a graduated scale; always the servitude of the weaker, who by their service bought the protection of the stronger. The love of liberty which meant independence of foreign domination was ancient in the German heart; intellectual liberty, typified in Luther and in Kant, was the breath of life to her literature and her philosophy; but the theory of political liberty, which comes at last to the granting of equal rights to all citizens, had never strongly appealed to the German mind, with its feudal obsession.

Now, the problem agitating Europe for more than a century has been how to effect the transformation from Feudalism to Democracy. The supreme modern instrument, whether in politics, in social interests, or in morals, is Liberty; the supreme feudal instrument was Authority. The special conditions of the first half of the nineteenth century gave further to the principle of Nationality an extraordinary potency. After Napoleon broke up feudal Europe, the fragments instinctively felt kinship to be the logical basis of statehood. Thenceforward, the centripetal virtues of race, of language, of environment, of common interests, and manifest destiny, were magnified, until the principle of Nationality came to be regarded as if it were an inalienable right

and a cosmic law. In Italy and Germany alike it operated to stimulate the craving for Unity.

IV

Granting that these are the main lines which political evolution was following, although, like all generalizations, these also would need to be qualified in certain applications, let us see how Cavour and Bismarck dealt with them. Italy and Germany both sought Unity, as the fulfillment of their national instinct; they both realized that Austria must be got rid of before Unity could be attained; but Italy had to win also Liberty and Independence. First, as to Liberty, the instrument of the new order: how did the future creators of United Italy and Germany regard it?

From boyhood, Cavour had a passion for Liberty which cannot be explained by his bringing up. As soon as he could reason, he welcomed it as the master principle which could solve every difficulty. His was no passing enthusiasm, but a conviction planted in the depths of his moral nature, and nourished by whatever he read or observed. He believed that Liberty should be applied to trade, to education, to politics and government, and to the Church. Nor was he blind to its dangers. He knew that the perfect fruits of Liberty can ripen only when men are educated, moral, and civilized — and that no people had yet reached that state of excellence. He knew that half-liberty may lead either to anarchy or to license — but the risk did not frighten him. He held that the best way, the only way to fit men for freedom, is to make them free. So, for Cavour, the drawbacks of even incomplete freedom were preferable to the utmost benefits of Feudalism.

There was no wavering in Cavour's allegiance to Liberalism. Once, when some one told him that under an absolute régime, he could already have carried out a measure which he deemed most important, he replied, "You forget that under such an absolute government I would

neither have cared to be minister nor could I have been. I am what I am because I have the chance of being a constitutional minister. . . . Parliamentary government, like other governments, has its inconveniences; yet, with its inconveniences it's better than all the others. I may get impatient at certain oppositions, and repel them vigorously; and then, on thinking it over, I congratulate myself on these oppositions, because they force me to explain my ideas better, to redouble my efforts to win over public opinion. . . . An absolute minister orders; a constitutional minister, to be obeyed, needs to persuade, and I desire to persuade that I am right. . . . Believe me, the worst of chambers is still preferable to the most brilliant of antechambers."

At another time, when a Jesuit candidate was reported elected to the Chamber, he said, that if there were Jesuits in Piedmont it was right that they should be represented in Parliament. These were his principles, declared at prime. On his death-bed, almost his last coherent words were: "Above all, no martial law [at Naples], none of those measures of absolute governments! Everybody can govern by martial law. I will govern them with liberty, and will show what ten years of liberty can do for those fine provinces."

Bismarck, on the contrary, regarded Liberty as a chimera, almost as a madness. In every walk of life, he maintained, the expert should control, — above all, in government, one of the most intricate tasks man has to undertake. He withdrew with sarcasm, of which he was master, the pretense that the opinion of the masses, whether they are counted by thousands or by millions, could have any value. As well appeal to the dice-box as to the ballot-box to decide a problem in government. Stretch a line of ciphers as far as you choose, their sum is still zero. Liberty, he was fond of declaring, is the demagogue's watchword. With great adroitness, Bismarck would have us believe that liberty and tyranny are iden-

tical, and that the worst times for Germany were the free times. I do not recall that he ever, in speech or writing, acknowledged that Liberty had a bright side. He habitually showed up its weaknesses, follies, and excesses, or imputed base motives even to its heroes and martyrs. Contrast this with Cavour's maxim: "There is no great man who is not a Liberal. The love of Liberty in every one is proportioned to the moral altitude to which he has climbed."

During the last century Liberty diffused itself by two principal channels — by constitutional government, and by the press. Cavour accepted the constitutional system without reserve. He looked upon Parliament, elections, discussions in the journals, and debates, as so many organs for the political uplifting of the nation. If in the modern world a system is to be sought in which all classes shall come to their own, and no class shall be allowed to enrich itself at the expense of the others, then it follows that all classes must be admitted to political rights and taught the intelligent practice of citizenship. Cavour took for his model English constitutionalism, then passing from the aristocratic to the democratic stage. In his speeches, not less than in his acts as politician and as minister, he aimed always at training his countrymen in parliamentary life. But here, too, he was at the opposite pole from the doctrinaire. He knew only too well that this organ of political progress, being human, must have its defects.

Bismarck, on the other hand, half-hated and half-despised constitutionalism, as a system which would curtail the power of the monarch and the privilege of the aristocracy. In the first years of his ministry he showed his contempt for the constitution by proceeding to reorganize the army, and incur debts, without the consent of the Prussian Diet. Many years after, when the Empire was complete, and the Chancellor's autocratic position secure, he declared that he had tolerated, nay, had even preferred the constitution

in those days; but that if he had found it an impediment, he would have smashed it to pieces, and chosen even a dictatorship instead.

This is not exactly the state of mind of a believer in constitutionalism. But we can understand why Bismarck so often professed his respect for the Prussian constitution if we remember that, in certain circumstances, it practically annulled the liberty of the Diet, by making the King supreme in fact. Now Bismarck controlled the King, therefore he could cheerfully proclaim himself a constitutionalist, although he and the King might be defying the Diet. The constitution, as he understood it, was a warrant for authority, and not a safeguard of individual rights.

He naturally detested Parliament, which simply opened a free field for wheedlers, demagogues, "professional deputies," as he called them opprobriously, and intriguers. A bottle of ink, a pen, some paper — and unlimited brass: behold their qualifications! As they are not obliged to own property, they have no tangible interest in the State, but are irresponsible as well as incompetent. And yet this rabble enjoyed in Parliament the right of criticising, of prodding, of opposing him, — Bismarck, the Chief Minister, the Chancellor, who knew so much better than all of them put together how to run the administration. When they harassed him, he never wearied in casting back at them the errors which they had championed, — errors which, but for his veto, would have wrecked the country. Where would United Germany be, he constantly asked, but for him? If these speech-mongers and "phrase-sprinklers" could be proved so palpably wrong throughout the past, why should he respect their judgment in the present? "Up to my last breath," he said solemnly in the Reichstag, in 1884, "I will combat this phantasmagoria of the possibility of parliamentary domination." And in his old age he expressed the doubt, perhaps with a malign chuckle, whether the par-

liamentary system would hold out fifty years longer.

For Bismarck, we see, modern constitutionalism, instead of being a beneficent organ of progress, was a stumbling-block, an antagonist, almost a form of insanity. Far from him any idea of teaching parliamentary practice. He tolerated the system, and when it pressed him too close he never hesitated to circumvent it. He did not listen willingly to the speeches of his critics, but poured upon them sarcasm, petulance, wrath; nor did he refrain from personal abuse. He bullied Mommsen, he bullied Virchow, he bullied Lasker, and all the other heads of the Liberal party. Now, Mommsen was the greatest historian Germany has ever produced, and Virchow was then the foremost German man of science, and Lasker a politician of serious views and sterling character; and it ill-became the real head of the German Empire to blackguard such men. It was easy to raise a laugh by asking how any one who had spent his life among old archives, or in a laboratory, could know anything about practical government; it was easy, when Virchow accused him of willfully misrepresenting facts, to challenge Virchow to a duel instead of producing evidence to confound him; but such behavior bespoke the political demagogue, and not the parliamentary statesman. Even more dangerous was his habit of prosecuting his opponents in the courts, and of adding the crime of *lèse-Bismarck* to the already over-burdened criminal statutes of Germany.

Still, we must not misjudge him by inferring that he felt any obligation to argue or persuade. In all he did, he lived up to his ideals. He had no party: he was himself party and platform. His sole duty, as he saw it, was to clear the track, by any means whatsoever, for his own policy. To secure the passage of a measure, he would purchase the temporary support of any parliamentary group: a practice which did much to demoralize party government in the Reichstag, and to give to the various groups the character

of mercenaries. Persons who see in representative government the way of progress, must deplore those thirty years of the anti-parliamentary influence of Bismarck; they retarded by so much the political education of the Germans. They set up many false ideals of parliamentary procedure, and false views of the very scope of parliamentary government. This was particularly grievous as happening to the Germans, the people whose blood is so saturated with feudal instincts that they are less accessible to modern political ideals than are the English, the French, or the Italians.

The Press, the second powerful instrument of progress, Cavour welcomed with enthusiasm. In 1847, he founded *Il Risorgimento*, and for several years was its chief editor. He contributed to it leading articles which, for durable qualities, have rarely been surpassed. In the midst of the uproar of a ministerial crisis, or of the hysterics of an impending invasion, they may have seemed too sober: but, after sixty years, it is to them, and not to the ebullitions of the moment, that we turn for the best witness to that courage, tenacity of purpose, foresight, and sound sense that brought Piedmont through the great gulfs of revolution, and made her the ark of Italian independence. For Cavour, the profession of editor was a mission. He wished to teach, to enlighten, to guide, to convince. He put his conscience and his principles into every line. Other editors have been more brilliant, more fiery, more fascinating; others have known better than he how to inebriate: but we should have to go back to the writers of the *Federalist* to find a match for Cavour as a presenter of vital principles. "I too have been a journalist, and I am proud of it," he told the Chamber, as minister, when some one attacked the newspapers.

Nevertheless, although he held a free press to be indispensable to liberty, he knew well the abuses it may commit. Not being a doctrinaire, he discriminated between the substance and the shadow, and after the French *coup d'état* he for-

bade the Piedmontese journals to vilify Louis Napoleon. They cried "Tyranny," and easily proved Cavour inconsistent, but they could not shake him. It would be insensate, he replied, to allow irresponsible journalists to hurl insults at a foreign ruler whose friendship might be of incalculable service to Piedmont. "Abuse me all you choose," he said over and over again, and they needed no urging. Being a practical man, persuaded of the power of the press, he maintained official and officious newspapers, and caused to be prepared articles which were printed at Paris and London, in Germany, Switzerland, and even in Spain.

Bismarck was one of the main props of *Die Kreuz-Zeitung*, the most reactionary of the Prussian journals in the Revolutionary time; but, then and later, he never tired of denouncing the press. In his estimation, journalists and editors were a perverse, irresponsible crew, now venal, now frivolous, now lying, now sanctimonious, now fawning, now arrogant — and always corrupting. If sincere, they were zealots, capable of doing as much harm by their fanaticism as the unprincipled did by their intentionally wicked propaganda. Journalists and deputies by profession were two phases of the same evil, often of the same person: for in Germany, as elsewhere, journalists glided easily into Parliament, or self-seeking deputies found means to set up newspapers of their own. Where else shall we find a criticism of the press more pungent, — or more just, — served up with unflinching sarcasms, than that which overflowed from Bismarck? And yet, in his editorial articles, and especially in his private dispatches from Frankfort, he showed himself a publicist of great ability. Bismarck, in the pessimism of his old age, used to prophesy that the Empire which blood and iron created would be ruined by journalism. But scold as he might, he, too, like a practical man, subsidized a reptile press of great proportions, and, after his fall from power, he availed himself of newspapers — even of French newspapers! —

to pour out his rage and scorn, or to justify himself before the world. Has the power of the press ever been paid a greater tribute, — for this was the involuntary tribute of an inveterate and remorseless enemy?

v

In parliamentary eloquence, Cavour and Bismarck belonged to the new school of orators. Rejecting flowery periods and Ciceronian flights, they spoke simply, like men of affairs, usually more intent on making statements than on stirring the emotions. Some of Cavour's speeches, however, — for example, that of March 7, 1850, on the abolition of the ecclesiastical courts, and that on "Rome, the Capital," — are models of a lofty eloquence which appeals to the reason and the conscience, and sets the heart throbbing. In their fundamental simplicity and in their instinctive trust that certain truths need only to be stated, they remind us of Lincoln's utterances; but Cavour lacked Lincoln's apparently unpremeditated felicity of phrase. Although Bismarck has left little or nothing in this vein, he had a remarkable talent for summing up in an epigram an entire political transaction, or for hitting off a personality in half a dozen words. These sayings of his have passed into proverbs among the Germans, who do not come racially by the terse, dartlike phrase, or the humorous touch (Heine, be it remembered, was Jew by race, and French by wit). Beer, and not champagne, is the German's national drink, and their humor has a beery quality.

Cavour said, "Remember that I never harm any one, not even my enemies. . . . I am accustomed to forget injuries, perhaps even too much; but services rendered me are never canceled from either my memory or my heart." Bismarck, on the contrary, never forgot an injury; he hounded his enemies into the grave, and then persecuted their memory. "I am a Christian," he said, "but when anybody smites me on one cheek, I assuredly don't turn the other to him." This is not

precisely the Christianity which Jesus of Nazareth preached.

In statecraft, both Cavour and Bismarck were opportunists of the first rank, children of the brood in which Cæsar and Napoleon were elder brothers. Their opportunism was not a vulpine prowling to and fro, not a cringing to public opinion, nor a demagogic parade of wisdom and virtue, — the characteristics of the mere politicians of all times and tongues; it was, instead, an unlimited capacity for conceiving vast purposes, indefectible patience to wait, address in shaping or in coercing men and means to the desired end, a sure instinct for seizing the favorable moment, and audacity to dare the utmost when men would not bend and conditions remained stubborn. Cavour said that when he encountered an insuperable obstacle, he did not beat out his brains against it, — he went round it. Bismarck said, "I have been too long in practical politics to busy myself much with conjectural politics." And later he added, "Politics is not a science, — as many of these professors imagine, — but an art. It is as little of a science as are sculpture and painting." Such opportunism, needless to say, depends for its successful use on the statesman who employs it. It perpetually contradicts those doctrinaires who assert that in history men count for nothing, and that the abstract course of events is everything. The same move proved a masterpiece of statesmanship in Cavour's hands, and an ignominious and foolish blunder in Rattazzi's. It was Bismarck's insight that detected when events warranted Prussia's onslaught upon Austria; it was not those events that created Bismarck's insight.

Cavour's opportunism was much more closely attached to his fundamental principles than Bismarck's. There were certain things he would never do, certain compromises he would never make. But Bismarck, in the course of his long career, took up with as strange bedfellows as any pot-house politician. In order to pass

a bill, he would unblushingly purchase the support of Catholics, Jews, or other groups, against whom at the next emergency he might turn without compunction. If he adopted some of the agents of the modern régime, it was not because he preferred them, but because he believed in fighting fire with fire. Equally alert in seizing an advantage, Cavour often employed methods which the moralist may question, but he refused to sacrifice his principles. He fought the Reds, he fought the Blacks, but he never yielded a hair's breadth to either.

VI

As to the Machiavellism with which Bismarck and Cavour have both been charged, there would be much to say, but to say it would require an examination of the concept of the State, with its duties, privileges, and immunities from age to age. Such a survey might lead us to conclude that governmental or collective morality no more represents the morality of the average man, than the mob spirit, which explodes in panic or in hysteria, represents the nervous stability of the average man. This at least seems indisputable, that the standard of morals which individuals try to live up to in their mutual relations, was not applied to international affairs in that generation, nor is it so applied in ours.

Cavour and Bismarck are to be judged, primarily, by the usage of their time; were they better or worse, more scrupulous or less, than their contemporaries? Cavour has been criticised for equipping the Crimean expedition against a nation which had not overtly injured Piedmont; he has been censured for the way in which, by amazing exertions, he brought about the War of 1859, and for his lack of candor towards the King of Naples in 1860. Against Bismarck stand the black records of the brutal dismemberment of Denmark, of the trickery that led to the conflict of 1866, and of the Mephistophelian adroit-

ness with which, having forced France to fight, he made her seem to be the guilty provoker. If we are to credit the revelations published since Bismarck's death, he reached, during the last twenty-five years of his life, such a pitch of cynicism and misanthropy that he believed that neither men nor governments are actuated by any save the basest motives, and he was ready at a moment's notice to plunge Europe into war, if he could persuade himself that Germany might thereby win a fleeting advantage.

Cavour used to remark, smiling, "Now I know the art of deceiving the diplomats: I speak the truth, and I am certain that they do not believe me." This saying, borrowed by Bismarck, now passes current as his. The extent to which it is true measures the moral advance of Cavour's diplomacy over that of his immediate predecessors—the Metternichs, the Talleyrands, and the Nesselrodes; and much more over that of such shameless masters of guile and force as Frederick and Napoleon. The instinct of self-preservation which permits states, through their rulers and governments, to practice every crime, has been hallowed from time immemorial by patriotism, the noblest of the civic virtues. Evidently, the blame should not fall wholly on the "Machiavellian" agents, and not at all on the populations, which smugly benefit by their agents' iniquities. The receiver of stolen goods and the thief belong in the same family.

VII

Thus did Cavour, employing the agents of Liberty, and trusting them, strive to construct Italy on a modern plan. But no epoch can shake itself wholly free from the past. Cavour found Italy, hypnotized into inanition by her past, lying like a beautiful woman in a trance. Religion could not arouse her; she mumbled from time to time in her sleep the names of her mighty artists dead, but her arts still slumbered on; the appeals of philanthropy and enterprise did not awaken her;

patriotism alone, the winning of a political soul, independent, integral, and free, caused her to open her eyes, and to arise.

Bismarck, on the contrary, created the German Empire with the intent of preserving all that he could of feudalism and of medieval tradition. He planted his feet irremovably on the rock of Authority. He resisted "to his last breath" the champions of modernity. He saw—none more clearly—how the instruments of the new age might be perverted to serve the adherents of the old. When he fell back on Authority, he knew that he had the strongest instinct of his race, the momentum of ten centuries, behind him. Artfully using the spirit of Nationality, while relying on the conservative elements and on the army, he created the Empire. Although there were many Liberals in Germany, and a constantly increasing group of Radicals, Bismarck took care that German unity should rest under no obligation to them. He went so far in this that the unification of the Fatherland appears less and less a national undertaking, to which all Germany contributed, than a Prussian undertaking for the aggrandizement of Prussia, and the glory of the Hohenzollerns. In his later years he declared himself an All-German and not a Prussian; but earlier he thwarted every attempt in the direction of German unity until the paramountcy of Prussia was assured.

More than a third of the Germans very reluctantly accepted Prussia's hegemony, some, in fact, only under compulsion. During the reaction after 1848 the German states were purged of Liberals; and as Prussia rose toward the zenith, thousands and scores of thousands of freedom-loving Germans emigrated to America, to become sterling republicans. Who can say how much the cause of liberty in Germany has suffered by being deprived of the most progressive section of her yeoman population? We are reminded of the forcible expulsion of the Huguenots from France. No nation is to be envied which secures uniformity by getting rid

of the very element which is most accessible to new ideas, and best adapted to resist the tendency toward despotism that every government develops unless it be checked by a courageous opposition.

Having made Prussia strong enough to smash any coalition of German states, Bismarck imposed the Empire upon them. But German Particularism would neither bend nor break before even his iron will. The best that he could do was to establish an imperial federation, in which the constituent parts preserved their own governments and sovereigns. The unification of Italy, however, resulted in one nation, wholly fused in its political nature, acknowledging only one sovereign and one parliament.

In nothing does the difference between the two achievements show more strikingly than in the heroes honored in each country. In Italy there is universal reverence for the four supreme leaders, — Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel. After them there follow many popular heroes: every province, almost every city, has its special sons of glory. But Germany raises statues only to William I, to Bismarck, to Moltke, and perhaps to a few generals. No popular representatives emerge to wear the laurel of national gratitude. The monuments are official; unification seems to have been a bureaucratic-military enterprise.

On the scale of historic evolution, the unification of Italy represents a much more advanced process than that of Germany, in which the fusion of the constituent parts is not yet complete. The German Empire stands where France and Spain stood before their respective kings had absorbed the independent princes in their kingdoms. Analogies are not laws; and it may turn out that the German federal Empire, commandeered by the House of Hohenzollern, will never become politically fused. Yet for Germans the federal Empire may prove itself to be the form best fitted to hold together the Particularist elements, with a tendency towards Absolutism. But the student of

government must be impressed by the fact that German unity was accomplished on a lower level than the Italian. Cavour had the skill to enroll all parties — except the violent Reds and irreconcilable Blacks — under the Italian flag. So, republicans and monarchists, moderates, radicals, and patriotic clericals, all contributed to the great revival. The historic Individualism which had sundered Italians for centuries, proved more plastic than the German Particularism; perhaps because, since the Italians had a much harder task than the Germans, they consented the more willingly that everything should be made over on new models; perhaps because Cavour was so much more supple, patient, and affable than Bismarck in manipulating every one, — even his adversaries. Cavour, having very little brute force at his command, was compelled to use ingenuity and persuasion; Bismarck's methods were blood and iron.

VIII

How shall we measure the relative greatness of these men? Cavour, with means far inferior, overcame greater difficulties, and reached the goal he set out for. At the outset he could count only on Piedmont, a state of four million inhabitants, utterly beaten in two recent wars, to serve as fulcrum to his lever. He had to struggle, not only with political, but with clerical enemies, who masked the decrepitude of the Papacy behind a show of arrogance. He was obliged in almost everything to begin at the beginning, — even to teach the alphabet to two-thirds of the people who were to help him make Italy. Bismarck counted from the start on eighteen million Prussians, every one of whom was educated. Cavour, coming first, showed the Prussian the way. Bismarck's audacity in 1866 did not require so much courage as Cavour's audacity in 1859; for Bismarck, studying Cavour's victories, read clearly in the Prussian sky, *In hoc signo vinces*.

Cavour died before he could lay the key-stone of the national structure, but he left plans for his successors to follow, and he built with such foresight that none of the parts which he designed have had to be altered. The claims of Liberty do not rest on sentiment. Democracy is the ideal toward which humanity gravitates, because it is the only system which requires for its realization the highest development of all the faculties of every man and woman. And Liberty is its way, — just as sunlight is the way of Nature's renaissance in spring.

Bismarck's empire is stupendous; but, unless Europe is to retrograde to medievalism, all the medieval survivals he built into it will crumble. Time will inevitably destroy much which only the overwhelming will of the Iron Chancellor was able to save temporarily. German unity will probably endure, because modern conditions demand that the vast political, commercial, and social forces which men have organized shall function through the medium of great nations, and not through a large number of little states. Posterity will find Bismarck's prototype in Richelieu, but will note this striking difference: Richelieu succeeded where Bismarck failed, — he not only unified and consolidated France, but he made his king the sole and absolute monarch of the nation. Bismarck had to be content to see the kings of the Hohenzollern dynasty the heads of a federal empire, and not of a fused nation. If the comparison seem slighting to the Titan who has filled so large a space during the past fifty years, we must reflect that Richelieu played relatively as imposing a part among his contemporaries. When Bismarck has been dead two hundred and sixty years, he will be fortunate if he still looms as large as Richelieu does now; and the German Empire can hardly expect so long a career of primacy as the France which Richelieu centralized. Nevertheless, if the German Emperors have enjoyed a position almost autocratic, and certainly paradoxical, in a state that pretends to

be constitutional, they owe this to Bismarck. He established the norm. Had he been less masterful in genius or less devoted to autocracy, the Emperor in Germany since 1871 would not have grown so swollen, and parliamentary life would have expanded more healthily.

By one of the most tragic sarcasms in history, Bismarck, after laboring forty years to create this prodigious sort of sovereign, became his victim. A strippling autocrat, with the arrogance of inexperience and of boundless self-conceit, discharged like a lackey the aged Chancellor, but for whom the Hohenzollerns might still be merely kings of a second-rate realm. Time was when, if Bismarck smote, the Emperor of Austria fell down in the dust; or if Bismarck tightened his grasp, the French Empire collapsed and perished; and now the hand of a 'prentice Emperor swept him into disgrace. So Frankenstein succumbed to the monster he had spent years in constructing.

The true parallel between Cavour and Bismarck should stop just previous to the war of 1870. Cavour died in the midst of his state-building, whereas Bismarck lived nearly thirty years after German unity was achieved, to see himself a legendary personage, a blending of Hector and Ulysses. Had Bismarck died in 1867, how would his reputation stand to-day? He would probably be regarded as a reactionary statesman of unusual ability, fearless, unscrupulous, and unyielding, who succeeded in setting Prussia, instead of Austria, at the head of the German federation. It required the victory over France, and the creation of the Empire, to show the world Bismarck's real magnitude.

Cavour died young, with his task still uncrowned; had he lived until 1880, when he would have been only seventy years old (Bismarck lived to be eighty-three), how greatly the history of Italy and of Europe might have changed! But perhaps he too, like Pericles and Lincoln, is to be regarded as happy in the opportune-

ness of his death. Like them, he left a void unfilled and unfillable. Of him, as of them, posterity has gone on thinking that, had he only lived, he would have saved his country from many disasters.

To Bismarck was allotted the opposite fate. As Chancellor, he had forced upon him many economic problems, which he could not solve; he became entangled in a long quarrel with the Pope, which, although he was technically the winner, brought him only vexation. His inveterate reliance on Authority showed more and more clearly in his rejection of modern ideals. He magnified the Emperor and the army, raising militarism to such a height that for thirty years past Germany has seemed to exist for the army, and not the army for Germany. The military ring there controls budgets, foreign relations, and society. We are reminded of Machiavelli's description of the later Roman emperors who sacrificed everything to "the cruelty and the avarice of the soldiers;" although the cruelty in Germany is less open, and the avarice has been carefully legalized.

Bismarck's twenty-five years as administrator darkened his magnificent reputation as state-builder. As soon as the Empire was founded, men came to take its founding as a matter of course; but they chafed at arbitrary interference in their daily affairs, and they learned that he was not infallible. He was, in truth, one of the most powerful dynamic statesmen of whom we have any record, a very Thor in international transactions; but neither as an economist, nor as a financier, nor as a social reformer, entitled to rank with several of his contemporaries. After 1870, however, it was in these very fields of economics and social reform that most of his activity had to lie, and so his inferiority showed itself the more clearly.

As Foreign Minister he encountered and overcame his country's enemies; as Chancellor, he had his own countrymen for his adversaries. Two instances will illustrate. Bismarck framed laws against the Social Democrats comparable in their ruthless-

ness to those of the Spanish Inquisition against heretics. What was the result? At the elections in 1871 to the first German Parliament, the Socialist votes numbered only about 100,000; in 1893, the Socialist vote was nearly 1,800,000, or more than a quarter of the total, and the number of deputies had risen from 2 to 42. These figures simply proved that Bismarck had failed. He had not stamped out Socialism; he had not even checked it; he had relied on measures as antiquated as the thumbscrew or the boot, and they would not work. Again, Bismarck framed restrictive press laws which the Czar might have envied; and these laws enabled Bismarck (and the neurotic Kaiser after him) to keep a thousand or fifteen hundred persons in prison on the charge of *lèse-majesté*: but these very imprisonments attest the impotence, and not the efficacy, of the laws through an entire generation.

The primacy of United Germany since 1870, like that of Austria between 1815 and 1848, has meant a general reaction, marked by the recrudescence of autocracy, by the mounting insolence of militarism, and by the widespread casting of doubts and suspicions on the Liberal System. The evangel of this epoch, proclaimed by a German madman, Nietzsche, is summed up in two words — Egoism and Megalomania. The Germans who rebel against such a consummation seek refuge in Socialism — in a system which, like Feudalism, aims at stifling individual liberty. After ten centuries the Teutonic instinct breeds true.

I am aware that, in this Plutarchian parallel, I may be accused of painting Bismarck too dark; but Bismarck himself would certainly not complain. What some readers may regard as his defects, he gloried in as proofs of his strength and acumen. Coming on the scene when the flood-tide of Liberalism seemed to be sweeping everything before it, — when multitudes were inspired by the thought of human brotherhood, when philosophers and poets were announcing the per-

fectibility of man, when dreamers stood rapt in ecstasy before the mirage of universal peace, when downtrodden peoples saw in the principle of Nationality the secret of liberty and union, when the expansion of industry was bringing comfort even to the peasant in his cottage, when among white peoples the serf became an anomaly and the slave a reproach, — Bismarck prided himself on keeping a cool head. Enthusiasms, spiritual yearnings, visions, were all very well, but they were not the everyday stuff by which states were permanently held together. Inequality, and not equality, is the adamant fact in human nature. Providence sends the many into the world saddled and bridled, and the few with whip and spurs to ride them. Authority, and not Liberty, is the final word in political and social relations. Thus he would interpret all history as a confirmation of his creed; and he would predict that, under varying forms, the future must reproduce the past, because human nature will remain essentially the same.

What hope, then, for genuine Democracy, which presupposes a human nature completely transfigured, capable of producing men with the unselfishness of saints, with the brotherly love of angels, with the wisdom of seraphs, and with the practicalness of a Bismarck?

His sarcasms on Democracy are tonic reading, especially for optimists. The most thorough-going democrat will frankly admit that parliaments and newspapers and politicians and cabinets, under Democracy, have grievously fallen short; he would grant that, until these evils are cured, Democracy can never function ideally; but he would declare, as Mill declared of De Tocqueville, that Bismarck attributes to Democracy many defects which really belong to Civilization. There are moods in which we get from Bismarck the same sort of sardonic satisfaction that Goethe's Mephistopheles gives us — he is so witty, so penetrating, so plausible! he shows up so remorselessly the foibles and sins, the mean am-

bitions, gullibility, and worthlessness of men!

But though the world cannot live by sarcasm alone, Bismarck performs a great service in standing at the parting of the ways to prick the bubbles of easy optimism, to challenge almost every hope, every ideal, every method, every reform, by which the partisans of the New plan to raise mankind to a higher plane. He stands there, a grim, Titanic figure, the counterpart of the mitred hierarch who denounces modernism in religion, and bids the world turn back for salvation to the medieval worship of Authority. Napoleon, modern at heart and lifted into power by the Revolution, tried to reconcile the New Régime and the Old, to unite Liberty and Authority: hence his bastard empire, and his fall. Bismarck worked consistently for Authority, Cavour worked consistently for Liberty, and thus each of them carried to its highest expression one half of Napoleon's divided nature. Metternich, who came in between Napoleon and the later statesmen, relied wholly on Authority; but he had only talents, though they were talents of unusual range and ductility, employed by him with unusual address. Truly, the fortunes of men ebb and flow like the tides of the sea!

To reach their full potency, principles must be embodied in a human being. The second half of the nineteenth century in Europe had the rare distinction of seeing

Liberty and Authority embodied in two colossal exemplars. Of these principles, Liberty serves equally to measure the nobility of an individual, and the collective civilization of a people. Up to the present, it has had only a partial exploiting in government; but it rests on the assumption of the worth and meliorability of the individual. Authority deduces from the shortcomings, inequalities, and failures of human nature, that only a handful of men are to be trusted to use their free-will; that the salvation of the masses lies in obedience to the few; and that the few have a right to special powers and privileges as a compensation for their labor in keeping society from chaos.

Liberty trusts instinctively in growth, evolution, progress; Authority relies on custom, revelation, immutability. Since human error seems as long-lived as human hope, the champions of Authority will not be routed soon; but they will more and more regard Bismarck, as we now regard Richelieu, with astonishment for his genius, and for his large measure of success, while they recognize that his principles, intended for a single undertaking and a particular epoch, have no universal applicability. Cavour's principles, like the fundamental laws of health, will inevitably tend, wherever they are put in force, to rejuvenate, to uplift, and to liberate citizens, peoples, and humanity itself, which

Goes seeking liberty, that is so dear.

THE LADDER

BY ERNEST POOLE

SHE was born five blocks from Fifth Avenue. They were long blocks, even in those days, leading down into another world, a humble gossipy region of cheap frame houses, close to the North River docks.

At the age of eight she was already marked by two deep traits: an utter contempt for all the small girls on her block, and a love for her dolls, so intense that even the solemn wee matrons on neighboring doorsteps frowned disapprovingly, said she was spoiling her children. Once, when her mother noticed a blissful dreamy look on her face, and asked her what it was all about, she made this remarkable statement:—

“I’m going to have nine children! One boy and eight girls. And when they all have the measles *at once*, what on earth am I going to do? Bless their little hearts!” And she plunged again into the ecstatic future.

Her name was Bess. She was thin and dark, and she had a lofty little nose. She had two dolls, and both were prim undeniable ladies.

Her sister Sally, who was light, curly-headed, freckled, and stout, had only one doll, a jovial unkempt rag affair whose life was spent on tops of sheds. Sally was a tomboy. She could walk the most rickety fences, she always led one army in the game of “Prisoner’s Base.” She called her sister Bess “stuck up,” and often challenged her to fight.

As the years passed, and Bess regretfully laid aside her dolls, she transferred her care to babies. She became a volunteer nurse, gladly accepting the infant brothers and sisters of Sally’s chums, who were delighted to be so easily rid of their burdens. The neighborhood’s babies were dumped at her feet; and selecting as

her favorites three of the feminine sex, with infinite patience and tact she strove to bring them up “genteel.”

But when, as this stage passed in its turn, all three of her children, despite her grieved remonstrance, became jolly recruits to Sally’s gang, Bess sternly renounced the whole vulgar scampering world. She drew into herself and began, slowly at first but with a fast deepening hunger, to read what were known as “society novels.” They were bound in paper, and could be purchased secondhand, some for ten cents, others for seven.

She was fifteen now, and the care she bestowed on her looks and dress was not in vain. Little by little, her sister Sally’s oldest male friends, office-boys, shrewd men of the world, began to cast not unromantic glances. But Bess scorned them all. The more she read, the more bright and clear did her visions become.

At seventeen she took her place behind the glove counter of a Sixth Avenue department store. There, as the years drew on, working hard to please, and watching her wealthier customers close, by degrees she caught the details of their dress, their manner of walking, standing, and sitting, their facial expressions, the very tones of their voices. By anxious planning, keeping to the simplest styles, she achieved what she herself modestly called “an across-the-street imitation.” In the newspapers she read the society columns, and grew so well versed in society gossip that she could smile amusedly at the mistakes which were made by some of her colleagues, equally eager but not half so clever as herself.

At twenty-one she became engaged to the assistant floor-walker of her department.

Despite all her resolute isolation since

the days of her "children," Bess had not lost that old fierce hunger for human affection. And Jimmy, this dapper lover of hers, was so thoroughly clean and honest and safe, so deeply imbued with the same ambition as hers, and above all so head-over-heels in love, so proud of this spruce, quiet lady of his, so anxious to please her, that in the weeks that followed, the gay theatre evenings, the long delighted plans for the future and talks about the great people above them, she grew radiantly happy. And in her own joy, she felt with a sudden sting of remorse that she had neglected her sister. She tried to see more of Sally, gave delicate hints as to manners and dress, even offered to introduce her to some of the floor-walker's friends. And when Sally laughed in her face, and said that she had a "beau" of her own, a *common pilot*, whose ignoble "job" it was to bring in ocean liners, even then Bess managed to conceal the shock it gave her, smiled forgivingly, turned her attention to her old father (her mother had died), and strove in every possible way to make the break easy. For she felt that it was a break, a gap of tremendous proportions.

At the wedding, standing beside her husband, who was more dapper than ever, arrayed in a spick-and-span frock suit, she beamed upon all the family friends in such a gracious, well-bred, affable way, that the neighborhood buzzed wrathfully for one entire week, and frankly told their good chum Sal that her sister was a hopeless snob.

Bess never heard of this. She had betaken herself to her climbing.

She was not blind. Long ago she had seen the absurdity of hoping to reach the great goal at the top. But in her glove-counter days she had watched the procession toward that goal, a procession of thousands, each with more or less wealth, each with more or less aptness in imitating the clothes, the manners, and speech of the great ones. At least so they seemed to Bess. For what else could they be trying to do? What else could a real lady

want in life? To get into the procession, to play the game, to struggle up as far as one could — this made life worth living.

To begin with, money must be had. Her own earnings had been spent, week by week, to the last penny — on clothes. So in her little husband's desperate effort to rise, Bess was a staunch, untiring helper. In the four years of work in his department, her quick eye had not been idle; she went there often now; she racked her brains for possible ways of augmenting the sales. At night they had long, eager discussions. And when, as a result of all this, Jimmy's commissions were slowly increased, his admiring love for his wife deepened to blind adoration.

Still, the rise was painfully slow, and meanwhile she made the most of their income. After weeks of searching, she had chosen a small flat, dark and sunless by day but making a fairly good showing at night, — and only *three* blocks from the Avenue. Jimmy's greatest pleasure in life had been to go to the theatre twice every week. Such delights were now sternly suppressed, and the money went into "entertaining."

The first entertainments were awkward affairs, for Jimmy had but a meagre assortment of friends. But her reading helped her. Years ago she had discarded the paper novels, smiling at the gross ignorance they displayed. In their place she studied a far more practical book, *The Art of Life in Décolleté*. From this she had taken the hint that where money and social assurance are lacking, "a little Bohemian touch" may often save the evening. And so, it did. Her Sunday-night suppers were not only much less expensive than dinners, but they allowed a certain jovial laxity in dress, manners, and speech, most reassuring to guests whose scant incomes and knowledge of what was correct kept them constantly fearful of "making a break." She carried it off with a spirit and dash so unlike her old accustomed self that it would have amazed her sister Sal. And only now and then, by a smile, a glance, some careless

remark, she reminded them all that this boisterous fun was really only make-believe, and that behind every guest was a kind of a Newport background.

The weekly soirées had swift success. And as the adoring Jimmy, swelling with hope and pride, worked valiantly to gather acquaintances of a "tonier" grade, and some of these consented to come, and came, and were charmed by his affable wife, — then little by little, reaching cautiously for the next rung on the ladder, feeling her way, taking time to be sure of her hold, she began the process of "weeding out." What quiet exultation! The journey had begun.

About this time, her sister Sally married the pilot. And at the wedding, deep under the amused pity Bess felt as she watched uproarious jollity, not make-believe here but shamelessly real, came again that quiet sensation. How far she had already climbed!

Five years passed.

Bess was twenty-seven, Jimmy twenty-nine. And although both looked somewhat thin and worn from overwork and the hiding of work, over-scrimping, over-scheming, and even at times so bored that a careless observer might have said their eyes looked into a great dreary emptiness in place of a human world, the observer would have been wrong. They both believed in their struggle, in fact saw nothing else. They had climbed safely through several weeding-outs, were still watching and working bravely, patiently on.

Jimmy had aged, grown carefully genial. In the five years, twice he had been sick, but had kept himself up and about by sheer grit. And by his own efforts and his wife's he had forced his earnings up to over a hundred dollars a month.

Then something amazing happened. In the space of one year he saw this wonderful wife of his change, change in a way that left little Jimmy humbled, staggered, dazed. A boy was born.

Into the pretense of those sunless rooms the reality of life seemed to flash

with a blinding power, seemed for a time to sweep out all the shams and the schemings. No more "entertaining" now. Lucky the excuse they had, for they needed every cent. As Bess grew slowly stronger, Jim spent long evenings by her side. And though little was said, watching her face sleeping and waking, for the first time he felt the *second inborn passion* of her life. Sometimes the contrast between this and the other bore him up into another world — almost. But the happiness was too simple, strange. He wondered if he were dreaming.

The awakening came at last, but only after another year's delay. And what a distance had been lost. Not only had "friends" climbed out of their reach. Jimmy seemed somehow to have reached the top notch of his power. During the dream, eager to give Bess and the boy every comfort he could find, he had gone into debt. Enthralled as she was in her new motherhood, Bess had paid no heed. He had borrowed more and more. And now the burden weighed like lead.

Once awakened, rack her brains as she would, appeal as she did to his ambition, his love for her and the child, by every means she could think of — it was all in vain. Jimmy worked nights till the debt was paid off. But that took another precious two years. And it left him with just enough vigor to keep the position to which he had climbed.

From the point of view of the ladder, that boy had been a grave mistake.

But as Bess thought it out, over the cradle, she decided otherwise. Although she had changed, grown *half real* and suddenly older, she took up again her visions of grandeur, she valiantly struggled for what she had lost; and regaining a part, she resumed her climbing — only now at a slower pace. Her eyes were fixed on a time far ahead. That old passion of hers had not been lost, but only harnessed fast to the new, postponed for one generation, transferred to Jimmy Junior.

A woman now of thirty-one, with something strongly magnetic in her dark slen-

der face and firm, smiling eyes, she jealously watched his growth, striving to guard him from everything "vulgar" — to an extent at times that made even the correct Jimmy Senior smile.

She was his only chum; for the few of her friends who had children were scattered far over the city and had no nurses to take them about. So up in the Park in fair weather, and again in the tiny nursery which she had made at home, she "played" nurse: laughed and scolded and punished and petted him, as she had done to three other urchins twenty years before, in the endless striving to bring him up "right."

She was intensely happy. Only, as in the days long ago, there was one ominous shadow.

Bess had kept up, by occasional stiff duty calls, her relations with her sister. When the boy was born, the motherly Sally, once so disdainful of dolls, but now the fond mother of four lively youngsters, had suddenly smothered old resentments, warmed to the little newcomer. And in the first five years of his life, she had been so kind and helpful (scenting the tragedy in the flat), that Bess could do no less than accept at last the warm invitations. She took him one Saturday afternoon to his aunt's frame house down by the docks, the same battered old home where Bess had been born.

And the wee Jimmy, so shy and solemn at first with his awkward society manners, secretly scared and breathless as he watched the rough romps of his cousins, but mustering courage at last and joining in, went all at once wild with joy.

He barely slept that night. He talked of it excitedly all the next day and the next, and repeatedly through the week. When his mother tried to omit the next visit, he pleaded so hard that she could not resist. And for another blissful Saturday afternoon he tasted again the forbidden fruit. From attic to cellar they scampered and shrieked, led on by Sally the Second. Jimmy's childhood was begun!

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There was no stopping it now. "Aunt Sally's" became the home of his dreams, those weekly jubilees like so many Christmas Eves.

As Jimmy happily dreamed aloud, his mother's jealousy deepened. She carefully planned all sorts of household mishaps to prevent her taking him to his aunt's. But Sally the First, recalling her own old tomboy days, and pitying tiny Jim in his struggle, determined that he should have his fling. She made plans of her own. And Jim made plans. And the two became allies.

Noticing this with sudden alarm, his mother gave up her obstructions and tried another course. How were "well-bred" boys amused? She consulted her friends, scrimped harder, saved, bought many enticing toys and games.

And Jimmy was delighted. To her vast relief, he played with them by the hour. And then, choosing the best, he took them along to "Aunt Sally's," where they were received with shouts of glee and played into wrecks in one afternoon.

She took him once to the theatre. Jim watched the performance with shining eyes. And at "Aunt Sally's" that week, with the help of his cousins, he gave a "show" that made the other one look like a ghost.

She took him to the country, taxed her prim imagination to people the woods with fairies, giants, tigers, bears. And later, at "Aunt Sally's," he led a bear hunt over the sheds, and nearly broke his leg.

Once when he gleefully told of a romp in the streets that made Bess think of the days gone by, she sternly forbade him to play with any but his cousins. But when on the next visit he tried to obey, his cousins and their "gang" promptly chased him home. He stayed away the next week. The thought of his shame brought silent scowling spells. He said nothing, but she could feel that he blamed her. And as the second week of exile drew to an end, things grew more and more strained, till she gave in and told him to

go. Tears came in her eyes, she held him tight, and begged him not to behave like a "micky." And Jim, in a tumult of love and wrath, feeling vaguely that something big ought to be done, promised in choking tones that he would "lick 'em all!"

The years went by. Jim grew up, thin, wiry, working and playing alike with a nervous intensity that kept him near the head of his class at the public school and a leader in play hours. He still went often to Aunt Sally's. But, at home in the evenings, his mother helped him study, read with him aloud; and as that boisterous stage, of which she knew so little, passed, she began again to feel her ground, and the two drew steadily closer.

In school, and later in high school, each time that he carried off honors, his mother was so delighted, celebrated the event by such a feast in the little flat, that Jim worked harder and still harder.

She began to dream of college, one of the great universities where the sons of gentlemen went, where he might make "useful" friends. To gather the money to send him, she worked for a Woman's Exchange, sewing, embroidering, making preserves, managing somehow to hide it all from Jim and his father.

But this was painfully slow. And long before she was ready to unfold her plan, Jim found it out, and refused to touch a penny.

"Look here, mother," he said indignantly, "I'm eighteen now. Is n't it about time I supported myself? You bet it is! I thought so long ago. I've been trying to plan things out so I could, and I've got a scheme at last!"

He told of the plan in minute detail, with a keen relish. He had found a chance to work half the day, so earning his share of their living expenses. The rest of his time, for the next three years, he meant to put in at the free City College.

"But Jim!" cried his mother, her face blank with disappointment. "The free City College! Why — what — what chance will you have — to make friends?"

Jim smiled grimly.

"The way it looks now," he said, "there won't be much of a chance for anything but grind. I'll be lucky if I can skin through at all. You see, mother, it's the scientific course I'm after. I want to be an engineer."

"An engineer! Jimmy!" She caught her breath. When she spoke again, her voice was almost a whisper: "What on earth —"

Jim's puzzled stare suddenly cleared. He started to laugh, but stopped short at sight of her face.

"No, little mother," he said, with all the grave protecting tenderness of his youthful age, "I don't mean that I'll spend all my life in bad-smelling overalls up in the cab of an engine. The kind of engineer I mean is different."

He spent the rest of the evening in glowing accounts of tremendous achievements, of men grown famous in building of ships, tunnels, skyscrapers, and bridges.

She listened in deep relief. And when later she learned that engineers of this kind even found their way sometimes to the great goal at the top of the ladder, she gave an eager assent.

In the years that followed, she set her mind fiercely upon his success. As he mounted by slow degrees up into the unknown regions of higher mathematics, where she could not hope to follow, she still watched his course with such unflagging zeal, her anxiety so plain, her happiness so deep at each advance he made, that Jim leaned on her more and more, gradually dropped "Aunt Sally's" out of his life, worked on with increasing intensity.

In the spring of the third year, he broke down, and lay for five weeks a nervous wreck in bed.

At the end of that time the doctor told her that if her son were to be any good as a worker again, he must spend the summer in life out of doors.

The illness had taken all their scant savings. The constant worry and loss of

sleep had severely taxed her strength. But with a grim resolve that Jim should have that summer's vacation in spite of it all, she began a desperate hunt for work. She found it at last, began again in secret, worked on through May and part of June, — and then she in her turn broke under the strain, was taken with brain fever.

It was over a month before consciousness returned.

She lay on a hospital bed, and Jim was standing beside her. Too weak to move even a finger, she lay a long time staring up, her mind groping. A troubled look came in her eyes.

"Why, Jim," she whispered, "how are you getting that —"

"Now, dearest," he said soothingly, "you must n't worry. You've done too much of that. That money you saved, I used it — on a vacation. Can't you see? Look — how strong I'm getting."

She noticed the wholesome color on his cheeks, smiled happily, closed her eyes. "My money — mine," she thought. She drew a long sigh of utter content, dropped into a dreamless sleep.

It was not until three weeks later, when he had taken her to a small seaside place and the rough salt air was beginning to bring back her strength, that she began to question him more closely. He paid her only brief visits of a few hours each. Where was he in the time between?

At last the truth came out. There had been no vacation. His uncle, who was now third officer on one of the big Sound steamers, had helped Jim to get a job on the boat. And the salt-water life had worked wonders.

"A job" — and with his uncle. It sounded suspiciously vulgar. She pressed her question further. Was he an officer too? Jim laughed. Not yet. Then came a horrible thought. A cabin steward? A waiter? No. Then what did he do? He "just worked around on the decks."

As she stared at him, her face grew slowly red.

"Oh — son!"

"Oh — son!" he repeated, his underlip twitching. "Now, mother, be sensible. — Don't look at me like that! This is n't my funeral, not by a long shot! It's making a man of me!"

"A common — deck-hand."

"Yes, but a deck-hand is one of the healthiest critturs alive! And that's what I want, is n't it, strength enough so I'll never break down again."

"Yes," she admitted. Her face brightened. "But Jim," she added, pleadingly, "you'll soon be strong enough to stop, won't you?"

This hope cheered her through the next few weeks. She returned to the city soon, for she was unwilling to use any more of his wages. To her friends at home she said that her son was "roughing it, under doctor's orders." And in increasing anxiety she waited till the roughing should be ended.

"He certainly looks rough enough," she thought. He certainly did. Week by week his face grew darker tanned, the skin more coarse, with even a scar on his forehead. His hands she could feel growing constantly harder, more calloused. His chest was broadening by degrees, and into his voice came a ring it had never had before. His appetite was frightful. Rough enough, indeed! Even his talk, his interests, seemed to be more and more of the sea.

The autumn advanced, and still he did not stop. He evaded her questions. He had but two nights a week ashore, and even these he spent absorbed in ponderous books, of which she could make nothing.

Late one night in December, she noticed a gleam of light from the crack beneath his bedroom door. She went in. He was sitting up in bed, his chin in his hands, scowling down over one of those books.

"Jim!" she asked sharply. "What are you reading?"

"Navigation," he said simply. Her face set in a puzzled frown.

"But, son! I thought you were only on

that boat to get back your health!" Her lip curled. "Aren't you about *healthy* enough?"

"Well, mother," he cried impatiently, "suppose I am. Is it a crime to be healthy? — *Please* don't look so worried. Where's the harm? I never knew what it was to feel like this. *You* never knew. What a lot I'd give if you had! You'd understand then. I love the salt air, the waves at night, the whole glorious business! I know all the lighthouses now, I'm learning something from charts. The whole ocean job seems to kind of take hold in a way nothing else ever has. That's all. Where's the harm?"

"You mean," she asked slowly, "you're going to be just a sailor?"

"No, no — why, mother, there's no end to the different kinds of work on one of these big boats. Some of 'em, the most important, belong to an engineer. And that's where I come in. I'm beginning low of course, till I get hold. But can't you see, no matter what branch of engineering I'd gone into, it would have been the same. Not having a pull, I'd have *had* to begin at the bottom! Can't you see?"

Slowly his mother turned to the door.

"I'm afraid I can't, Jim," she said.

"Not yet. I'll try to think it out."

She said little about it that winter. The struggle to readjust herself was hard.

How long the old ladder seemed now, the top how hopelessly distant, receding high into the clouds. Her mind traveled back over the last thirty years, years of unceasing struggle. She saw here and there the mistakes she had made, and bitterly she blamed herself for not having managed better. What had she done for Jim? What kind of a start had she given him? "No pull," he had said. None at all. And the best part of her life, the vital part, was already gone.

She turned to her husband, but found little comfort there. Jimmy Senior was kind, he did his best to raise her hopes. But in the small flat he had long ago been relegated to a third place. The know-

ledge that in his wife's eyes he was a failure, had brought a humility which not all his gay little worldliness could conceal. Besides, he had been badly frightened by that desperate illness of hers. He felt small, weak; he was already growing stooped; his hair was slightly tinged with gray. And his evident anxiety for his son's swift success as a breadwinner was by no means reassuring.

And Sally's husband — what a contrast! This was the bitterest pill of all. He, the common pilot, was a ship officer, high over Jim. She imagined the triumph Sally must feel. She knew instinctively that during her illness Jim had consulted his aunt, that Sally must have arranged it all, the hospital, the "job." And was she not now doing her best to plant in him this dangerous love of the sea? Bess imagined all this to herself, though she never went to her sister's house, and when Sally came to the flat, "to pat herself over all she had done," the reception Bess gave her was frigid. Coldest of all when Sally tried, in what seemed the kindest, most patient manner, to cheer her sister by the hope that some day Jimmy might *rise to his uncle's position. Indeed!*

Jim brought his uncle to see her one night. Bess at once scented a plot. And by an elaborate graciousness she strove to make the bluff seaman thoroughly ill at ease. But he had changed since the old pilot days. She felt it with a shock of surprise. There was no polish, not the sign of anything "genteel." But he forced the conversation to his own ground. And as he talked of Jim's work, the chances ahead, of ocean-liners, the fast-growing immensity of the part ships played in the work of the world, he displayed a strength and assurance that appealed to Bess in spite of herself. Here was a man who had succeeded in what he had set out to do, even though the goal was not high.

His solid assurance acted like a strong tonic upon her. If such a man had come so far, what might Jim not do, with his education? She hinted this in the questions she asked. And the good-natured

officer, half-pitying, half-admiring her for the fierce hunger so plainly shown, took the hint, and despite the protests of his nephew, he laid stress on the difference between them, regretted the education he himself had missed, envied Jim his boundless chances.

From that night on, those old hopes of hers came back one by one. She began to read about ocean-liners. She learned at last of certain men in control of the great shipping interests, men whose wives stood high as society leaders.

The readjustment was complete.

Jim had already gained a slight promotion, through his own vigilance and his uncle's favor. His work was now in the engine-rooms. In reality he was there only one of the humblest helpers. But his mother told her friends that her son was an "under-officer, studying navigation."

Still, the distance to be climbed was appalling. Even in her wildest dreams she knew that long weary years must elapse before he could rise from the odors and grime. And in the meantime she felt that her part, the one service she could render to atone for her failure in the past, was to keep bright before his eyes the *true goal* of it all, to keep him from growing uncouth like his uncle, above all else to keep him away from "Aunt Sally's."

He had been at the old house often lately. Even now he was there at least once a week.

She set about the task of breaking again the warm relations between them. From the few fairly successful friends that she herself still had, she secured an "entrée" for "the young officer" into their circle. She persuaded him to go out once or twice, "to get some fun out of life." And when he came back in disgust and vowed he would never go again, even this did not make her despair.

She changed her tack. She forced herself to learn more of his work. Each night that he was ashore, they spent together reading aloud, about engines of every shape and kind. Long after Jim's father

had dismally gone to bed, his mother sat on, reading and listening by turns, with the most wonderful imitation of interest, though half the time she understood barely a word.

As in the old school days, so again she had her reward. For Aunt Sally had neither mind nor time nor inclination for such things. She frankly yawned when Jimmy talked of his great dreams, of twin screws and turbine engines. And his visits at her house grew less and less frequent. Bess breathed easier. That danger at least was left behind.

At the end of another year, his young cousins and their friends had given him up. He went to see them barely at all.

But in the autumn Bess noticed a change. A change so sudden it took her quite off her guard, struck her in distinct separate shocks, for which at first she could find no connection, no meaning.

His appetite, which during the three bracing years of sea-life had continued enormous, now began to show the most unaccountable ups and downs. He still had but two "shore nights" a week. One night he would come home silent, gloomy, preoccupied, and would eat nothing. Again he would appear radiant, eat recklessly, noticing none of the dainties she had so carefully prepared. He would gladly consent to her reading anything under the sun; and while she read, by sharp glances over her book she could see that he heard not a word.

She put it down to ambition. And in this she had reason; for into his talk of his work there had come a new fervor. But here again were the same bewildering ups and downs.

While she was still puzzling over these spells, they stopped as suddenly as they began.

And little by little, watching him closely with ever sharpening suspicion, as before she had seen the ocean-life take hold of him body and soul, so now she saw the life of the city, the teeming "common" life of four millions of mortals crowded

together, take hold. To his slowly opening eyes, the very streets at night seemed taking on new interests, new meanings; he noticed the most amusing things and the most tragic, recounting them in the evenings. And on his boat, by day and by night, he seemed seeing his work in the most curious way, no longer as a ladder alone, but rich with human relations. He was making friends down among the crew, listening to common sailors spin their world-wide yarns.

Last and most baffling of all, he began to talk about his school days, not of the college or even the high school, but of the common public school, which the most "ordinary" child was forced by law to attend. He had read or heard somewhere about immense improvements in the school system, the new roof-gardens, the gymnasiums, playgrounds. He even spoke of "the rights of the kids." He gave one of his two weekly nights of leisure to a boys' athletic club, told her funny things they said, chuckled over their very toughness, described certain tragic poverty cases, and spoke of them all as his chums!

In the midst of all this, when his mother's whole correct little world seemed tumbling about her ears, one night he brought home a novel by Dickens, and proposed that they read it aloud. In the weeks that followed, struggling through as best she could, trying hard to smile at the jokes which to her seemed decidedly vulgar, to simulate sympathy in the grim scenes that filled her only with disgust, his chuckles and his comments opened a gap between them which filled her with dismay.

What was the cause of it all? She racked her brains to find the reason. But this absorption in the ill-bred human millions, without even a glance at the chosen few above, their dazzling entertainments, their weddings and thrilling divorces, was so strange to her eyes, so wholly ludicrous, in such shocking taste, that all her groping was blind. She could find not a clue.

None — except the old one — Aunt Sally's.

He was going there again. He admitted it shamelessly. As an excuse, he gave her the news of the fast approaching wedding of his young cousin Sally the Second. He said that at such a time a girl certainly had a right to expect her own flesh and blood to stand by her. He spoke in this tone so often, seemed so anxious to effect a reconciliation, that his mother's suspicions took a new turn. And when, evidently expecting a struggle before he should win his point, he begged her to go with him to the wedding, she surprised him by a prompt assent.

The wedding of Sally the Second was in quite as "bad taste" as had been that of Sally the First. And in that hilarious scene, she saw Jim, her carefully nurtured Jim, *decidedly at home, having the time of his life.*

And even this was not the worst.

Suddenly she caught her breath, and looked again to make quite sure. Jim stood in the one quiet nook at the end of the room. Beside him was a dark-haired girl, simply, almost severely dressed, but with an outrageous look in her eyes. And the look in Jim's eyes in one flash gave the clue to the whole wretched business.

A rush of giddiness came over her. She rose quickly, slipped out unobserved, put on her hat and cloak and started home.

Once there, she sank into a chair, feeling numb and cold, staring out of the narrow window into the twinkling city below.

When at last she heard him at the door, without warning and despite her angry attempts at control, two hot tears started slowly down her cheeks.

He entered, humming gayly to himself. He saw her by the window in the dark.

"Why, mother," he cried, "what made you leave like that? There was somebody — two or three people — I wanted you to meet." He turned up the light, caught sight of her face. "I say!" he cried. "What's wrong?"

She passed quickly by him into her

bedroom and shut the door. And she did not sleep that night.

She saw that this was final.

When next he came home, she had gathered herself for the struggle. And her attack was so unexpected, her questions came so swift and searching, that she soon broke through his guard.

The girl was a niece of his uncle's. She had taught school in the country, had come to teach in a public school here, was living at Aunt Sally's. He had met her there, had seen her often, and she had "opened his eyes to things."

"Queer," he said, "how I'd never seen it before. What an infernal snob I've been, how narrow, talking of nothing but schemes for pushing myself. What a bore I must have been! I don't see how you stood it, mother! Why on earth did n't you stop me?"

His mother was looking at him with a curious drawn expression.

"Because," she said, "I was just like you. And I am still. 'An infernal snob — narrow — pushing myself.' What a bore this friend of yours would find me."

"Mother!"

"Oh yes! All of that! Do you believe it, Jim? Is this girl going to succeed in making you despise your mother, so that the way will be clear for *her*?"

Jim started, reddened, turned, and walked to the window. When he spoke at last, his voice shook slightly:—

"Is n't that a little small — when you've never even talked with her?"

"Small? Yes. But I am, Jim. And 'narrow' — and 'scheming.' It has been a long time, twenty-six years since you were born, all spent in 'schemes' to give you half a chance. They have n't been easy, these schemes, I'm getting old these days, and weary from the fight. I'd rather hoped you would stay with us, for a time at least, instead of taking a wife to support. — Such a wife!" The last words came out sharply. She felt at once the mistake.

Jim turned abruptly back from the window.

"I've asked her already," he said.

His mother winced.

"I'm waiting for her answer," he continued, trying hard to control his voice. "But you're wrong about my supporting her, — I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because she says that even if she marries me — she won't give up her school."

"Jim!"

She gave him one blank look, then burst into a peal of unsteady laughter.

"A school-teacher," she cried harshly, "a common school-teacher all her life! What a blessing! What a chance for you — and your children! What breeding, what refinement!"

"Look here, mother!" His face was suddenly gray. "I would n't talk like that! I did n't say 'for all her life.' But if she loves her work, and the kids, and wants to keep on with them till the time when she's a mother herself — is that so low? What do you mean by breeding? Is n't there anything in it but what you read in the papers — balls, divorces, Newport scandals — shoes, clothes, hats, gloves, smiles, tact, lies? What are *you*? Have n't *you* done anything else? Did n't *you* work before you married, have n't you worked ever since? Did n't you half kill yourself once, just to give me a summer's vacation? — Mother!" He bent over her, trembling. "Give me a chance to show you what she really is — a woman — like you. The same! Quite the same!"

Her grip on his arm tightened till it shook.

"No!" she whispered. "Not the same! So different — that if she succeeds, I'll lose you! Jimmy! I love you! It's going to be hard — hard!"

And so it was.

She did not easily give up the work and the purpose of her life. There were many stormy scenes in the next few weeks. There were times when she seemed old and weak and desperate, times when she was harsh and bitter, times when she

lay all night awake, staring dry-eyed into a dreary nothingness. The gap was widening fast.

Three months later, at the wedding, in the same old house where she herself had been married thirty years before, at the beginning of the long, slow climb — she saw it all come to an end.

And when the ordeal was over, she went back with her husband, the old Jimmy who had failed, back to the flat, to live out the years that were left.

Her pride remained, and a spark of the old vigor. She kept up a few of her friends. She was kind to the man now growing so old. She dreamed back over the years of struggle, privations, planings, hopes.

She was lonely. In spite of all her pride, she was hungry for that son of hers, counted the days between his visits.

He came only once a month. She had forbidden him to come oftener, she had declined to see his wife, she had indignantly refused all money aid. When he came they avoided the present, spoke only of old times.

She had kept a few relics, baby things, battered toys, badges he had won at school. And little by little, dreaming over these scant reminders, her mind traveled back even farther, to the days of dolls, of that fierce maternity which had made the wee matrons on neighboring doorsteps frown, and say she was “spoiling her children.”

As the months wore on and the loneliness grew, this elemental passion rose, till her few remaining friends shook their heads, said she was getting “unbal-

anced” — till even the great ladder was almost lost to view.

One night when Jimmy came, she saw at once that he was intensely excited. He stayed until long after midnight.

And after that evening, for weeks and weeks she was so silent, her husband grew afraid for her mind. To quiet his fears, she told him the reason. But when in a rush of glad relief he began to plead in Jim's behalf, she begged him not to speak of it again. And the struggle went on as before.

Here was a last readjustment. There had been many since Jim was born, but none so deep as this. The two old passions of her nature were set now one against the other. And there was little thinking. Only a matter of instinct. The issue was so clear.

As the months drew on toward summer, a new element crept in — anxiety. Jim came often, bringing news, now good and now decidedly bad. Anxiety — it rose steadily, slowly but surely pushing all else aside. It ended late one evening, when Jim came in, quiet and pale, and asked his mother to come.

The night was long. There was little time for thinking. But when the strange new light of an April dawn came sifting into a quiet room, and fell on a gray-haired woman bending over a cradle, it showed how completely the struggle of a lifetime had been left behind. For these things come by instinct.

Time, in that slow silent way it has, did the rest.

From the point of view of the ladder — that boy had been a grave mistake.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES

II

September 12, 1862.

A BRIEF meeting of the Cabinet. Seward was not present. Has met with us but once in several weeks. No cause assigned for this constant absence, yet a reluctance to discuss and bring to a decision any great question without him is apparent.

In a long and free discussion on the condition of the army and military affairs by the President, Blair, Smith and myself, the President repeated what he had before said to me, that the selection of McClellan to command active operations was not made by him but by Halleck, and remarked that the latter was driven to it by necessity. He had arranged his army corps and designated the generals to lead each column, and called on Burnside to take chief command. But Burnside declined and declared himself unequal to the position. Halleck had no other officer whom he thought capable, and said he consequently was left with no other alternative but McClellan.

"The officers and soldiers," the President said, "were pleased with the reinstatement of that officer, but I wish you to understand it was not made by me. I put McClellan in command here to defend the city, for he has great powers of organization and discipline, — he comprehends and can arrange military combinations better than any of our generals, and then his usefulness ends. He can't go ahead, he can't strike a blow. He got to Rockville for instance last Sunday night, and in four days he advanced to Middlebrook, ten miles, in pursuit of an invading enemy. This was rapid movement for him. When he went up the Peninsula there was no reason why he should have been detained a single day at Yorktown, but he waited and gave the

enemy time to gather his forces and strengthen his position."

THE "WEST POINT" POLICY

I suggested that this dilatory, defensive policy was partly at least the result of education. That a defensive policy was the West Point policy. Our government was not intended to be aggressive, but to resist aggression or invasion, to repel, not to advance. We had good engineers, and accomplished officers, but that no efficient, energetic, audacious fighting commanding general had yet appeared from that institution. We were all aware that General Scott had, at the very commencement, begun with this error of defense, the [West Point] theory; was unwilling to invade the seceding states; said we must shut off the world from the rebels by blockade and by our defences. He had always been reluctant to enter Virginia or strike a blow.

Blair said this was so — that we had men of narrow, aristocratic notions from West Point, but as yet no generals to command. That there were many clever second-rate men, but no superior mind of the higher class. The difficulty, however, was in the War Department itself. There was bluster, but not competency. It should make generals, should search and find them, and bring them up, for there were such somewhere, — far down perhaps; the War Department should give character and tone to the army and all military movements. "Such," said he, "is the fact with the Navy Department which makes no bluster, has no blowers, but quietly and intelligently does its work, inspires its officers and men, and brings forward leaders like Farragut, Foote, and Dupont."

When we left the Executive Mansion,

Blair, who came out with me, remarked that he was glad this conversation had taken place. He wanted to let the President know we must have a Secretary of War who can do something besides intrigue, — who can give force and character to the army, administer the Department on correct principles. Cameron, said he, had got into the War Department by the contrivance and cunning of Seward, who used him and other corruptionists as he pleased, with the assistance of Thurlow Weed. That Seward had tried to get Cameron into the Treasury, but was unable to quite accomplish that, and after a hard underground quarrel against Chase, it ended in the loss of Cameron, who went over to Chase and left Seward. Bedeviled with the belief [that] he might be a candidate for the Presidency, Cameron was beguiled and led to mount the nigger hobby, alarmed the President with his notions, and at the right moment, B[lair] says [that] he plainly and frankly told the President he ought to get rid of C[ameron] at once, — that he was not fit to remain in the Cabinet, and was incompetent to manage the War Department, which he had undertaken to run by the aid of Tom A. Scott, of Philadelphia. Seward was ready to get rid of Cameron after he went over to Chase, but instead of bringing in an earnest, vigorous sincere man, like old Ben Wade, to fill the place, he picked up this black terrier who is no better than Cameron, though he has a better assistant than Scott in Watson. Blair says he now wants assistance to “get this black terrier out of his kennel.”

AN ESTIMATE OF STANTON

I probably did not respond as he wished, for I am going into no combination or movement against colleagues. He said he must go and see Seward. In his dislike of Stanton, Blair is sincere and earnest, but in his detestation he may fail to allow Stanton qualities that he really possesses. Stanton is no favorite of mine. He has energy and application, is indus-

trious and driving, but devises nothing, shuns responsibility, and I doubt his sincerity always. He wants no general to overtop him, is jealous of others in any position who have influence and popular regard, but he has cunning and skill, dissembles his feeling, and to a certain extent is brusque, over-valiant in words. Blair says he is a double-dealer. That he is now deceiving both Seward and Chase; that Seward brought him into the Cabinet after Chase stole Cameron, and that Chase is now stealing Stanton. Reminds me that he exposed Stanton's character, and stated an instance which had come to his knowledge and where he has proof of a bribe having been received; that he made this exposure when Stanton was a candidate for Attorney for the District. Yet Seward, knowing these facts, had induced and persuaded the President to bring this man into the War Department. The country was now suffering for this mistaken act. Seward wanted a creature of his own in the War Department, that he might use, but Stanton was actually using Seward.

Stanton's appointment to the War Department was in some respects a strange one. I was never a favorite of Seward, who always wanted personal friends. I was not of his sort — personally or politically, Stanton knowing his creator sympathized with him. For several months after his appointment he exhibited some of his peculiar traits towards me. He is by nature a sensationalist, has from the first been filled with panics and alarms in which I have not participated, and I have sometimes exhibited little respect or regard for his mercurial flights and sensational disturbances. He saw on more than one occasion that I was cool when he was excited, and he well knew that I neither admired his policy nor indorsed his views. Of course we were courteously civil, but reserved and distant.

The opposition in the early days of the Administration was violent against the Navy management, and the class of

Republicans who had been secretly opposed to my appointment joined in the clamor. In the progress of events there was a change. The Navy and my course, which had been assailed and which assaults he countenanced, grew in favor, while my mercurial colleague failed to give satisfaction. His deportment changed after the naval success at New Orleans, and we have since moved along harmoniously at least. He is impulsive not administrative, has quickness, often rashness, when he has nothing to apprehend. is more violent than vigorous, more demonstrative than discriminative, more vain than wise; is rude, arrogant and domineering towards those in subordinate positions if they will submit to his rudeness; but is a dissembler in deportment and language with those whom he fears. He has equal cunning, but more force and greater capacity than Cameron, yet the qualities I have mentioned and his uneasy restless nature make him, though possessed of considerable ability of a certain sort, an unfit man in many respects for the War Department in times like these. I have sometimes thought McClellan would better discharge the duties of Secretary of War than those of a general in the field, and that a similar impression may have crossed Stanton's mind, and caused an increase of his hate of that officer. There is no love lost between them, and their enmity towards each other does not injure McClellan in the estimation of Blair. Should McClellan in this Maryland campaign display vigor and beat the rebels, he may overthrow Stanton as well as Lee. Blair will give him active assistance. But he must rid himself of what President Lincoln calls the "slows." This I fear is impossible. It is his nature.

September 13, 1862.

The country is very desponding and much disheartened. There is a perceptibly growing distrust of the Administration and of its ability and power to conduct the war. Military doubts were whispered on the Peninsula by McClellan's

favorites before his recall, and when he was reinstated public confidence in the Administration throughout the country was impaired. It is evident, however, that the reinstatement of McClellan has inspired strength, vigor, and hope in the army. Officers and soldiers appear to be united in his favor, and willing to follow his lead. It has now been almost a week since he left Washington, yet he has not overtaken the enemy, who are not distant. There is doubt whether he is thirty miles from Washington. Perhaps he ought not to be until he has gathered up and massed the dispersed elements of his command. I shall not criticise in ignorance, but insist it is the duty of all to sustain him. I am not without hopes that his late experience, and the strong pressure of public opinion, will overcome his hesitancy and rouse him to thorough work. He is never rash — I fear he is not a fighting general. Stanton is cross and grouchy. A victory for McClellan will bring no joy to him though it would gladden the whole country.

[A confidential despatch from Lee to D. H. Hill, found by a Federal private wrapped around some lost cigars, is evidently referred to in the next entry of the Diary. On this same 13th of September, McClellan telegraphed jubilantly to the President, "I think Lee has made a gross mistake, and that he will be severely punished. I have all the plans of the rebels, and will catch them in their own trap." The next day McClellan won the battle of South Mountain, a minor engagement preliminary to Antietam.]

September 15, 1862.

Some rumors yesterday and more direct information to-day are cheering to the Union cause. McClellan telegraphs a victory — defeat of the enemy with loss of 15,000 men, and that "General Lee admits they are badly whipped." To whom Lee made this admission so that it should be brought straight to McClellan and telegraphed here does not appear.

A tale like this from Pope would have [been] classed as one of his fictions. It may be all true coming from McClellan, but I do not credit Lee's confession or admission. That we have had a fight and beaten the rebels I can believe. It scarcely could have been otherwise. I am afraid it is not as decisive as it should be, and as is the current belief, but shall rejoice if McClellan has actually overtaken the rebels, which is not yet altogether clear.

LINCOLN'S DEFERENCE TO SEWARD

At the Executive Mansion the Secretary of State informed us that there was to be no Cabinet meeting. He was authorized by the President to communicate the fact. Smith said it would be as well perhaps to postpone the Cabinet meetings altogether and indefinitely, — there seemed no use latterly for our coming together. Others expressed corresponding opinions. Seward turned off a little annoyed.

An unfavorable impression is getting abroad in regard to the President and the Administration, not without reason perhaps, which prompted Smith and others to express their minds freely. There is really very little of a government here at this time, so far as most of the Cabinet are concerned. Certainly but little consultation in this important period. Seward when in Washington spends more or less of each day with the President, absorbs his attention and I fear to an extent influences his action, not always wisely. The President has good sense, intelligence and an excellent heart, but is sadly perplexed and distressed by events. He to an extent distrusts his own administrative ability and experience. Seward, instead of strengthening and fortifying him, encourages this self-distrust, but is not backward in giving his own judgment and experience, which are often defective expedients, to guide the Executive. A conviction of this state of things stirred up Smith to make his remark. The President has,

I believe, sincere respect and regard for each and every member of the Cabinet, but Seward seeks and has at times influence which is sometimes harmful. The President would often do better without him were he to follow his own instincts, or were he to consult all his advisers in council. He would find his own opinions confirmed, and be convinced that Seward's suggestions are frequently unwise and weak and temporizing. No one attempts to obtrude himself, or warn the President, or even to suggest to him that others than Seward should be consulted on some of the important measures of the government. In fact, they are not informed of some of the measures which are of general interest until they see them in operation, or hear of them from others.

Chase is much chafed by these things, and endeavors and to some extent succeeds in also getting beside the President, and obtaining information of what is going forward. But this only excites and stimulates Seward, who has the inside track and means to keep it. The President is unsuspicious, — or apparently so, — readily gives his ear to suggestions from any one. Only one of his Cabinet, however, has manifested a disposition to monopolize his attention, but the discussion of important measures is sometimes checked almost as soon as introduced; and, without any consultation, or without being again brought forward, [they] are disposed of, the Secretary of State alone having had sometimes certainly a view, or ear, or eye in the matter. He alone has abbreviated general consultation in many cases. With greater leisure than most of the Cabinet officers, unless it be Smith of the Interior, he runs to the President two or three times a day, gets his ear, gives him his tongue, makes himself interesting by anecdotes, and artfully contrives with Stanton's aid to dispose of measures without action, or give them direction independent of his associates.

Under the circumstances, I perhaps am,

latterly, as little interfered with as any one, though the duties of the State and Navy Departments run together; yet I am sometimes excessively annoyed and embarrassed by meddlesome intrusions and inconsiderate and unauthorized action by the Secretary of State. The Navy Department has, necessarily, greater intimacy or connection with the State Department than any other, for, besides international questions growing out of the blockade, our squadrons and commanders abroad come in contact with our ministers, consuls, and commercial agents, and each has intercourse with the governments and representatives of other nations. Mutual understanding and coöperation are therefore essential and indispensable. But while I never attempt to direct the agents of the State Department, or think of it, or of meddling with affairs in the appropriate sphere of the Secretary of State, an entirely different course is pursued by him as regards the Navy and naval operations.

SEWARD'S ITCH FOR AUTHORITY

Seward is anxious to direct, to be the Premier, the real Executive, and give away national rights as a favor. Since our first conflict, however, when he secretly interfered with the Sumter expedition and got up an enterprise to Pensacola, we have had no similar encounter, yet there has been an itching propensity on his part to have a controlling voice in naval matters with which he has no business, which he really does not understand; and he sometimes improperly interferes, as in the disposition of mails on captured vessels. The Attorney General has experienced similar improper interference, more than any other; perhaps, none are exempt. But the Secretary of State, while meddlesome with others, is not at all communicative of the affairs of his own department. Scarcely any important measures or even appointments of that Department are brought before us, except by the President himself

or by his express direction. The consequence is that there is reticence by others and the government is administered in a great measure by departments. Seward is inquisitive, and learns early what is doing by each of his associates, frequently before we meet in council, while the other Cabinet officers limit themselves to their provided duties, and are sometimes wholly unadvised of his.

[Captain Wilkes, whose patriotic but rash course in forcibly removing the Confederate Commissioners from the Trent had given him immense popularity, was a particularly difficult problem for the Department. His prominence before the country obliged the Secretary to give him active employment, while his hot-headedness was a source of continued anxiety so long as he was in an independent command.]

I have administered the Navy Department almost entirely independently of Cabinet consultation, and I may say almost without direction of the President, who not only gives me his confidence but intrusts all naval matters to me. This has not been my wish. Though glad to have his confidence, I should prefer that every naval movement should pass a Cabinet review. To-day, for instance, Wilkes was given the appointment of Acting Rear Admiral, and I have sent him off with a squadron to cruise in the West Indies. All this has been done without Cabinet consultation or advice with any one, except Seward, who wished Wilkes, between whom and himself, since the Trent affair, there seems to be an understanding, to have a command, without specifying where. In due time our associates in the Cabinet will learn the main facts and infer that I withheld from them my orders.

My instructions to our naval officers, commanders of squadrons or single ships, cruising or on blockade duty, have never been submitted to the Cabinet, though I have communicated them

freely to each. I have never read but one of my letters of instructions to the President, and that was to Captain Mercer of the Powhatan in command of naval expedition to Sumter a few weeks after I entered upon my duties, and those instructions were, covertly, set aside and defeated by Seward.

So in regard to each and all the departments. If I have known of their regulations and instructions, much of it has not been in Cabinet consultations. Seward beyond any and all others is responsible for this state of things. It has given him individual power, but often at the expense of good administration.

THE WANT OF A MILITARY POLICY

In everything relating to military operations by land, General Scott first, then McClellan, then Halleck, have directed and controlled. The government was virtually in the hands of the General-in-Chief, so far as armies and military operations were concerned. The Administration had no distinct military policy; was permitted to have none. The President was generally advised and consulted, but Seward was the special confidant of General Scott, was more than any one of McClellan, and, in conjunction with Stanton, of Halleck. With wonderful kindness of heart and deference to others, the President, with little self-esteem and unaffected modesty, has permitted this, and in a great measure has surrendered to military officers prerogatives entrusted to himself. The mental qualities of Seward are almost the precise opposite of the President. He is obtrusive and never reserved or diffident of his own powers; is assuming and presuming, meddlesome and uncertain, ready to exercise authority always, never doubting his right until challenged; then he becomes timid, uncertain, distrustful and inventive of schemes to extricate himself, or to change his position. He is not so mindful of what is due to others as would be expected of one who aims to be always courteous

towards equals. The President he treats with a familiarity that sometimes borders on disrespect. The President, though he observes this ostentatious presumption, never receives it otherwise than pleasantly, but treats it as a weakness in one to whom he attributes qualities essential to statesmanship, whose pliability is pleasant, and whose ready shrewdness he finds convenient and acceptable.

LINCOLN AND SEWARD

With temperaments so constituted and so unlike, it is not surprising that the obsequious affability and ready assumption of the subordinate presumes on, and to an extent influences, the really superior intellect of the principal, and makes himself in a degree the centralizing personage. While the President concedes to the Secretary of State almost all that he assumes, not one of his colleagues make that concession. They treat his opinion respectfully, but as no better than the opinions of others, except as it has merit; and his errors they expose and oppose, as they deserve. In the early days of the Administration the Cabinet officers were absorbed by labors and efforts to make themselves familiar with their duties, so as rightly to discharge them. Those duties were more numerous and trying in consequence of the overthrow of old and the advent of new men and organizations, with the great rupture that was going on in the government, than had ever been experienced by any of their predecessors.

Whilst the other members of the Cabinet were absorbed in familiarizing themselves with their duties, and in preparing for impending disaster, the Secretary of State, less apprehensive of disaster, spent a considerable portion of every day with the President, patronizing and instructing him, hearing and telling anecdotes, relating interesting details of occurrences in the Senate, and inculcating his political party notions. I think he has not very profound or sincere convictions. Cabinet meetings, which should,

at that exciting and interesting period, have been daily, were infrequent, irregular and without system. The Secretary of State notified his associates when the President desired a meeting of the heads of departments. It seemed unadvisable to the Premier, as he liked to be called and considered, that the members should meet often, and they did not. Consequently there was little concerted action.

HOW CABINET MEETINGS WERE CONDUCTED

At the earlier meetings there was little or no formality: the Cabinet meetings were a sort of privy council, or gathering of equals, much like a senatorial caucus, where there was no recognized leader and the Secretary of State put himself in advance of the President. No seats were assigned or regularly taken. The Secretary of State was invariably present some little time before the Cabinet assembled, and from his former position as the Chief Executive of the largest state in the Union, as well as from his recent place as a Senator, and from his admitted experience and familiarity with affairs, assumed and was allowed, as was proper, to take the lead in consultations and also to give tone and direction to the manner and mode of proceedings. The President, if he did not actually wish [it], readily acquiesced in this. Mr. Lincoln, having never had experience in administering the government, state or national, deferred to the suggestions and course of those who had. Mr. Seward was not slow in taking upon himself to prescribe action, and doing most of the talking without much regard to the modest chief, but often to the disgust of his associates, particularly Mr. Bates, who was himself always courteous and respectful, and to the annoyance of Mr. Chase, who had, like Mr. Seward, experience as a chief magistrate. Discussions were desultory and without order or system, but in the summing up and conclusions the President, who was a patient listener and learner, concentrated results, and often

determined questions adversely to the Secretary of State, regarding him and his opinions, as he did those of his other advisers, for what they were worth and generally no more. But the want of system and free communication among all as equals prevented that concert and comity which is really strength to an administration.

Each head of a department took up and managed the affairs which devolved upon him as best he could, frequently without consulting his associates, and as a consequence without much knowledge of the transactions of other departments; but as each consulted with the President, the Premier from daily, almost hourly intercourse with him, continued, if not present at these interviews, to ascertain the doings of each and all, though himself imparting but little of his own course.

Great events of a general character began to impel the members to assemble daily, and sometimes General Scott was present, and occasionally Commodore Stringham; at times others were called in. The conduct of affairs during this period was awkward and embarrassing. After a few weeks the members, without pre-concert, expressed a wish to be better advised on subjects for which they were all measurably responsible to the country. The Attorney General expressed his dissatisfaction with these informal proceedings and advised meetings on stated days for general and current affairs, and hoped, when there was occasion, special calls would be made. The Secretary of State alone dissented, hesitated, doubted, objected, thought it inexpedient — said all had so much to do that we could not spare the time; but the President was pleased with the suggestion, if he did not prompt it, and concurred with the rest of the Cabinet.

The form of proceeding was discussed: Mr. Seward thought that would take care of itself. Some suggestions were made in regard to important appointments which had been made by each head of department, the Secretary of State taking the

lead in selecting high officials, without general consultation. There seemed an understanding between the Secretaries of State and Treasury, who have charge of the most important appointments, of which understanding the President was perhaps cognizant. Chase had extensive patronage; Seward, appointments of high character. The two arranged that each should make his own selection of subordinates. These two men had political aspirations (which did not extend to their associates, with perhaps a single exception that troubled neither). Chase thought he was fortifying himself by this arrangement; but he often was overreached, and the arrangement was one of the mistakes of his life.

Without going farther into details, the effect and probably the intention of these proceedings in those early days was to dwarf the President and elevate the Secretary of State. The latter also circumscribed the sphere of [the President] so far as he could. Many of the important measures, particularly of his own department, he managed to dispose of, or contrived to have determined, independent of the Cabinet.

THE RIVALRY OF SEWARD AND CHASE

Between Seward and Chase there was perpetual rivalry and mutual but courtly distrust. Each was ambitious. Both had capacity; Seward was supple and dexterous, Chase was clumsy and strong; Seward made constant mistakes, but recovered with a facility that was wonderful and almost always without injury to himself. Chase made fewer blunders but persevered in them when made, often to his own serious detriment. In the fevered condition of public opinion, the aim and policy of the [men] were strongly developed: Seward, who had sustained McClellan and came to possess, more than any one else in the Cabinet, his confidence, finally yielded to Stanton's vehement demands and acquiesced in his sacrifice. Chase from [being] an original friend and self-constituted patron of McClellan] be-

came disgusted, alienated, an implacable enemy, denouncing McClellan as a military imbecile. In all this he was stimulated by Stanton, and the victim of Seward, who first supplanted him with McClellan] and then gave up McClellan] to appease Stanton and public opinion.

[Stonewall Jackson, who had been detached by Lee to capture Harper's Ferry, had been allowed to rejoin his chief before McClellan brought on the general engagement at Antietam, September 17 — "the bloodiest single day of fighting in the war."]

September 18, 1862.

We have authentic news that a long and sanguinary battle has been fought. McClellan telegraphs that the fight between the two armies was for fourteen hours. The rebels must have been in strong position to have maintained such a fight against our large army. He also telegraphs that our loss is heavy, particularly in generals, but gives neither names nor results. His despatches are seldom full, clear or satisfactory. "Behaved splendidly," "performed handsomely," — but wherein or what was accomplished is never told. Our anxiety is intense.

General Mansfield is reported slain. He was from my state and almost a neighbor. He called on me last week, on his way from Norfolk to join the army above. When parting, he once shook hands, there was a farther brief conversation and he came back from the door after he left and again shook hands. "Farewell," said I, "success attend you." He remarked with emphasis and some feeling, "We may never meet again."

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION READ TO THE CABINET

["The greatest historical significance of the Battle of Antietam," says Rhodes, "is that it furnished Lincoln the victory he was waiting for to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation." This, as we have seen, had been laid aside until military success should support the policy.]

Monday, September 22, 1862.

We had to-day a special Cabinet meeting. The subject was the Proclamation concerning emancipating slaves after a certain date, in States that should then be in rebellion. For several weeks the subject has been suspended, but, the President says, never lost sight of. When the subject was submitted in August, and indeed in taking it up, the President stated that the question was finally decided, but that he felt it to be due to us to make us acquainted with the fact and to invite criticism on the Proclamation. There were some differences in the Cabinet, but he had formed his own conclusions and made his own decisions. He had, he said, made a vow, a covenant, that if God gave us the victory in the approaching battle (which had just been fought), he would consider it his duty to move forward in the cause of emancipation. We might think it strange, he said, but there were times when he felt uncertain how to act; that he had in this way submitted the disposal of matters when the way was not clear to his mind what he should do. God had decided this question in favor of the slave. He was satisfied it was right — was confirmed and strengthened in his action by the vow and by the results, his mind was fixed, his decision made, but he wished his paper announcing his course to be as correct in terms as it could be made without any attempt to change his determination. For that was fixed — we must emancipate the slaves or be ourselves subjugated. The slaves must be with us or against us. They were used against us.

He read the document, and Seward suggested one or two unimportant amendments that were approved. It was then handed to the Secretary of State, to publish to-morrow. After this Blair remarked that he considered it proper to say he did not concur in the expediency of the measure at this time, though he approved of the principle, and should therefore wish to file his objections. He stated at some length his views, which

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were that we ought not to put in greater jeopardy the patriotic element in the border states. He apprehended that they would go over to the secessionists as soon as they had seen the proclamation. It would be well also to remember that the army was not united on the subject, and that there was a class of partisans in the free states endeavoring to revive old parties, who would have a club put in their hands of which they would avail themselves to beat the Administration.

The President said he had considered the danger to be apprehended from the first objection, which was undoubtedly serious, but the objection was certainly as great not to act; as regarded the last, it had not so much weight with him; they would use their clubs, do what he might.

The question of power, authority in the government to set free the slaves was not much discussed at this meeting, but had been canvassed by the President in private conversation with the members individually. Some thought legislation advisable before the step was taken, but Congress was clothed with no authority on this subject, nor is the Executive, except under the war power, — military necessity, martial law, — when there can be no legislation. This was the view which I took when the President first presented the subject to Seward and myself last summer, as we were returning from the funeral of Stanton's child, — a ride of two or three miles from beyond Georgetown. Seward was at that time not at all communicative, and I think not willing to advise, though he did not dissent from the movement. It is momentous both in its immediate and remote results, and an exercise of extraordinary power which cannot be justified on mere humanitarian principles, and would never have been attempted but to preserve the national existence. The slaves must be with us or against us in the war. Let us have them. These were my convictions, and this is the drift of the discussion.

The effect which the Proclamation will have on the public mind is a matter of some uncertainty. In some respects it would, I think, have been better to have issued it when formerly first considered.

There is an impression that Seward has opposed and is opposed to the measure; I have not been without that impression myself, chiefly from his hesitation to commit himself, and perhaps because action was suspended on his suggestion; but in the final discussion he has [as] cordially supported the measure as Chase.

Wednesday, September 24, 1862.

Secretary Smith called this morning; said he had just had an interview with Judge Advocate Turner, who related a conversation which had taken place between himself [Turner] and Colonel Key, one of Halleck's staff. T[urner] had expressed to K[ey] his surprise that McClellan had not followed up the victory last week, by pursuing the rebels, and capturing them or cutting them in pieces. That, said K[ey], is not the policy. Turner asked what then was the policy. Key said it was one of exhaustion, that it would have been impolitic and injudicious to have destroyed the rebel army, for that would have ended the contest without any compromise, and it was the army policy at the right time to compel the opposing forces to adopt a compromise.¹

Smith assures me that Turner made to him this communication. It is most extraordinary, yet entirely consistent with current events and what Wilson and others have stated. While I can hardly give credit to the statement, the facts can be reconciled with every action or inaction — with wasted energies, fruitless campaigns and barren fights. Smith fully believes it.

As I write, 9 P. M., a band of music

¹ Major John J. Key was summarily called upon by the President to account for his language, stinging rebuked, and forthwith dismissed from the service.

strikes up on the opposite side of the square, — a complimentary serenade to the President for the Emancipation Proclamation. The document has been in the main well received, but there is some violent opposition, and the friends of the measure have made this demonstration to show their approval.

CHASE'S FINANCIAL POLICY

Thursday, September 25, 1862.

Had some talk to-day with Chase on financial matters. Our drafts on Barings now cost us twenty-nine per cent. I object to this as presenting an untrue statement of naval expenditures, unjust to the Navy Department, as well as unjust in fact. If I draw for \$100,000 it ought not to take from the naval appropriation \$129,000. No estimates, no appropriations by Congress, embrace the \$29,000 brought on by the mistaken Treasury policy of depreciating the currency. I therefore desire the Secretary of the Treasury to place \$100,000 in the hands of the Barings to the credit of the Navy Department, less the exchange. This he declines to do, but insists on deducting the difference between money and inconvertible paper, which I claim to be wrong, because in our foreign expenditures, the paper which his financial policy forces upon us at home is worthless abroad. The depreciation is the result of a mistaken financial policy, and illustrates its error and tendency to error.

The departure from a specie standard, and the adoption of an irredeemable paper currency, deranges the finances and is fraught with disastrous consequences. This vitiation of the currency is the beginning of evil, a fatal mistake — which will be likely to overwhelm Chase and the Administration if he and they remain here long enough.

Had some conversation with Chase relating to the war. He is much discouraged; believes the President is disposed to let matters take their course; deplors this state of things, but can see no relief.

CHASE'S OPINION OF STANTON

I asked if the principal source of the difficulty was not in the fact that we actually had not a War Department. Stanton is dissatisfied, and he and those under his influence do not sustain and encourage McClellan, yet he needs to be constantly stimulated, inspired, and pushed forward. It was, I said, apparent to me, and I thought to him, that the Secretary of War, though arrogant and often offensive in language, did not direct army movements; he appears to have something else than army operations in view. The army officers here, or others than he, appear to control military movements. Chase was disturbed by my remarks. Said Stanton had not been sustained, and his department had become demoralized, but he (Chase) should never consent to remain if Stanton left. I told him he misapprehended me. I was not the man to propose the exclusion of Stanton, or any one of our Cabinet associates, but we must look at things as they are, and not fear to discuss them. It was our duty to meet difficulties and try to correct them. It was wrong for him, or any one, to say he would not remain and do his duty if the welfare of the country required a change of policy or a personal change in any one department. If Stanton was militarily unfit, indifferent, dissatisfied, or engaged in petty personal intrigues against a man whom he disliked, to the neglect of the duties with which he was entrusted, or had not the necessary administrative ability, [if he] was from rudeness or any other cause, offensive, we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact.

It is evident that Chase takes pretty much the same views as I do, but has not made up his mind to act on his convictions.

The President has issued a proclamation on martial law — suspension of Habeas Corpus, he terms it — meaning of course a suspension of the privilege of the writ of Habeas Corpus. Of this proclamation I knew nothing until I saw it in

the papers, and am not sorry that I did not. I question the wisdom or utility of a multiplicity of proclamations striking deep on great questions.

Friday, September 26, 1862.

It is now almost a fortnight since the battle near Sharpsburg (Antietam) — the rebels have recrossed the Potomac — but our army is doing nothing. The President says Halleck told him he should want two days more — to make up his mind what to do. Great Heavens! — what a General-in-Chief!

Wednesday, October 1, 1862.

Called this morning at the White House, but learned the President had left the city. The porter said he made no mention whither he was going, nor when he would return. I have no doubt he is on a visit to McClellan and the army; none of his Cabinet can have been aware of this journey.

EARLY ESTIMATE OF DAVID D. PORTER

Relieved Davis and appointed D. D. Porter to the Western Flotilla, which is hereafter to be recognized as a squadron. Porter is but a commander. He has, however, stirring and positive qualities, is fertile in resources, has great energy, excessive and sometimes not overscrupulous ambition, is impressed with and boastful of his own powers, given to exaggeration in relation to himself (a Porter infirmity), is not generous to older living and superior officers whom he is too ready to traduce, but is kind and patronizing to favorites who are juniors, and generally to official inferiors. Is given to cliquism, but brave and daring, like all his family. He has not the conscientious and high moral qualities of Foote to organize the flotilla, and is not considered by some of our best naval men a fortunate officer; has not in his profession, though he may have personally, what the sailors admire, "luck." It is a question, with his mixture of good and bad traits, how he will succeed. His selection will

be unsatisfactory to many, but his field of operation is peculiar, and a young and active officer is required for the duty to which he is assigned. [It] will be an incentive to juniors. If he does well, I shall get no credit; if he fails, I shall be blamed. No thanks in any event will be mine. Davis, whom he succeeds, is more of a scholar than a sailor, has gentlemanly instincts and scholarly acquirements, is an intelligent but not an energetic, driving, fighting officer just [such] as is wanted for rough work on the Mississippi; is kind and affable, but has not the vim, dash, — recklessness perhaps is the better word, — of Porter.

Dahlgren, whose ambition is great, will I suppose be hurt that Porter, who is his junior, should be designated for the Mississippi command, and the President will sympathize with D[ahlgren], whom he regards with favor while he has not great admiration or respect for Porter. Dahlgren has asked to be assigned to the special duty of capturing Charleston, but Dupont has had that object in view for more than a year and made it his study. I cannot, though I appreciate Dahlgren, supersede the Admiral in this work.

THE CABINET ON EMANCIPATION

The Emancipation Proclamation has, in its immediate effects, been less exciting than I had apprehended. It has caused but little jubilation on one hand, nor much angry outbreak on the other. The speculations as to the sentiments and opinions of the Cabinet in regard to this measure are ridiculously wild and strange. When it was first brought forward some six or eight weeks ago, all present assented to it. It was pretty fully discussed at two subsequent Cabinet meetings, and the President consulted freely, I presume, with the members individually. He did with me. Mr. Bates desired that deportation, by force if necessary, should go with emancipation. Born and educated among the negroes, having always lived with slaves, he dreaded any step which should be taken to bring about social equality

between the two races. The effect, he said, would be to degrade the whites without elevating the blacks: demoralization, vice, and misery would follow. Mr. Blair, at the second discussion, said that while he was an emancipationist from principle, he had doubts of the expediency of such a movement as was contemplated. Stanton, after expressing himself earnestly in favor of the step proposed, said it was so important a measure that he hoped every member would give his opinion, whatever it might be, on the subject. Two had not spoken, — alluding to Chase and myself.

I then spoke briefly of the strong exercise of power involved in the question, the denial of executive authority to do this act. But [I argued] the rebels themselves had invoked war on the subject of slavery, had appealed to arms, and they must abide the consequences. It was an extreme exercise of war powers, and under the circumstances, and in view of the condition of the country and the magnitude of the contest, I was willing to resort to extreme measures and avail ourselves of military necessity, always harsh and questionable. The blow would fall heavy and severe on those loyal men in the slave states who clung to the Union and had most of their property in slaves; but they must abide the results of a conflict which we all deplored. The slaves were now an element of strength to the rebels, were laborers, producers, and army attendants. They were considered as property by the rebels, and, if *property*, were subject to confiscation; if not property, but *persons* residing in the insurrectionary region, we should invite them, as well as the whites, to unite with us in putting down the rebellion. I had made known my views to the President, and could say here I gave my approval of the proclamation. Mr. Chase said it was going a step farther than he had proposed, but he was glad of it, and went into a very full argument on the subject. I do not attempt to report it or any portion of it, nor that of others, farther than to define the position of each

when this important question was before us. Something more than a proclamation will be necessary, for this step will band the South together, make opponents of some who now are friends, and unite the border states firmly with the cotton states in resistance to the government.

Thursday, October 2, 1862.

Admiral Dupont arrived to-day; looks hale and hearty. He is a skillful and accomplished officer. Has a fine address, is a courtier with perhaps too much finesse and management, resorts too much to extraneous and subordinate influences to accomplish what he might easily attain directly, and, like many naval officers, is given to personal cliques, naval clanship. This evil I have striven to break up, and, with the assistance of secession, which took off some of the worst cases, have thus far been pretty successful.

STANTON'S THREAT TO RESIGN

Friday, October 3, 1862.

Chase tells me that Stanton has called on him to say he deemed it his duty to resign, being satisfied he could no longer be useful in the War Department. There are, Chase says, unpaid requisitions on his table at this time to the amount of \$45,000,000 from the War Department, and things are in every respect growing worse daily. Perhaps he really believes Stanton, who no more intends resigning than the President or Seward does.

I remarked that the disagreement between the Secretary of War and the generals in command must inevitably work disastrously, that I had for some time foreseen this, and the declaration of Stanton did not surprise me. He could scarcely do otherwise. He could not get along if these differences continued, but sooner or later he, or the generals, or the whole must go. My remarks were, I saw, not expected nor acceptable. Chase said if Stanton went, he would go. It was due to Stanton and to ourselves that we should stand by him, and if one goes out, all had better go — certainly he would.

This I told him was not my view. If it were best for the country that all should go, then certainly all ought to leave without hesitation or delay; but it did not follow because one must leave for any cause that all should. That I did not admire combination among officials, preferred individuality, and did not think it advisable that we should all make an action dependent on the movements or difficulties of the Secretary of War, who like all of us had embarrassments and might not, himself, be exempt from error. There were many things in the Administration which he and I wished were different. He desired me to think the matter over. Said, with much feeling, things were serious, that he could not stand it, that the army was crushing him and would crush the country. Says the President takes counsel of none but army officers in army matters, though the Treasury and Navy ought to be informed of the particulars of every movement. This is Stanton's complaint infused into Chase, and has some foundation, though it is but part of the evil. This demonstration of Stanton's is for effect, and will fail.

Governor Andrew of Massachusetts called upon me this morning, and we had a frank, free, and full interchange of views. He is impatient under the dilatory military operations and the growing ascendancy of the army in civil affairs. Our views did not materially differ on the points discussed, though he has been impressed by Stanton who dislikes many army officers.

DAHLGREN'S AMBITIONS

[Since April, 1861, Commodore Dahlgren had been in command of the Washington Navy Yard. He had recently been appointed Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, a branch of the service in which he was deservedly rated at the head of his profession in America, but he was now much dissatisfied at not receiving the grade of rear-admiral. The following February he actually received this promotion, and ultimately realized his ambition of succeeding Dupont as com-

mander of the fleet attacking Charleston.]

Dahlgren is grieved with my action in his case. He desires, beyond almost any one, the high honors of his profession, and has his appetite stimulated by the partiality of the President, who does not hesitate to say to him and to me, that he will give him the highest grade if I will send him a letter to that effect, or a letter of appointment. Title irregularly obtained cannot add to Dahlgren's reputation, yet he cannot be reasoned with. He has [as] yet rendered no service afloat during the war, has not been under fire, and is not on the direct road for professional advancement. The army practice of favoritism and political partyism cannot be permitted in the Navy. Its effect will be more demoralizing than that of the military, for it is bad enough. I am compelled therefore, to stand between the President and Dahlgren's promotion, in order to maintain the service in proper condition. Dahlgren has the sagacity and professional intelligence to know I am right, and to appreciate my action though adverse to himself. He therefore now seeks service afloat. Wants an opportunity to acquire rank and distinction, but that opportunity must be a matter of favor. His last request was to be permitted to capture Charleston. This would give him *éclat*. I told him I could not rob Dupont of that honor, but that if he wished I would give him an opportunity to participate, and understood from him it would be acceptable. I therefore tendered him an iron-clad, and the place of Ordnance Officer; he retaining his position at the head of the Bureau with leave of absence as a volunteer to fight.

My proposition has not been received in the manner I expected. He thinks the tender of a single ship to an officer who has had a navy yard, and is now in the Bureau, derogatory, yet wishing active service as the means of promotion, intimates he will accept and resign from the Bureau. This I can't countenance or per-

mit. It would not meet the views of the President, would do wrong to the service, and great wrong to the country, for him to leave the Ordnance Bureau where he is proficient and can be most useful. His specialty is in that branch of the service, he knows his own value there at this time, and for him to leave it now would be detrimental to the object he desires to attain. He is not conscious of it, but he has Dahlgren more than the service in view. Were he to be present at the capture of Charleston as a volunteer who had temporarily left the Bureau for that special service, it would redound to his credit, and make him at least second to Dupont in the glory of the achievement.

[On October 8, Buell, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, defeated the Confederates under Bragg at Perryville, Kentucky, but was soon after superseded by General Rosecrans.]

Tuesday, October 10, 1862.

Some vague and indefinite tidings of a victory by Buell in Kentucky in a two days' fight at Perryville. We hear also of the capture of batteries on the St. John's, in Florida, but have no particulars.

A telegram from Delano, at New Bedford, tells me that the pirate or rebel steamer 290,¹ built in Great Britain and manned by British seamen, fresh from England, has captured and burnt five whaling vessels off the Western Islands. The State Department will, I suppose, submit to this evidence that England is an underhand auxiliary to the rebels, be passive on the subject, and the Navy Department will receive as usual torrents of abuse.

STUART'S RAID

[The dissatisfaction of the administration with the inactivity of McClellan was greatly intensified by the news that the Confederate cavalry, riding ninety miles in twenty-four hours, had made a complete circle of the Federal Army, re-joining Lee's forces without loss.]

¹ The Alabama.

Saturday, October 11, 1862.

We have word which seems reliable, that Stuart's rebel cavalry have been to Chambersburg in the rear of McClellan, while he was absent in Philadelphia, stopping at the Continental Hotel. I hope neither statement is correct, but am apprehensive that both may be true.

Monday, October 13, 1862.

We have the mortifying intelligence that the rebel cavalry rode entirely around our great and victorious army of the Potomac, crossing the river above it, pushing on in the rear beyond the Pennsylvania line into the Cumberland valley, then east and south, re-crossing the Potomac below McClellan and our troops, near the mouth of the Monocacy. It is the second time this feat has been performed by J. E. B. Stuart around McClellan's army. The first was on the York Peninsula. It is humiliating, disgraceful.

Stanton read a dispatch from General Pope, stating that the Indians in the Northwest had surrendered, and he was anxious to execute a number of them. The Winnebagoes who have not been in the fight are with him, and he proposes to ration them at public expense through the winter. He has, Stanton says, destroyed the crops of the Indians, etc. I was disgusted with the whole thing, the tone and opinions of the despatch are discreditable. It was not the production of a good man or a great one. The Indian outrages have, I doubt not, been horrible — what may have been the provocation we are not told. The Sioux and Ojibways are bad; but the Winnebagoes have good land which white men want, and mean to have.

A letter has been shown about, and is to-day published, purporting to be from General Kearney who fell at Chantilly. The letter is addressed to O. S. Halstead of New Jersey. It expresses his views and feelings towards McClellan, who, he says, "positively has no talents." How many officers have written similar private letters is unknown. "We have no gen-

erals," says this letter of Kearney. It is, I fear, too true.

Saturday, October 18, 1862.

The ravages by the roving steamer 290, alias Alabama, are enormous. England should be held accountable for these outrages. The vessel was built in England, and has never been in the ports of any other nation. British authorities were warned of her true character repeatedly before she left.

A HOAX ON SEWARD

Seward called on me in some excitement this p. m., and wished me to meet the President, himself, Stanton, and Halleck at the War Department, relative to important despatches just received. As we walked over together, he said we had been very successful in getting a despatch which opened up the whole rebel proceedings, — disclosed their plans and enabled us to prepare for them. That it was evident there was a design to make an immediate attack on Washington by water, and it would be well to buy vessels forthwith if we had not a sufficient number ready for the purpose. When we entered Stanton's room, General Halleck was reading the document alluded to and examining the maps. No one else was present. Stanton had left the Department. The President was in the room of the telegraph operator.

The document purported to be a despatch from General Cooper, Ass't Sec'y of War of the Confederates, to one of the rebel agents in England. A question arose as to the authenticity of the despatch. Halleck, who is familiar with Cooper's signature, doubted, after examining the paper, if *this* was genuine. Adjutant General Thomas was sent for, and requested to bring Cooper's signature for comparison. Seward then took the papers and commenced reading aloud. The writer spoke of "the mountains of Arlington," — "the fleet of the Potomac," — "the fleet of the North," etc. I interrupted Seward and said it was a clumsy manufacture; that the despatch could have

been written by no American, certainly not by General Cooper or any person conversant with our affairs, or the topography of the country: that there were no "mountains of Arlington," no "fleet of the Potomac," or "fleet of the North." General Halleck mentioned one or two other points which impressed him that the despatch was bogus. The President came in while we were criticising the document, the reading of which was concluded by Seward. When the President took the papers and map to examine them, General Thomas soon brought a number of Cooper's signatures, and all were satisfied at a glance that the purported signature was fictitious.

Seward came readily to the opinion that the papers were bogus, and that the consul, or minister, — he did not say which, — had been sadly imposed upon. The despatch had, he said, cost a good deal of money. It was a palpable cheat. It may be a question whether the British authorities have not connived at it, to punish our inquisitive countrymen for trying to pry into their secrets.

It is just five weeks since the battle of Antietam, and the army is quiet, reposing in camp. The country groans, but nothing is done. Certainly the confidence of the people must give way under this fatuous inaction.

McClellan is not accused of corruption, but of criminal inaction. His inertness makes the assertions of his opponents prophetic. He is sadly afflicted with what the President calls the "slows." Many believe him to be acting on the army programme avowed by Key.

Saturday, October 25, 1862.

General Wadsworth,¹ Mr. Fenton, and others urgently insist on some changes, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, of masters who, they claim, are active partisans. but they

¹ Major-General James S. Wadsworth, United States Volunteers, in charge of the defense of Washington, and later a defeated candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York.

made no clear case. Told them, I was opposed to the policy of removals of competent officers unless for active, offensive partisanship; that any man was entitled to enjoy and exercise his opinion without molestation. General Wadsworth concurred with me, but understood there were such matters within the prescribed rules. Told them that from any facts I had received I would only remove Fairion, master machinist, who, it is shown, is so immersed in politics as to neglect his business, and is a candidate for comptroller. As he manifests a willingness and intention to leave the service for another place, I think he can depart a few days in advance without detriment. This taking advantage of an excited election to thrust miserable partisans into places they are often indifferently qualified to fill, I dislike, and so expressed myself to General Wadsworth, who assented fully to my views.

Tuesday, November 4, 1862.

Further news of the depredations by the Alabama. Ordered Dacotah, Ino, Augusta, etc., on her track. The President read in the Cabinet to-day his sensible letter of the 13th of October to Genl. McClellan, ordering him to move, and to pass down on the east side of the Blue Ridge. McClellan did not wish to move at all; was ordered by Halleck, and when he found he must move said he would go down the west side of the mountain, but when he finally started, went down the east side, without advising Halleck or the President.

Stanton, whose dislike of McClellan increases, says that Halleck does not consider himself responsible for army movements or deficiencies this side of the mountains, of which he has had no notice from General McClellan, who neither reports to him or to the Secretary of War. All his official correspondence is with the President direct, and no one else.

The President did not assent to the last remarks of Stanton, which were more sneering in manner than words, but said

Halleck should be, and would be, considered, for he (the President) had told Halleck that he would at any time remove McClellan when Halleck required it, and that he (the President) would take the entire responsibility of the removal.

Mr. Bates quietly suggested that Halleck should take command of the army in person. But the President said, and all the Cabinet concurred in the opinion, that Halleck would be an indifferent general in the field, that he shirked responsibility in his present position; that he, in short, is worth but little except as a critic and director of operations, though intelligent and educated.

December 3, 1862.

It is a month since I have opened this book and been able to make any record of current events. A pressure of public business, the preparation of my Annual Report, and domestic sorrows, have consumed all my waking moments. A light, bright, cherub face which threw its sunshine on our household when this book was last opened, has disappeared forever. My dear Hubert, who was a treasure garnered in my heart, is laid beside his five brothers and sisters in Spring Grove. Well has it been for me that overwhelming public duties have borne down upon me in these sad days. Alas, frail life — amid the Nation's grief I have my own!

(To be continued.)

A TIME WITHDRAWN

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I

CAN I, with a wandering rhyme,
Bring again, in years to come,
This dear day, this precious time
Plucked from weariness and strife,
From the city's pain and stress,
And heartbreak of the myriad life —
Autumn in this mountain home!

Strive, my Song! so to bring back
This dual joy down memory's track —
Rest in Nature's restlessness:
Roaring winds and rushing clouds;
Leaves that fly in circling crowds
From trees all silver, that no rays
Hide of moon, or star, or sun;
Golden tints and shadows dun;
The Dawn's lily, Evening's rose;
Starbright nights and dazzling days;
In nature's restless heart repose; —
And, when tumult turns to calm,
For tired souls a deeper balm

In that loveliest hour and best,
With its low light in the west.

II

Wandering Song! be eloquent
Of these browns and purples blent
Into one bewilderment
Of beauty, ever melting slowly
To new beauty, hushed and holy;
And, to fix the flying year,
Song! remember, strangely near,
Ere the dawn, ringed Saturn came,
Tremblingly, with mystic flame,
Close to Jupiter's large ray,
Making night a dream of day.

III

Wandering Song! record, I pray,
Not alone the outward day,
But the inward life and light
By the hearth-fire in the night.
Tell what sovereign spirits drew
Close to ours, with accents true;
How, in intercourse sublime,
Passed the consecrated time;
How of that endeared host
Two starry souls had welcome most —
He who, since Milton's voice was still,
Highest climbed the sacred hill,
And he who to our new world came
To light and lift an equal flame.

IV

Memorial Song! be this thy sign,
Bringing back, in sadder hour,
Perfume of one perfect flower
And memory of a day divine —
Happiness scarce hoped for in
Mid-life's stress, and pain, and din:
A time withdrawn, a golden rest,
A low light in the purple west.

THE DELUSION OF MILITARISM

BY CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON

THE future historian of the first decade of the twentieth century will be puzzled. He will find that the world at the opening of the century was in an extraordinarily belligerent mood, and that the mood was well-nigh universal, dominating the New World as well as the Old, the Orient no less than the Occident. He will find that preparations for war, especially among nations which confessed allegiance to the Prince of Peace, were carried forward with tremendous energy and enthusiasm, and that the air was filled with prophetic voices, picturing national calamities and predicting bloody and world-embracing conflicts.

Alongside of this fact he will find another fact no less conspicuous and universal,—that everybody of importance in the early years of the twentieth century was an ardent champion of peace. He will find incontestable evidence that the King of England was one of the truest friends of peace who ever sat on the English throne, that the German Emperor proclaimed repeatedly that the cause of peace was ever dear to his heart, that the President of the United States was so effective as a peacemaker that he won a prize for ending a mighty war, that the Czar of Russia was so zealous in his devotion to peace that he called the nations to meet in solemn council to consider measures for ushering in an era of universal amity and good will, and that the President of France, the King of Italy, and the Mikado of Japan were not a whit behind their royal brethren in offering sacrifices on the altar of the Goddess of Peace. A crowd of royal peacemakers in a world surcharged with thoughts and threats of war, a band of lovers strolling down an avenue which they themselves had lined with lyddite shells and twelve-inch guns,

this will cause our historian to rub his eyes.

In his investigations he will find that the world's royal counselors and leading statesmen were also, without exception, wholeheartedly devoted to the cause of conciliation. He will read with admiration the speeches of Prince Bülow, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. H. H. Asquith, Mr. John Hay, and Mr. Elihu Root, and will be compelled to confess that the three leading nations of our Western world never in the entire course of their history had statesmen more pacific than these in temper, or more eloquent in their advocacy of the cause of international good will. A galaxy of peace-loving statesmen under a sky black with the thunder-clouds of war, this is certain to bewilder our historian.

His perplexity will become no less when he considers the incontrovertible proofs that never since time began were the masses of men so peaceably inclined as in just this turbulent and war-rumor-tormented twentieth century. He will find that science and commerce and religion had coöperated in bringing the nations together, that the wage-earners in all the European countries had begun to speak of one another as brothers, and that the growing spirit of fraternity and co-operation had expressed itself in such organizations as the Interparliamentary Union, with a membership of twenty-five hundred legislators and statesmen, and various other societies and leagues of scholars and merchants and lawyers and jurists. He will find delegations paying friendly visits to neighboring countries, and will read, dumbfounded, what the English and German papers were saying about invasions, and the need of increased armaments, at the very time that twenty

thousand Germans in Berlin were applauding to the echo the friendly greetings of a company of English visitors. And he will be still more nonplussed when he reads that, while ten thousand boys and girls in Tokio were singing loving greetings to our naval officers, there were men in the United States rushing from city to city urging the people to prepare for an American-Japanese war. It will seem inexplicable to our historian that when peace and arbitration and conciliation societies were multiplying in every land, and when men seemed to hate war with an abhorrence never known in any preceding era, there should be a deluge of war-talk flowing like an infernal tide across the world.

His bewilderment, however, will reach its climax when he discovers that it was after the establishment of an international court that all the nations voted to increase their armaments. Everybody conceded that it was better to settle international disputes by reason rather than by force, but as soon as the legal machinery was created, by means of which the sword could be dispensed with, there was a fresh fury to perfect at once all the instruments of destruction. After each new peace conference there was a fresh cry for more guns. Our historian will read with gladness the records of the meetings of the Hague Conference, and of the laying of the foundation of a periodic Congress of Nations, and of a permanent High Court. He will note the neutralization of Switzerland, Belgium, and Norway; the compact entered into by the countries bordering on the North Sea, to respect one another's territorial rights forever; the agreement of the same sort solemnly ratified by all the countries bordering on the Baltic; the signing of more than eighty arbitration treaties, twenty of these ratified by the United States government; the creation of an International Bureau of American Republics, embracing twenty-one nations; the establishment of a Central American High Court; the elaboration and perfection of legal instruments

looking toward the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

He will note also that, while these splendid achievements of the peace-spirit were finding a habitation and a name, the nations were thrilled as never before by dismal forebodings, and the world was darkened by whispers of death and destruction. While the Palace of Peace at The Hague was building, nations hailed the advent of the airship as a glorious invention, because of the service it could render to the cause of war. This unprecedented growth of peace sentiment, accompanied by a constant increase of jealousy and suspicion, of fear and panic, among the nations of the earth, will set our historian at work to ascertain the meaning of this strange phenomenon, the most singular perhaps to be met with in the entire history of the world.

It will not take him long to discover that the fountains from which flowed these dark and swollen streams of war-rumor were all located within the military and naval encampments. It was the experts of the army and navy who were always shivering at some new peril, and painting sombre pictures of what would happen in case new regiments were not added to the army and additional battle-ships were not voted for the fleet. It was Lord Roberts, for instance, who discovered how easily England could be overrun by a German army; and it was General Kuropatkin who had discernment to see that the Russo-Japanese war was certain to break out again. The historian will note that the magazine essays on "Perils" were written for the most part by military experts, and that the newspaper scare-articles were the productions of young men who believed what the military experts had told them. Many naval officers, active and retired, could not make an after-dinner speech without casting over their hearers the shadow of some impending conflict.

It was in this way that legislative bodies came to think that possibly the country was really in danger; and looking

round for a ground on which to justify new expenditures for war material, they seized upon an ancient pagan maxim, — furnished by the military experts, — “If you wish peace, prepare for war.” The old adage, once enthroned, worked with the energy of a god. The love of war had largely passed away. The illusion which for ages it had created in the minds of millions had lost its spell. Men had come to see that war is butchery, savagery, murder, hell. They believed in reason. Peace was seen to be the one supreme blessing for the world; but to preserve the peace it was necessary to prepare for war. This lay at the centre of the policy of the twentieth century. No guns were asked for to kill men with — guns were mounted as safeguards of the peace. No battleships were launched to fight with — they were preservers of the peace. Colossal armies and gigantic navies were exhibited as a nation’s ornaments — beautiful tokens of its love of peace. And following thus the Angel of Peace, the nations increased their armaments until they spent upon them over two billions of dollars every year, and amassed national debts aggregating thirty-five billions. The expenditure crushed the poorest of the nations and crippled the richest of them, but the burden was gladly borne because it was a sacrifice for the cause of peace. It was a pathetic and thrilling testimony of the human heart’s hatred of war and longing for peace, when the nations became willing to bankrupt themselves in the effort to keep from fighting.

But at this point our historian will begin to ask whether there might have been any relation between the multiplication of the instruments of slaughter and the constant rise of the tide of war-talk and war-feeling. He will probably suspect that the mere presence of the shining apparatus of death may have kindled in men’s hearts feelings of jealousy and distrust, and created panics which even Hague Conferences and peaceful-minded rulers and counselors could not possibly allay. When he finds that it was only men

who lived all their life with guns who were haunted by horrible visions and kept dreaming hideous dreams and that the larger the armament the more was a nation harassed by fears of invasion and possible annihilation, he will propound to himself these questions: Was it all a delusion, the notion that vast military and naval establishments are a safeguard of the peace? Was it a form of national lunacy, this frenzied outpouring of national treasure for the engines of destruction? Was it an hallucination, this feverish conviction that only by guns can a nation’s dignity be symbolized, and her place in the world’s life and action be honorably maintained?

These are questions which our descendants are certain to ponder, and why should not we face them now? If this preparing for war in order to keep the peace is indeed a delusion, the sooner we find it out the better, for it is the costliest of all obsessions by which humanity has ever been swayed and mastered. There are multiplying developments which are leading thoughtful observers to suspect that this pre-Christian maxim is a piece of antiquated wisdom, and that the desire to establish peace in our modern world by multiplying and brandishing the instruments of war is a product of mental aberration. Certainly there are indications pointing in this direction. The world’s brain may possibly have become unbalanced by a bacillus carried in the folds of a heathen adage. The most virulent and devastating disease now raging on the earth is militarism.

The militarist of our day betrays certain symptoms with which the student of pathology is not altogether unfamiliar. There are obsessions which obtain so firm a grip upon the mind that it is difficult to banish them. For example, a man who has the impression that he is being tracked by a vindictive and relentless foe is not going to sit down and quietly listen to an argument the aim of which is to prove that no such enemy exists, and that the sounds which have caused the panic

are the footfalls of an approaching friend. The militarist will listen to no man who attempts to prove that his "perils" are creations of the brain. Indeed, he is exceedingly impatient under contradiction; and, here again, he is like all victims of hallucinations. To deny his assumptions or to question his conclusions, is to him both blasphemy and treason, a sort of profanity and imbecility worthy of contempt and scorn. He alone stands on foundations which cannot be shaken, and other men who do not possess his inside information, or technical training for dealing with such questions, are living in a fool's paradise. The ferocity with which he attacks all who dare oppose him is the fury of a man whose brain is abnormally excited.

Recklessness of consequences is a trait which physicians usually look for in certain types of mental disorder, and here again the militarist presents the symptoms of a man who is sick. What cares he for consequences? The naval experts of Germany are dragging the German Empire ever deeper into debt, unabashed by the ominous mutterings of a coming storm. The naval experts of England go right on launching Dreadnoughts, while the number of British paupers grows larger with the years, and all British problems become increasingly baffling and alarming. The naval experts of Russia plan for a new billion-dollar navy, notwithstanding Russia's national debt is four and one-quarter billion dollars, and to pay her current expenses she is compelled to borrow seventy-five million dollars every year. With millions of her people on the verge of starvation, and beggars swarming through the streets of her cities and round the stations of her railways, the naval experts go on asking new appropriations for guns.

The terror of a patient who is suffering from mental derangement is often pathetic. Surround him with granite walls, ten in number, and every wall ten feet thick, and he will still insist that he is unprotected. So it is with

the militarist. No nation has ever yet voted appropriations sufficient to quiet his uneasy heart. England's formula of naval strength has for some time been: The British navy in capital ships must equal the next two strongest navies, plus ten per cent. But notwithstanding the British navy is to-day in battleships and cruisers and torpedo boats almost equal to the next three strongest navies, never has England's security been so precarious, according to her greatest military experts, as to-day. It has been discovered at the eleventh hour that her mighty navy is no safeguard at all, unless backed up by a citizen army of at least a million men. It was once the aim to protect England against *probable* combinations against her. The ambition now is to protect her against all *possible* combinations. In the words of a high authority in the British army, she must protect herself not only against the dangers she has any reason to expect, but also against those which nobody expects.

Like many another fever, militarism grows by what it feeds on, and unless checked by heroic measures is certain to burn the patient up. Men in a delirium seldom have a sense of humor. The world is fearfully grim to them, and life a solemn and tragic thing. They express absurdities with a sober face, and make ridiculous assertions without a smile. It may be that the militarists are in a sort of delirium. At any rate, they publish articles entitled, "Armies the Real Promoters of Peace," without laughing aloud at the grotesqueness of what they are doing.

The militarist is comic in his seriousness. He says that if you want to keep the peace you must prepare for war, and yet he knows that where men prepare for war by carrying bowie knives, peace is a thing unheard of, and that where every man is armed with a revolver, the list of homicides is longest. He declares his belief in kindly feelings and gentle manners, and proceeds at once to prove that a nation ought to make itself look as ferocious as possible. In order to induce nations to

begentlemen, he would have them all imitate the habits of rowdies. To many persons this seems ludicrous, to a militarist it is no joke. He is a champion of peace, but he wants to carry a gun. The man who paces up and down my front pavement with a gun on his shoulder may have peaceful sentiments, but he does not infuse peace into me. It does not help matters for him to shout out every few minutes, "I will not hurt you if you behave yourself," for I do not know his standard of good behavior, and the very sight of the gun keeps me in a state of chronic alarm. But the militarist says that, for promoting harmonious sentiments and peaceful emotions, there is nothing equal to an abundance of well-constructed guns.

A droll man indeed is the militarist. What matters it what honeyed words the King of England and the German Kaiser interchange, so long as each nation hears constantly the launching by the other of a larger battleship? And even though Prince Bülow may say to Mr. Asquith a hundred times a week, "We mean no harm," and Mr. Asquith may shout back, "We are your friends," so long as London and Berlin are never beyond earshot of soldiers, who are practicing how to shoot to kill, just so long will England and Germany be flooded with the gossip of hatred, and thrown into hysteria by rumors of invasion and carnage.

Like many other diseases, militarism is contagious. One nation can be infected by another until there is an epidemic round the world. A parade of battleships can kindle fires in the blood of even peaceful peoples, and increase naval appropriations in a dozen lands. Is it possible, some one asks, for a world to become insane? That a community can become crazy was proved by Salem, in the days of the witchcraft delusion; that a city can lose its head was demonstrated by London, at the time of the Gunpowder Plot; that a continent can become the victim of an hallucination was

shown when Europe lost its desire to live, and waited for the end of the world in the year 1000. Why should it be counted incredible that many nations, bound together by steam and electricity, should fall under the spell of a delusion, and should act for a season like a man who has gone mad? But it is not true that the world has gone mad. The masses of men are sensible; but at present the nations are in the clutches of the militarists, and no way of escape has yet been discovered. The deliverance will come as soon as men begin to think and examine the sophistries with which militarism has flooded the world.

Certain facts will surely, some day, burn themselves into the consciousness of all thinking men. The expensiveness of the armed peace is just beginning to catch the eye of legislators. The extravagance of the militarists will bring about their ruin. They cry for battleships at ten million dollars each, and Parliament or Congress votes them. But later on it is explained that battleships are worthless without cruisers, cruisers are worthless without torpedo boats, torpedo boats are worthless without torpedo-boat destroyers, all these are worthless without colliers, ammunition boats, hospital boats, repair boats; and these all together are worthless without deeper harbors, longer docks, more spacious navy yards. And what are all these worth without officers and men, upon whose education millions of dollars have been lavished? When at last the navy has been fairly launched, the officials of the army come forward and demonstrate that a navy, after all, is worthless unless it is supported by a colossal land force. Thus are the governments led on, step by step, into a treacherous morass, in which they are at first entangled, and finally overwhelmed.

All the great nations are to-day facing deficits, caused in every case by the military and naval experts. Into what a tangle the finances of Russia and Japan have been brought by militarists is known to

everybody. Germany has, in a single generation, increased her national debt from eighteen million dollars to more than one billion dollars. The German Minister of Finance looks wildly round in search of new sources of national income. Financial experts confess that France is approaching the limit of her sources of revenue. Her deficit is created by her army and navy. The British government is always seeking for new devices by means of which to fill a depleted treasury. Her Dreadnoughts keep her poor. Italy has for years staggered on the verge of bankruptcy because she carries an overgrown army on her back. Even our own rich republic faces this year a deficit of over a hundred million dollars, largely due to the one hundred and thirty millions we are spending on our navy. Mr. Cortelyou has called our attention to the fact that while in thirty years we have increased our population by 85 per cent, and our wealth by 185 per cent, we have increased our national expenses by 400 per cent.

It is within those thirty years that we have spent one billion dollars on our navy. And the end is not yet. The Secretary of the Navy has recently asked for twenty-seven new vessels for the coming year, four of which are battleships at ten million dollars each, and he is frank to say that these twenty-seven are only a fraction of the vessels to be asked for later on. We have already, built or building, thirty-one first-class battleships, our navy ranking next to Great Britain, Germany standing third, France fourth, and Japan fifth: but never has the naval lobby at Washington been so voracious and so frantic for additional safeguards of the peace as to-day.

The militarists are peace-at-any-price men. They are determined to have peace even at the risk of national bankruptcy. Everything good in Germany, Italy, Austria, England, and Russia is held back by the confiscation of the proceeds of industry carried on for the support of army and navy. In the United States the

development of our resources is checked by this same fatal policy. We have millions of acres of desert land to be irrigated, millions of acres of swamp land to be drained, thousands of miles of inland waterways to be improved, harbors to be deepened, canals to be dug, and forests to be safeguarded, and yet for all these works of cardinal importance we can afford only a pittance. We have not sufficient money to pay decent salaries to our United States judges, or to the men who represent us abroad. We have pests, implacable and terrible, like the gypsy moth, and plagues like tuberculosis, for whose extermination millions of money are needed at once.

On every hand we are hampered and handicapped, because we are spending two-thirds of our enormous revenues on pensions for past wars, and on equipment for wars yet to come. The militarists begrudge every dollar that does not go into army or navy. They believe that all works of internal improvement ought to be paid for by the selling of bonds, even the purchase of sites for new post-offices being made possible by mortgaging the future. They never weary of talking of our enormous national wealth, and laugh at the niggardly mortals who do not believe in investing it in guns. Why should we not spend as great a proportion of our wealth on military equipment as the other nations of the world? This is their question, and the merchants and farmers will answer it some day.

This delusion threatens to become as mischievous as it is expensive. Every increase in the American navy strengthens the militarists in London, Berlin, and Tokio. The difficulty of finding a reason for an American navy increases the mischief. There is a reason why Japan has a navy, for she was driven to it by Russia. There is an excuse for Germany encasing herself in armor, for she has done things which awaken fears of retribution. One can find justification for England covering the ocean with her guns, for her policy

has been domineering and exasperating, and being an island kingdom she might be starved to death if she did not have command of the sea. But why should the United States have a colossal navy? No one outside the militarists can answer. Because there is no ascertainable reason for this un-American policy, the other American countries are becoming frightened. Brazil has just laid down an extravagant naval programme, for the proud Republic of the South cannot consent to lie at the mercy of the haughty Republic of the North. The new departure of Brazil has bewitched Argentina from the vision which came to her before the statue of Christ, which she erected high up amid the Andes, and has fired her with a desire to rival in her battleships her ambitious military neighbor. We first of all have established militarism in the Western world, and are by our example dragging weaker nations into foolish and suicidal courses, checking indefinitely the development of two continents.

Our influence goes still further. It sets Australia blazing, and shoves Japan into policies which she cannot afford. But we cannot harm foreign nations without working lasting injury on ourselves. The very battleships which recently kindled the enthusiasm of children in South America, Australia, and Japan, also stirred the hearts of American boys and girls along our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, strengthening in them impulses and ideals of an Old World which struggled and suffered before Jesus came. It is children who receive the deepest impressions from pageants and celebrations; and who can measure the damage wrought upon the world by the parade of American battleships? Children cannot look upon symbols of brute force, extolled and exalted by their elders, without getting the impression that a nation's power is measured by the calibre of its guns, and that its influence is determined by the explosive force of its shells. A fleet of battleships gives a wrong impression of what America is, and conceals the secret which

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has made America great. Children do not know that we became a great world-power without the assistance of either army or navy, building ourselves up on everlasting principles by means of our schools and our churches. The down-pulling force of our naval pageant was not needed in a world already dragged down to low levels by the example of ancient nations, entangled by degrading traditions from which they are struggling to escape. The notion that this exhibition of battleships has added to our prestige among men whose opinion is worthy of consideration, or has made the world love us better, is only another feature of the militarist delusion.

There are delusions which are fatal, and this may be one of them. The most important drama to be acted within the next five hundred years will be played around the Pacific. In this drama our republic is destined to take an important part. At present we are the most influential nation bordering on its waters. It is for us chiefly to determine what the future shall be. We can make the Pacific what it is in name, a peaceful sea. Both the Japanese and the Chinese are peace-loving peoples. They will not fight unless driven to it. They need all their money for schools and internal improvements. We can make treaties with both countries which will render war an impossibility. The Philippines can be neutralized as Switzerland has been neutralized, so that they shall be safe without the protection of a single gun. Why not do this? We cannot flourish a deadly bludgeon without Japan doing the same. What Japan does, China must do also. She is already adding yearly twenty-five thousand soldiers to her army, and by and by she will build a fleet which will rival those of the United States and Japan combined. An empire of four hundred million people will not lie supine indefinitely, allowing armed nations to trample upon her at their own sweet pleasure. Our present policy will compel China to build battleships, and into these ships will go the

bread of millions of Chinamen, and the education of tens of millions of Chinese boys and girls. And then what? One never knows what a peaceable nation may do when once the slumbering devils of the heart are stirred to action by the sight of guns and the thought of blood. China has suffered grievous wrongs. She, like other nations, may find that revenge is sweet.

Militarists assure us that some day a clash between the white and yellow races is inevitable. They say, "Whet your swords, multiply your battleships, prepare your shells, get ready for the fateful hour." The militarists have good reason to be frightened if America must meet the Orient on the battlefield. Gunpowder and lyddite obliterate social and racial distinctions, and put men on an equal footing. The Chinese coolie can, after a little practice, shoot a gun as accurately as can the graduate from Yale or Harvard. The follower of Confucius is the peer of the follower of Jesus when both men are armed with rifles. In the realm of force intellectual distinctions count for little, and spiritual attainments are less than nothing. If the Christian West consents to fight the Pagan East with swords and guns, she abdicates the advantage which she has won by the struggle of a thousand years, and comes down to fight upon the same level on which men stood in the days of Cæsar. Array a thousand Christian boys against a thousand Confucian boys, give the order, "Fire!" and when the smoke has cleared away you will find among the dead as many Christian boys as boys whose skin is yellow. In the realm of carnage, victory goes to superior numbers, and not to character and culture. We have the culture, China has the numbers, but numbers outweigh the virtues and graces of a Christian heart.

The yellow peril is indeed portentous if we propose to meet China on the battlefield. Why not make such a meeting an impossibility? Why not do for the Pacific what our fathers did for the Canadian border? They prepared for peace

and got it. Why not spend millions of dollars in cementing the friendship of Orient and Occident, and work without ceasing to keep the temper of the two worlds fraternal and sweet? Instead of sending on battleships, at an enormous cost, a few thousand young men who represent neither the brain nor the culture of our country, why not send to China and Japan at governmental expense delegations of teachers and publicists, editors and bankers, farmers and lawyers, physicians and labor leaders, men who can give the Orient an idea what sort of people we are? We can send a thousand such representatives across the Pacific every year for the next hundred years for less money than we are spending this year on our navy. No such blundering and extravagant method of exchanging international courtesies has ever been devised as that of sending to foreign capitals naval officers and sailors on battleships and cruisers.

Countries never fight whose influential citizens know one another. Why not get acquainted with our Eastern neighbors? In the arts of peace we are their superior. In the art of war China can become our equal in a single generation, just as Japan in one generation has risen to the military level of Russia. Military virtues are simple, and can be rapidly developed. They run through the stages of their evolution swiftly and come to perfection early. The virtues of a Christlike spirit are the beautiful growths of a thousand years, and we are insane if we are willing to jeopardize what we have gained by infinite sacrifice and effort, by entering a field upon which victory depends upon neither beauty of spirit nor nobility of heart, but upon the shrewd manipulation of physical forces. The thing we ought to say to the Orient again and again, both by word and by deed, is, "We believe in peace! We abhor war! It is contrary to our nature, opposed by our religion, hostile to our ideals and traditions. We do not believe in settling disputes by force. We believe in reason.

See our hands, we carry no bludgeons. Search us, we own no concealed weapons. Trust us, for we are going to trust you. Let us work together for our mutual advantage, and the progress of humanity!"

But, delusion or not, can one nation hold aloof from this dance of death so long as other nations keep on dancing? Of course, America will limit her armament provided other nations do the same. But — we are asked — is it wise or safe for our republic, isolated and alone, to say boldly, "We will go no further in this business. Let other nations do what they will, America at any rate is going to pour her gold hereafter into the channels of education and economic development." Why not say this? To be sure it would be a risk, but why not run the risk? We are incurring far greater risks by our present policy. We are running the risk of changing the temper of our people, introducing structural changes in our form of government, and embroiling ourselves with nations which are now friendly. Preparing for war is hazardous business. It is not time, we all admit, for disarmament. America must do her part in the policing of the seas. It is not the hour to discuss even a reduction in armaments. Our battleships are not going to be sold at auction. We all agree that America must have a navy adequate to her needs. But has not the time arrived to call a halt in this indefinite expansion of an ever bigger navy? The militarists are just now asking Congress for 26,000-ton battleships carrying 14-inch guns, and a high naval authority says that the advisability of building even 40,000 or 50,000 or 60,000-ton battleships is "the mature opinion of many of the ablest and most conservative officers of our navy to-day." What the radicals want is not yet disclosed.

Much has been written about the horrors of war; the time has come to write of the horrors of an armed peace. In many ways it is more terrible than war. War is soon over, and the wounds heal. An armed peace goes on indefinitely, and its wounds

gape and fester and poison all the air. War furnishes opportunity for men to be brave; an armed peace gives rise to interminable gossip about imaginary goblins and dangers. In war, nations think of principles, but in an armed peace the mind is preoccupied exclusively with devising ways of increasing the efficiency of the implements of slaughter. War develops men, but an armed peace rots moral fibre.

It is possible to buy peace at too high a price. Better fight and get done with it than keep nations incessantly thinking evil thoughts about their neighbors. Playing with battleships is a sorry business. The magnetic needle, disturbed by metal, loses its fidelity to the north, and the ship may go to pieces on the rocks. The heart of a nation, pressed close to steel armor, becomes abnormal in its action. Battleships blind the eyes to ideals which are highest. They draw the heart away from belief in the potency of spiritual forces. They quench faith in the power of justice, mercy, love. They minister to the atheism of force. They blur the fact that America became a world-power without a navy. They educate men to put reliance on reeds, which will break when the crisis comes. They fan the flames of vanity and self-seeking. They are deceivers. They seem to be the dominating forces of history, when in fact they are bubbles blown on a current which they did nothing to create. They delude men by inducing them to accept them as solutions of problems, whereas they create problems more serious than any already on hand. They strain international relations and fill the papers with gossip, debilitating to adults and demoralizing to the young. They feed the maw of panic-mongers, and darken the heavens with swarms of falsehoods and rumors.

Militarism has foisted upon the world a policy which handicaps the work of the church, cripples the hand of philanthropy, blocks the wheels of constructive legislation, cuts the nerve of reform, blinds statesmen to dangers which

are imminent and portentous, such as poverty and all the horde of evils which come from insufficient nutrition, and fixes the eyes upon perils which are fanciful and far away. It multiplies the seeds of discord, debilitates the mind by filling it with vain imaginations, corrodes the heart by feelings of suspicion and ill-will. It is starving and stunting the lives of millions, and subjecting the very frame of society to a strain which it cannot indefinitely endure. A nation which buys guns at seventy thousand dollars each, when the slums of great cities are rotting, and millions of human beings struggle for bread, will, unless it repents, be overtaken soon or late by the same divine wrath which shattered Babylon to pieces, and hurled Rome from a throne which was supposed to be eternal.

The world is bewildered and plagued, harassed and tormented, by an awful delusion. Who will break the spell? America can do it. Will she? To ape the customs of European monarchies is weakness. Why not do a fine and original thing? Our fathers had an intuition that the New World should be different from the Old, that it had a unique destiny, and that it must pursue an original course. That is the spiritual meaning of the Monroe doctrine — that no foreign influence shall be permitted to thwart the development of America along original lines. Alas, the Old World has broken into our Paradise, and we are dethroning ideals for which our fathers were willing to die.

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war,"

said Milton to Cromwell long ago, and humanity is waiting for a nation which will win the victories that Milton saw. Will America devote herself to the work of winning these victories of peace? Will she spend half as much the next ten years in preparing for peace, as she has spent the last ten years in preparing for war? Experience has demonstrated that swollen navies multiply the points of friction, foster distrust, foment suspicion, fan the fires of hatred, become a defiance and a menace, and lie like a towering obstacle across the path of nations toilsomely struggling along the upward way. The old policy is wrong. The old leaders are discredited. The old programme is obsolete. Those who wish for peace must prepare for it. Our supreme business is not the scaring of rivals, but the making of friends.

Will America become a leader? At present we are an imitator. How humiliating to tag at the heels of Great Britain in the naval procession, haunted always by the fear that we may fall behind Germany! Why not choose a road on which it will be possible to be first? Why not head the procession of nations whose faces are toward the light? This is America's opportunity. Will she, by setting a daring example, arrest the growth of armaments throughout the world? The nation which does this is certain of an imperishable renown.

THE HEART OF THE RACE PROBLEM

BY QUINCY EWING

“And, instead of going to the Congress of the United States and saying there is no distinction made in Mississippi, because of color or previous condition of servitude, tell the truth, and say this: ‘We tried for many years to live in Mississippi, and share sovereignty and dominion with the Negro, and we saw our institutions crumbling. . . . We rose in the majesty and highest type of Anglo-Saxon manhood, and took the reins of government out of the hands of the carpet-bagger and the Negro, and, so help us God, from now on we will never share any sovereignty or dominion with him again.’” — Governor JAMES K. VARDAMAN, Mississippi, 1904.

DURING the past decade, newspaper and magazine articles galore, and not a few books, have been written on what is called the “Race Problem,” the problem caused by the presence in this country of some ten millions of black and variously-shaded colored people known as Negroes. But, strange as it may sound, the writer has no hesitation in saying that at this date there appears to be no clear conception anywhere, on the part of most people, as to just what the essential problem is which confronts the white inhabitants of the country because they have for fellow-citizens (nominally) ten million Negroes. Ask the average man, ask even the average editor or professor anywhere, what the race problem is, the heart of it; why, in this land with its millions of foreigners of all nationalities, *the* race problem of problems should be caused by ten million Negroes, not foreigners but native to the soil through several generations; and in all probability you will get some such answer as this:—

“The Negroes, as a rule, are very ignorant, are very lazy, are very brutal, are very criminal. But a little way removed from savagery, they are incapable of adopting the white man’s moral code, of assimilating the white man’s moral sentiments, of striving toward the white man’s moral ideals. They are creatures of brutal, untamed instincts, and uncontrolled feral passions, which give frequent expression of themselves in crimes of horrible ferocity. They are, in brief, an un-

civilized, semi-savage people, living in a civilization to which they are unequal, partaking to a limited degree of its benefits, performing in no degree its duties. Because they are spatially in a civilization to which they are morally and intellectually repugnant, they cannot but be as a foreign irritant to the body social. The problem is, How shall the body social adjust itself, daily, hourly, to this irritant; how feel at ease and safe in spite of it? How shall the white inhabitants of the land, with their centuries of inherited superiority, conserve their civilization and carry it forward to a yet higher plane, hampered by ten million black inhabitants of the same land, with their centuries of inherited inferiority?”

To the foregoing answer, this might now and again be added, or advanced independently in reply to our question: “Personal aversion on the part of the white person for the Negro; personal aversion accounted for by nothing the individual Negro is, or is not, intellectually and morally; accounted for by the fact, simply, that he is a Negro that he has a black or colored skin, that he is different, of another kind.”

Now, certainly, there are very few average men or philosophers, to whom the answer given to our question would not seem to state, or at any rate fairly indicate, the race problem in its essence. But, however few they be, I do not hesitate to align myself with them as one who does not believe that the essential race pro-

blem as it exists in the South (whatever it be in the North) is stated, or even fairly indicated, in the foregoing answer. In Northern and Western communities, where he is outnumbered by many thousands of white people, the Negro may be accounted a problem, because he is lazy, or ignorant, or brutal, or criminal, or all these things together; or because he is black and different. But in Southern communities, where the Negro is not outnumbered by many thousands of white people, the race problem, essentially, and in its most acute form, is something distinct from his laziness or ignorance, or brutality, or criminality, or all-round intellectual and moral inferiority to the white man. That problem as the South knows and deals with it would exist, as certainly as it does to-day, if there were no shadow of excuse for the conviction that the Negro is more lazy, or more ignorant, or more criminal, or more brutal, or more anything else he ought not to be, or less anything else he ought to be, than other men. In other words, let it be supposed that the average Negro is as a matter of fact the equal, morally and intellectually, of the average white man of the same class, and the race problem declines to vanish, declines to budge. We shall see why, presently. The statements just made demand immediate justification. For they are doubtless surprising to a degree, and to some readers may prove startling.

I proceed to justify them as briefly as possible, asking the reader to bear in mind that very much more might be said along this line than I allow myself space to say.

I

That the Negro is not a problem because he is lazy, because he declines to work, is evidenced by the patent fact that in virtually every Southern community he is sought as a laborer in fields, mills, mines, and that in very many Southern communities the vexing problem for employers is not too many, but too few Ne-

groes. In certain agricultural sections, notably in the Louisiana sugar district, quite a number of Italians ("Dagoes") are employed. The reason is not dissatisfaction with Negro labor, but simply that there is not enough of it to meet the requirements of the large plantations. There is, perhaps, not one of these plantations on which any able-bodied Negro could not get employment for the asking; and as a rule, the Negroes are given, not the work which demands the lowest, but that which demands the highest, efficiency: they are the ploughmen, the teamsters, the foremen. If any one doubts that Negroes are wanted as laborers in Southern communities, very much wanted, let him go to any such community and attempt to inveigle a few dozen of the laziest away. He will be likely to take his life in his hands, after the usual warning is disregarded!

II

The small politician's trump-card, played early and late, and in all seasons, that the Negro is a black shadow over the Southland because of his excessive criminality, serves well the politician's purpose,—it wins his game; but only because the game is played and won on a board where fictions, not facts, are dominant. Nothing is easier than to offer so-called proofs of the contention that the Negro's tendency to crime is something peculiar to his race; there are the jail and penitentiary and gallows statistics, for instance. But surely it should not be difficult for these so-called proofs to present themselves in their true light to any one who takes the trouble to consider two weighty and conspicuous facts: this, first, that the Negroes occupy everywhere in this country the lowest social and industrial plane, the plane which everywhere else supplies the jail, the penitentiary, the gallows, with the greatest number of their victims; and secondly this, that in the section of the country where these penal statistics are gathered, all the machinery

of justice is in the hands of white men.

No Negro is a sheriff, or judge, or justice of the peace, or grand or petit jurymen, or member of a pardoning board. Charged with crime, again and again, the black man must go to jail; he is unable to give bond; he is defended, not by the ablest, but by the poorest lawyers, often by an unwilling appointee of the court; he lacks the benefit of that personal appeal to judge and jury, so often enjoyed by other defendants, which would make them *want* to believe him innocent until proven guilty; he faces, on the contrary, a judge and jury who hold him in some measure of contempt as a man, regardless of his guilt or innocence. He is without means, except occasionally, to fight his case through appeals to higher courts, and errors sleep in many a record that on review would upset the verdict. In the light of such considerations, it would seem impossible that criminal statistics should not bear hard upon the Negro race, even supposing it to be a fact that that race of all races in the world is the *least* criminal.

Let it be admitted without question that in most Southern communities the crimes and misdemeanors of the Negroes exceed those committed by an equal number of white people, and we have admitted nothing that at all explains or accounts for the race problem. For is it not equally true that in every other community the doers of society's rough work, the recipients of its meagrest rewards, are chargeable, relatively, with the greatest number of crimes and misdemeanors? Is it not true, as well in Massachusetts and Connecticut as in Louisiana and Mississippi, that the vast majority of those occupying prison cells are members of the social lowest class? that the vast majority condemned, after trial, to hard labor with their hands were accustomed to such labor before their judicial condemnation? Nothing is more preposterous than the idea that the race problem means more Negroes hanged, more Negroes imprisoned, more Negroes in mines and chain-gangs, than white people! If

the Negro did not furnish the great bulk of the grist for the grinding of our penal machinery in the Southern states, he would constitute the racial miracle of this and all ages!

My own conviction is, and I speak with the experience of forty years' residence in Southern states, that the Negro is not more given to crimes and misdemeanors than the laboring population of any other section of the country. But be this as it may, it is abundantly certain that no race of people anywhere are more easily controlled than the Negroes by the guardians of law and order; and there are none anywhere so easily punished for disobedience to the statutes and mandates of their economic superiors. Courts and juries may be sometimes subject to just criticism for undue leniency toward white defendants; but that courts and juries are ever subject to just criticism for undue leniency in dealing with black defendants is the sheerest nonsense.

The frequent charge that the Negro's worst crimes partake of a brutality that is peculiarly racial, is not supported by facts. I need not enlarge upon this statement further than to say that the Negro's worst crimes, with all their shocking accompaniments, are, not seldom, but often, duplicated by white men. Let any one who doubts the statement observe for one week the criminal statistics of any cosmopolitan newspaper, and he will have his doubt removed.

Assuredly we do not hit upon the essence of the race problem in the Negro's propensity to crime!

III

Do we hit upon it in his ignorance, in the fact that an immense number of the black people are illiterate, not knowing the first from the last letter of the alphabet? Hardly. For, almost to a man, the people who most parade and most rail at the race problem in private conversation, on the political platform, and in the pages of newspapers, books, and periodicals,

are disposed rather to lament, than to assist, the passing of the Negro's ignorance. Ex-Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, used the following language in a message to the legislature of that state, January, 1906:—

“The startling facts revealed by the census show that those [Negroes] who can read and write are more criminal than the illiterate, which is true of no other element of our population. . . . The state for many years, at great expense to the tax-payers, has maintained a system of Negro education which has produced disappointing results, and I am opposed to the perpetuation of this system. My own idea is, that the character of education for the Negro ought to be changed. If, after forty years of earnest effort, and the expenditure of fabulous sums to educate his head, we have only succeeded in making a criminal of him and impairing his usefulness and efficiency as a laborer, wisdom would suggest that we make another experiment and see if we cannot improve him by educating his hand and his heart. . . . Slavery is the only process by which he has ever been partially civilized. God Almighty created the Negro for a menial, he is essentially a servant.”

This is the reply of an ex-governor of one of our blackest states to those who contend that the Negro is a problem, a “burden carried by the white people of the South,” because of his ignorance and consequent inefficiency; and that the lightening of the burden depends upon more money spent, more earnest efforts made, for the schooling of the black people. According to this ex-governor, and there are thousands who agree with him in and out of Mississippi, the race problem is heightened, rather than mitigated, by all attempts to increase the Negro's intellectual efficiency. The more ignorant he is, the less burdensome he is to the white man, provided his heart be good, and his hands skillful enough to do the service of a menial. Nothing but slavery ever partially civilized him, nothing but

slavery continued in some form can civilize him further!

IV

If we listen vainly for the heart-throb of the race problem in the Negro's laziness, and criminality, and brutality, and ignorance, and inefficiency, do we detect it with clearness and certainty in the personal aversion felt by the white people for the black people, aversion which the white people can no more help feeling than the black people can help exciting? Is this the real trouble, the real burden, the real tragedy and sorrow of our white population in those sections of the country where the Negroes are many,—that they are compelled to dwell face to face, day by day, with an inferior, degraded population, repulsive to their finer sensibilities, obnoxious to them in countless ways inexplicable? Facts are far from furnishing an affirmative answer. However pronounced may be the feeling of personal aversion toward the Negroes in Northern communities, where they are few, or known at long range, or casually, there is no such thing in Southern communities as personal aversion for the Negro pronounced enough to be responsible for anything resembling a problem. How could there be in the South, where from infancy we have all been as familiar with black faces as with white; where many of us fell asleep in the laps of black mam-mies, and had for playmates Ephrom, Izik, Zeke, black mammy's grandchildren; where most of us have had our meals prepared by black cooks, and been waited on by black house-servants and dining-room servants, and ridden in carriages and buggies with black hostlers? We are so used to the black people in the South, their mere personal presence is so far from being responsible for our race problem, that the South would not seem Southern without them, as it would not without its crape myrtles, and live-oaks, and magnolias. its cotton and its sugar cane!

It is very easy to go astray in regard to the matter of personal aversion toward the members of alien races, to magnify greatly the reality and importance of it. What seems race-aversion is frequently something else, namely, revulsion aroused by the presence of the strange, the unusual, the uncanny, the not-understood. Such revulsion is aroused, not only by the members of alien races, alien and unfamiliar, but as certainly by strange animals of not more terrifying appearance than the well-loved cow and horse; and it would be aroused as really and as painfully, doubtless, by the sudden proximity of one of Milton's archangels. It was not necessarily race-aversion which made Emerson, and may have made many another Concord philosopher, uncomfortable in the presence of a Negro, any more than it is race-aversion which makes the Fifth Avenue boy run from the gentle farmyard cow; any more than it is race-aversion which would make me uncomfortable in the presence of Li Hung Chang. The Negro, simply, it may be, was a mystery to Emerson, as the farmyard cow is a mystery to the Fifth Avenue boy, as the Chinaman is a mystery to me.

The Negro is *not* a mystery to people whom he has nursed and waited on, whose language he has spoken, whose ways, good and bad, he has copied for generations; and his personal presence does not render them uncomfortable, not, at any rate, uncomfortable enough to begot the sense of a burden or a problem.

It may be very difficult for Northern readers, to whom the Negro is in reality a stranger, a foreigner, to appreciate fully the force of what has just been said; but appreciated by them it must be, or they can never hope to realize the innermost meaning of the race problem in the South.

So much for what the race problem is not. Let me without further delay state what it is. The foundation of it, true or false, is the white man's conviction, that the Negro as a race, and as an individual,

is his inferior: not human in the sense that he is human, not entitled to the exercise of human rights in the sense that he is entitled to the exercise of them. The problem itself, the essence of it, the heart of it, is the white man's determination to make good this conviction, coupled with constant anxiety lest, by some means, he should fail to make it good. The race problem, in other words, is *not* that the Negro is what he is in relation to the white man, the white man's inferior; but this, rather: How to keep him what he is in relation to the white man; how to prevent his ever achieving or becoming that which would justify the belief on his part, or on the part of other people, that he and the white man stand on common human ground.

That such is the heart of the problem should be made evident by this general consideration alone: namely, that everywhere in the South friction between the races is entirely absent so long as the Negro justifies the white man's opinion of him as an inferior; is grateful for privileges and lays no claim to *rights*. Let him seem content to be as the South insists he shall be, and not only is he not harshly treated, not abused, and never boycotted, but he is shown much kindness and generosity, and employment awaits him for the asking. Trouble brews when he begins to manifest those qualities, to reveal those tastes, to give vent to those ambitions, which are supposed to be characteristic exclusively of the higher human type, and which, unless restrained, would result in confounding the lower with the higher. The expression "Good Nigger" means everywhere in the South a real Negro, from the Southern standpoint, one who in no respect gets out of focus with that standpoint; the expression "Bad Nigger" means universally one who in some respect, not necessarily criminal, does get out of focus with it. So, stated differently, the race problem is the problem how to keep the Negro in focus with the traditional standpoint.

But we are very far from needing to rely

upon any general consideration in support of the proposition advanced above. It is supported by evidences on every hand, waiting only the eye of recognition. Scarcely a day passes but something is said or done with this end in view, to emphasize, lest they forget, the conviction for both white man and Negro that the latter is and must remain an inferior. Let me instance a few such evidences.

Consider, first, the "Jim Crow" legislation in the manner of its enforcement. Such legislation is supposed to have for its object the separation of the races in trains, street-cars, etc., to save the white people from occasional contact with drunken, rowdy, ill-smelling Negroes, and to prevent personal encounters between the whites and blacks. How is this object attained in the street cars of Southern cities? Members of the different races occupy the same cars, separated only by absurdly inadequate little open-mesh wire screens, so tiny and light that a conductor can move them from one seat to another with the strength of his little finger. Needless to add, these screens would serve to obscure neither sound, sight, nor smell of drunken rowdies who sat behind them! In summer cars black and white passengers may be separated not even by a make-believe screen; they are simply required, respectively, to occupy certain seats in the front or the back end of the cars.

In Birmingham, Alabama, the front seats are assigned to Negroes in all closed cars, and the back seats in all open ones. Why the front seats in the one case, and the back seats in the other, it is not easy to understand in the light of the letter and alleged spirit of the Jim Crow law! The underlying purpose of the law is clearly not the separation of the races in space; for public sentiment does not insist upon its fulfillment to that end. The underlying purpose of it would seem to be the separation of the races in status. The doctrine of inequality would be attacked if white and black passengers rode in public conveyances on equal

terms; therefore the Negro who rides in a public conveyance must do so, not as of undoubted right, but as with the white man's permission, subject to the white man's regulation. "*This place you may occupy, that other you may not, because I am I and you are you, lest to you or me it should be obscured that I am I and you are you.*" Such is the real spirit of the Jim Crow laws.

Why is it that in every Southern city no Negro is allowed to witness a dramatic performance, or a baseball game, from a first-class seat? In every large city, there are hundreds of Negroes who would gladly pay for first-class seats at the theatre and the baseball game, were they permitted to. It can hardly be that permission is withheld because theatres and baseball games are so well attended by half the population that first-class seats could not be furnished for the other half. As a matter of fact, theatre-auditoriums and baseball grand-stands are seldom crowded; the rule is, not all first-class seats occupied, but many vacant. Surely as simple as moving from seat to seat a make-shift screen in a street-car, would it be to set apart a certain number of seats in the dress-circle of every theatre, and in the grand-stand of every baseball park, for Negro patrons. The reason why this is not done is perfectly obvious: it would be intolerable to the average Southern man or woman to sit through the hours of a theatrical performance or a baseball game on terms of equal accommodation with Negroes, even with a screen between. Negroes would look out of place, out of status, in the dress circle or the grand-stand; their place, signifying their status, is the peanut-gallery, or the bleachers. There, neither they nor others will be tempted to forget that as things are they must continue.

How shall we account for the "intense feeling" (to quote the language of the mayor of New Orleans) occasioned in that city one day, last July, when it was flashed over the wires that the first prize in the National Spelling Contest had been

won by a Negro girl, in competition with white children from New Orleans and other Southern cities? The indignation of at least one of the leading New Orleans papers verged upon hysterics; the editor's rhetoric visited upon some foulest crime could hardly have been more inflamed than in denunciation of the fact that, on the far-away shore of Lake Erie, New Orleans white children had competed at a spelling bee with a Negro girl. The superintendent of the New Orleans schools was roundly denounced in many quarters for permitting his wards to compete with a Negro; and there were broad hints in "Letters from the People" to the papers that *his resignation was in order*.

Certainly in the days following the National Spelling Contest the race problem was in evidence, if it ever was, in New Orleans and the South! Did it show itself, then, as the problem of Negro crime, or brutality, or laziness? Assuredly not! Of the Negro's personal repulsiveness? By no means! There was no evidence of Negro criminality, or brutality, or laziness in the Negro child's victory; and every day in the South, in their games and otherwise, hundreds of white children of the best families are in closer personal contact with little Negroes than were the white children who took part in the Cleveland spelling bee. The "intense feeling" can be explained on one ground only: the Negro girl's victory was an affront to the tradition of the Negro's inferiority; it suggested — perhaps indicated — that, given equal opportunities, all Negroes are not necessarily the intellectual inferiors of all white people. What other explanation is rationally conceivable? If the race problem means in the South to its white inhabitants the burden and tragedy of having to dwell face to face with an intellectually and morally backward people, why should not the Negro girl's triumph have occasioned intense feeling of pleasure, rather than displeasure, by its suggestion that her race is not intellectually hopeless?

Consider further that, while no Negro, no

matter what his occupation, or personal refinement, or intellectual culture, or moral character, is allowed to travel in a Pullman car between state lines, or to enter as a guest a hotel patronized by white people, the blackest of Negro nurses and valets are given food and shelter in all first-class hotels, and occasion neither disgust nor surprise in the Pullman cars. Here again the heart of the race problem is laid bare. The black nurse with a white baby in her arms, the black valet looking after the comfort of a white invalid, have the label of their inferiority conspicuously upon them; they understand themselves, and everybody understands them, to be servants, enjoying certain privileges for the sake of the person served. Almost anything, the Negro may do in the South, and anywhere he may go, provided the manner of his doing and his going is that of an inferior. Such is the premium put upon his inferiority; such his inducement to maintain it.

The point here insisted on may be made clearer, if already it is not clear enough, by this consideration, that the man who would lose social caste for dining with an Irish street-sweeper might be congratulated for dining with an Irish educator; but President Roosevelt would scarcely have given greater offense by entertaining a Negro laborer at the White House than he gave by inviting to lunch there the Principal of Tuskegee Institute. The race problem being what it is, the status of any Negro is logically the status of every other. There are recognizable degrees of inferiority among Negroes themselves; some are vastly superior to others. But there is only one degree of inferiority separating the Negro from the white person, attached to all Negroes alike. The logic of the situation requires that to be any sort of black man is to be inferior to any sort of white man; and from this logic there is no departure in the South.

Inconsistent, perhaps, with what has been said may seem the defeat in the Louisiana Legislature (1908) of the anti-miscegenation bill, a measure designed

to prohibit sexual cohabitation between white persons and Negroes; to be specific, between white men and Negro women. But there was no inconsistency whatever in the defeat of that bill. In all times and places, the status of that portion of the female population, Lecky's martyred "priestesses of humanity," whose existence men have demanded for the gratification of unlawful passion, has been that of social outcasts. They have no rights that they can insist upon; they are simply privileged to exist by society's permission, and may be any moment legislated out of their vocation. Hence the defeat of an anti-miscegenation measure by Southern legislators cannot be construed as a failure on their part to live up to their conviction of race-superiority. It must be construed, rather, as legislative unwillingness to restrict the white man's liberty; to dictate by statute the kind of social outcast which he may use as a mere means to the gratification of his passion. To concede to Negro women the status of a degraded and proscribed class, is not in any sense to overlook or obscure their racial inferiority, but on the contrary, it may be, to emphasize it. Precisely the same principle, in a word, compasses the defeat of an anti-miscegenation bill which would compass the defeat of a measure to prohibit Negro servants from occupying seats in Pullman cars.

At the risk of reiteration, I must in concluding this article take sharp issue with the view of a recent very able writer, who asks the question, "What, essentially, is the Race Problem?" and answers it thus: "The race problem is the problem of living with human beings who are not like us, whether they are in our estimation our 'superiors' or inferiors, whether they have kinky hair or pigtailed, whether they are slant-eyed, hook-nosed, or thick-lipped. In its essence, it is the same problem, magnified, which besets every neighborhood, even every family."

I have contended so far, and I here repeat, that the race problem is essentially *not* what this writer declares it to be. It

is emphatically not, in the South, "the problem of living with human beings who are not like us, whether they are in our estimation our superiors or inferiors." It may be, it probably is, that in the North, where the Negro is largely a stranger, a foreigner, very much to the same degree that the Chinese are strangers and foreigners in the South; and where, consequently, the Negro's personal repulsiveness is a much more significant force than it is in the South. Assuredly there would be no race problem anywhere, were there no contact with others unlike ourselves! The unlikeness of the unlike is everywhere its indispensable foundation. But we get nowhither unless we carefully distinguish between the foundation of the problem and the problem itself. There is nothing in the unlikeness of the unlike that is necessarily problematical; it may be simply accepted and dealt with as a fact, like any other fact. The problem arises only when the people of one race are minded to adopt and act upon some policy more or less oppressive or repressive in dealing with the people of another race. In the absence of some such policy, there has never been a race problem since the world began. It is the existence of such a policy become traditional, and supported by immovable conviction, which constitutes the race problem of the Southern states.

There was an immensely tragic race problem distressing the South fifty years ago; but who will suggest that it was the problem of "living with human beings who are not like us?" The problem then was, clearly, how to make good a certain conviction concerning the unlike, how to maintain a certain policy in dealing with them. What else is it today? The problem, How to maintain the institution of chattel slavery, ceased to be at Appomattox; the problem, How to maintain the social, industrial, and civic inferiority of the descendants of chattel slaves, succeeded it, and is the race problem of the South at the present time. There is no other.

Whether the policy adopted by the white South, and supported, as I have said, by immovable conviction, is expedient or inexpedient, wise or unwise, righteous or unrighteous, these are questions which I have not sought to answer one way or another in this article. Perhaps they cannot be answered at all in our time. Certain is it, that their only real and satisfactory answer will be many years ahead of the present generation.

In the mean time, nothing could be more unwarranted than to suppose that the race problem of one section of this

country is peculiar to that section, because its white inhabitants are themselves in some sense peculiar; because they are peculiarly prejudiced, because they are peculiarly behind the hour which the high clock of civilization has struck. Remove the white inhabitants of the South, give their place to the white people of any other section of the United States, and, beyond a peradventure, the Southern race problem, as I have defined it, would continue to be — revealed, perhaps, in ways more perplexing, more intense and tragic.

ON THE WATER FRONT

BY LUCY HUSTON STURDEVANT

THE sails of the scallop fleet across the harbor gleamed white against the Monomoy shore, honest dories bobbed at the moorings in place of the summer pleasure-boats, and the old wharf stretched its gray length comfortably in the October sun, free at last from alien feet. Obed, a fisherman, was carrying salted cod out of his little fish-house, and spreading it in the sun to dry, and as he worked, he sang snatches of songs he had heard the summer people sing when he sailed them in his boat. There is always plenty of time on an island, and he worked slowly, spreading his cod with an absent hand. It had only one-third of his mind, though it should have had it all, being good cod, freshly caught, and well salted; of the remaining two-thirds one had to do with his newly painted dory, the other lingered on the eyes of a girl.

He was a handsome fellow, slim and strong in his blue sweater and high fisherman's boots; the old men on a bench, who grow on the ends of old wharves, watched him at his work, and compared him with his remote ancestors, and summed up his probable chances in life for better or

worse. The Island does not recognize development or change, and believes that no man can escape his grandfather's weaknesses; soon or late he must succumb; there is plenty of time on an island to wait for hidden things to come to light, foibles, follies, and sins. Such things will sleep in a corner for years until their time arrives, while virtues have a way of going off in a huff, if they are kept waiting for a moment.

Obed had finished his cod; he stood looking at his dory, green and white, in broad longitudinal bands, as is the fashion for dories. He had painted her, himself, with leisurely care, thinking between strokes of the girl who had said she liked green-and-white boats. Obed, lounging at the wheel, had looked at her the length of the boat away, and their eyes had met.

One of the scalloping boats had come in close by.

"Did n't get out to-day, Obed," said one of the men.

"I was so drove with them cod," Obed explained.

"That's right," said the other sym-

pathetically. "Don't do to hurry cod — spiles 'em!"

The old men on the bench looked out to sea; Obed was pulling out into the harbor, with short, quick strokes. In the stern of the dory sat a girl, a thread of a girl; all eyes she looked. Obed had wrapped his coat about her knees to shield her from the October wind.

"Where 's she from?"

"Som'ers on the continent."

Sound carries far on the water. The girl smiled. "They're talking about us, Obed. Suppose they say something bad, what would you do?"

"Heave the hull bench of 'em overboard, if they say anythin' bad about you."

She bent a listening ear. "They say they don't think I'm much to look at, Obed!"

Obed looked at his thread of a girl, looked in her clear eyes, brown with the sunlit brown of a hemlock brook, where the light strikes through the trees.

"You're pretty enough for me, Mary. Let 'em talk. They're past work; they've nothin' to do but talk."

"Poor things! There is n't much for them to do here, is there?"

"What do old men do up — there?"

"Do! Why there's always something going on, people coming and going, and ever so many trains a day. Old men like to watch the trains come in. And the mountains — why, Obed, we're right by the White Mountains. You'll love them. You never saw such trees."

"There's han'some trees on the Main Street, Mary, an' you know when we went over to the South Shore, — you remember the pines we druv through, hundreds of 'em. Some wind-blown they be, but that's natural on an island."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, you poor Obed! You hate to leave it all, don't you? Never mind. Once you get there, you'll like it. You'll do splendidly in the market, knowing everything about fish the way you do. I should n't wonder

but father'd give up to you in a few years. He's getting on, and I'm all he has. Once you get away from this island, you'll be glad. I know you will!"

"Scallop in' 's a good payin' business," said Obed doggedly. "I could make enough to keep you comfortable, Mary. An' there's cod, an' the Off-Islanders in summer. They all like the Kitty. She ain't never in."

"Do you remember the first time I went out in her?"

"I guess I do."

"Some young ladies at the boarding-house got up a sailing party, and asked me if I'd be one. I'd never been in a sail-boat before, and I was so scared — until I saw you, — then I was n't ever scared again."

"There you sat, all scrooged up, between two girls big enough to eat you, an' I was beatin' out to the buoy, an' lookin' under the sail at you, an' sayin', 'Heads!' Your little head wan't high enough to hit no boom!" cried Obed, swept by a wave of tenderness that carried his will away from him, and left him powerless.

"High as your heart," dear."

"You've got pretty talk, Mary."

"It is n't my talk — it's — never mind. I was n't real strong when I was growing up, and I used to sit and read, — father used to say he guessed I thought more about what I read in books than I did about what I saw in the streets. A man would n't have time to read that way. I don't know as I ever knew a man to read any," said Mary, anxious for her lover's feelings.

They were not hurt; if she had sailed a boat better, or brought in more scallops, or read more skillfully the signs of the sky, — they might have been.

"You look real rugged now," he said, fondly. "When are you goin' to marry me, Mary? I'm about tired waitin'."

Mary hesitated. In the sight of God, it is likely there is little difference between the man who catches fish and the man who sells it comfortably over a counter.

To Mary the gulf was both wide and deep. All the more had she determined that her love should make a bridge across it, by which her lover might come to her. But he must cross, not she; not for her own sake, for she was an unselfish soul, but for his. Mary was an idealist. The present Obed was hers, and she loved him, but the Obed of the future, still and indissolubly hers, was to be a New Obed, an Earnest Obed, and a Strong, with the salt-water stains all washed out of him.

"When are you goin' to marry me, Mary? I've waited a terrible time."

"Six weeks!"

"Seven — and a half. When? How soon?"

Mary's heart fluttered, but her will held fast.

"When you give up here."

"I thought I mought go up an' get married, an' then you an' me could come back here, an' I could go scallopin' until the harbor froze up, an' *then* sell out an' go."

"No."

"You're set, Mary."

"I've got to be."

They were well up the harbor by this time; the distant town was thinly veiled in purple haze, no longer broken and old; it looked like an enchanted city, belonging to a fairy world.

"Pretty, ain't it?" said Obed, rowing slowly.

Mary turned and looked, and looked again.

"Lovely — more than lovely. I don't wonder you love it better than anything else. I don't wonder!"

She looked very little and frail in the stern of the big dory. Obed swung the boat around, and pulled for home with vigorous strokes.

"You don't look so terrible rugged, Mary. Be you cold? We'll soon be in. I'll sell 'em both, the Kitty and the dory. What's them to you!"

Word ran on the Water Front that the big cat, Kitty, was for sale. High-booted,

amphibious beings, who looked as if they might be a remove or so from a big cod-fish, turned the item over slowly, like a cud, and chewed it. There is not so much news on the Water Front that one receives it with indifference. There is news enough; nobody wants any more, — but there is no use in wasting it.

"Calculatin' to get another craft?" said a bearded one, who looked like an unconverted apostle.

"Some."

"Bigger 'n the Kitty?"

"Some smaller," admitted Obed.

"Off-Island, I s'pose."

"Yes."

"Carry much sail?"

"All I kin handle."

"Calculate to run her alone?"

"Sure."

"I guess you goin' call her Mary," said Obed's mate.

"That's her name. Was you thinkin' about buyin' the Kitty?" said Obed suddenly to the Apostle.

"Some," he admitted, and proceeded to take away the Kitty's character with cautious civility, as is the custom on the Water Front, where no man willingly makes an enemy.

But the Kitty's reputation was established, her worth was proved; what Obed had paid for her, what he had done to her, what he would ask for her, was all known, as well as if it had been written in letters of fire over his scallop shanty. The Apostle might have settled the matter in six words, had he been so minded, and Obed could have clinched the bargain with a nod, if he had chosen.

"Where is she?" said the Apostle, though he knew.

"At her moorin's."

"I'd like to look over her."

"Sure."

Obed sculled him out in the green-and-white dory, and the two went over the Kitty as slowly and as carefully as if she had been an ocean steamer. Yet the Apostle had sailed her all of one summer, and knew her as well as he knew the wife

of his bosom, and understood her much better.

This done, they sculled back again to an expectant row of silent fishermen, waiting on the wharf.

"I'd like to go over her again some day."

"Just as you say."

"I'd like to go codfishin' in her."

"Sure, Silas."

"To-morrow mornin'? Say three."

"Sure — no — I got to go drivin' to-morrow mornin'."

"What fur?" said Silas suspiciously.

"What the hell is that to you!" Obed broke out so furiously that the Apostle backed into a heap of smelly scallop-shells to get out of his way. "If you don't want the Kitty you can leave her, damn you!"

"He's some sore about sellin' the Kitty," commented the Water Front sagaciously. "Wonder what he wants a smaller boat fur?"

And it looked askance at Joseph, the Portuguese mate.

But Joseph sat down on a pile of old boards, and looked at the green-and-white dory. He wanted a dory, and though he was not in Obed's confidence, he worked with him all day and every day, and he guessed a good deal more than he was told.

He sighted Obed the next morning, steering a horse and runabout carefully along an empty street, and hailed him.

"Wants to come about all the time," complained Obed. "I never see no such a horse."

"He wanta go back stable," explained Joseph. "I know him. He tired horse after summer. Say! You wanta sell dory. What you ask?"

"Who said I wanted to sell the dory?"

"I thought," said Joseph sullenly. He was a steady, sulky, decent sort of lad, but with no strain of the gentle blood that betrayed itself in Obed now and then by some brief scruple, some unlooked-for fineness, that flashed, and flickered, and went out, like the flame of a dying fire. Joseph had no such weaknesses to thwart

his purpose and undo his will; he was wholly of his world.

Some years ago the sea, for reasons of her own, and with no thought of man, broke open a short way to the fishing grounds, and swept it with her tides, to the great easement of the fishermen, who were thereby saved miles of rough water, and hours of valuable time. Quite recently she has closed it up again, with a few winter storms and a handful of sand, and the fishermen have returned to the road their fathers traveled, and the hours their fathers kept; as a matter of necessity and without more complaint than is the habit of men who are used to the caprices of the sea.

It was three o'clock of a starlit morning when the Kitty slipped out of the harbor, with three fishermen aboard her, Obed and Joseph and Silas. Joseph grumbled a little at the hour, according to the nature of the man and the race, but Silas chewed and spat in silence. Obed at the wheel smoked his pipe with an open mind, through which floated at intervals pleasing images of vast, submissive cod hauled into the boat, hand over hand, and taken home to an admiring Water Front, or visions of right little, tight little barrels, well packed with well "plumped" scallops, and sold to advantage to a generous dealer. They were the outcome of longtime habit of work and thought, and came unbidden, claiming his mind as their rightful dwelling-place. Yet, with them, he thought of Mary, his little Mary, with her brown eyes and firm mouth, her curious hot and cold way of loving him, her Off-Island fancy for progress and change, and laughed softly to himself at the thought.

"We not gettin' what we ought to get." It was Joseph and he spoke of the price of scallops, which is no more just than the judgment of man.

"That's so," said Obed warmly.

Silas spat voluminously. "Sailin' close," he said unwillingly. As a matter of business he did not wish to commend the Kitty; as a matter of civility, he did

not choose to admit Obed's skill in handling her.

Obed spun the wheel with a caressing hand; he and the Kitty understood each other; she seemed to say she would do so much for no other man; to comment on his dealings with her was like interfering between man and wife, but Silas was unacquainted with the finer feelings. What he thought he said.

"Good boat, good cap'n," said Joseph.

"I wan't sayin' nothin' about no boat, nur no captin," said Silas. "I said she was sailin' *close*."

Joseph laughed, and Silas said something to his beard about Portygees, and their ultimate dwelling-place.

The stars were setting, the northeast wind blew fresh and sweet, without chill, or hint of harm.

"Lord! but this is goin' to be a great day," said Obed happily.

"I'll buy her, Obed," said Silas, acting on impulse for the first time in his life, "at your price."

Obed's hands stiffened on the wheel; his dreams vanished before a wind of rage.

"It's damned cold," he said. "Give me the bottle, Silas, s'posin' you've left anything in it!"

"How about it?" urged Silas.

"I ain't ready to part with her yit," said Obed. "That's all there is about it."

"Jest ez you say," said Silas.

Never had the Kitty seemed so fair.

"Trouble is the boats," said Obed.

He and Mary were sitting side by side on the old men's bench. It was a foggy Sunday afternoon, and its rightful occupants, being old and cold, were tucked away by kitchen stoves.

"Can't you sell them?"

"I kin — but I hate to."

"I know it's hard for you."

"I been thinkin' I'd kind o' taper off by sellin' one, but I can't make up my mind which."

"Tapering off's a bad thing; break-

ing off's the only way," said Mary, out of the inexperience of youth.

"That's so, I s'pose," assented Obed. "I ain't spoke about goin' to no one yet. Joseph suspicions it, I kin tell by the way he talks, an' he'd tell Isabella. But they won't tell no one."

"Who's Isabella?"

"She's his sister. She's a pretty girl for a Portygee, an' a good girl, as fur as I know, an' I'd know if she wan't. She thinks a good deal of Joseph. Gen'ally comes down to meet him, when we've been out."

"Tell me more about her," said Mary, with a troubled brow.

"There ain't no more. She's a real good cook. If you'd have come here to live, an' I'd have had money enough to keep a girl for you, I'd have tried to get Isabella," said Obed, soaring suddenly on unaccustomed wing into the realms of fancy.

He put out a big brown hand, and gathered Mary's into it. She made no demur.

"Why Mary!" said Obed, "you would n't let me hold your hand last Sunday, scared of folks seeing you! When the fog comes in a little thicker, I'm goin' to kiss you."

"I'm not afraid of your doing anything to make folks laugh at me. You would n't, Obed!"

"There's no tellin' what I'd do. I mought."

Mary's eyes searched her lover's face; clear eyes and kind they were, wise in the things of the spirit, ignorant of the things of the flesh.

"Don't be scared, Mary. I ain't goin' to shame you."

"I'm not afraid. Oh, I know — I know it's hard for you to leave the boats and the harbor, but I'll make it up to you. You shan't be sorry, once you come," said Mary, with prescient vision of her fisherman's heart.

"Seems queer," said Obed, "there should be places with no harbors to 'em. Makes it unhandy gettin' there."

"Why, there are trains!"

"I know," said Obed, rather hurt at being told. "I know. Sure. But a harbor's more convenient. I don't never feel real easy on a train. Makes me feel 's if I'd been drinkin' the night before. Trains ain't got beam enough, Mary, that's what."

"I guess you don't drink very much," said Mary, meaning not at all.

"Well, I don't," said Obed, meaning what he said.

Mary gave him an adoring look of absolute assurance that he did not drink, absolute forgiveness if he ever had.

"Father lived down east when he was a young man. The waves used to wake him up nights breaking on the rocks, when he first went there, he says. He'll be pleased to tell you about it."

"That's the way they do at the South Shore," said Obed; though it is the unvarnished truth that there are no rocks at the South Shore, only soft sand. "Some folks admires 'em. What I like 's a harbor. You don't have no trouble gettin' your boat out, it don't knock everythin' to pieces winters, it don't make no roarin' noise, it — What's the matter, Mary?"

Mary was staring out into the thickening fog as if she saw a ghost there.

"What's the matter, Mary?"

"I can't see you anywhere but here!"

"Well, I ain't anywheres but here."

"No — no — no! I don't mean that. You won't come, Obed. You'll never come. You can't! You will come, won't you? Promise me you will."

"Sure. Soon's I sell the boats I'll come. Don't cry, Mary. Why, Mary!"

He slid an awkward arm around her waist. "It's pretty thick now. Folks can't see us."

"I don't care if they do."

"Why, Mary!"

That women should cry and melt the hearts of men was a law of nature with which he was not unfamiliar, but he had never heard anything like this despairing sobbing. He had always been a little

afraid of his Mary, looked up to her, yielded to her as a big, gentle dog defers to a fierce little one, whom he could crush with a paw, as far as physical strength goes. What he recognizes, and obeys, is not size but character.

"I would n't cry like that, Mary, if I was you. You've got no call to cry," he said with surpassing gentleness.

Mary's head, wet with the clinging fog, drooped against his shoulder; her carefully built plans were crumbling to pieces before her eyes, her hopes were but vanity; she was no longer confident, no longer strong, no longer wise. Now was the time for Obed to assert himself, and settle his way of life once for all, as a man should do, to exact obedience as his right. He knew; there was no lack of brain in his small, compact head, but some impulse, far away and faint, forbade him to take advantage of a moment's weakness in the woman he loved; perhaps, too, his own irresolute heart withheld him; it is not so uncommon for a fault to shoulder a virtue over a difficult place.

He drew away roughly, and rose to his feet.

"Quit cryin', Mary. Quit it now," he said. "You've no call to cry like that!"

Had he lost the battle, or had he won it? Victory is in the eye of the beholder, a debatable thing; he had lost his sweet-heart, though neither of them guessed it; but on the whole he had borne himself well, and been proved not unworthy of that valiant line of deep-sea sailors from which he had sprung.

Mary began to pull herself together, a prophetess no longer, and spoke, brokenly: "I don't know what — made me act so. Going away — so soon — and the fog — it came in so thick — all of a sudden, it scared me. I could n't see anything. It — seemed as if everything was gone."

"Lost your reckonin' — kind o'."

"Oh! you and your sea-talk," said Mary. She was entirely herself again, with no lingering doubts as to the course and conclusion of things. "Let's go up

to the house and sit by the stove. It's awful damp down here."

"Just as you say, Mary. Just as you say," Obed said in Water-Front parlance.

She nodded approval of the phrase and the sentiment; if he would hold by that, she was sure she could carry their affairs to a happy conclusion. Yet it was not to be, and her heart's desire was to be withheld from her in mercy, the depths of which she should not fathom until the breaking of a brighter day.

The tides come and go on the shores of that Island, and the old wharf shakes beneath the fury of the winter gales. Daily the fishermen put out to sea; their talk is of wind and storm, this one's boat, and that one's catch; of the outside world they take small heed. To the northward it lies; sometimes a trick of the air lifts it into sight, a gray shadow on a far horizon; then the sky changes, and it drops back again and vanishes, and is forgotten, as if it had not been.

THE DISORGANIZATION OF THE BOOK-TRADE

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

I HAVE just come home from a delightful trip on the European Continent, in which there was never any chance to be homesick for America. America was visible everywhere! American acquaintances at every inn, and at every turn of the road, American goods strewn over every land. From the Ohio cash-register and the Connecticut typewriter and the California fruit and the Massachusetts shoe and the New York chorus-girl, down to the little devices with the United States stamp, every American product seems to welcome the traveler on the other side. There is only one thing he had better pack beforehand into his trunk if he wants ever to see it: an American book.

The American book is practically unknown on the European Continent. I went to the special bookstores of foreign literature; they had a hundred excuses in store, but never the books I wanted. I made my pilgrimage to the large libraries, and could not find such American books as no village library in America would wish to be without. I went to scholarly congresses and talked there with hard-reading men of all nations, and they spoke of the writings of American scholars as of the Rocky Moun-

tains, which they certainly accept as existing, and which may be splendid and wonderful, but which they have never had a chance to see in the original. And on expressing my astonishment, I usually received the reply that it is too bothersome to get American books, as the book-trade of the United States seems without order and system: nobody knows where to find what is wanted. I saw it with my own eyes. An important book by a Columbia professor had appeared in New York in March; in the following August, a German bookstore wrote to the English representative of the American house, and ordered the book for a customer. I saw the reply card which laconically announced from London that the book had not yet appeared in print. I was in Berlin when a little paper of mine in a popular New York magazine stirred up some discussion in America; the discussion went over into the German papers, but the magazine did not follow over the ocean. After hunting for it in vain in the bookstores, where the English magazines were heaped up, I was almost surprised to discover at last a forlorn copy on a hotel news-stand, purchasable for about three times the regular price.

It is easy to make light of this failure of the American book abroad: what does it amount to, — we are asked, — if our latest novel is sold at home in hundreds of thousands, and if our magazines reach every village of America? But even if the dollars and cents in the case may be a trifling matter, there is a more important issue involved. The world-influence of the American mind must suffer if the chief messengers of American thought, the books, are hampered on their way, and if the American scholar and poet and essayist and author cannot be heard in every land. The mist of prejudices against the crudeness and materialism of the New World is still thick and heavy; how can it be dispelled, if those who interpret American ideals and express American endeavors are kept in silence outside of the home boundaries? In our times, when the civilized world has become one, and every newspaper of Europe has its long cables about the most trivial American events, it is a wrong to the world-influence of American culture if our writers are banished from the European Continent by our own carelessness.

Of course, it would seem that good translations might overcome the evil. But what a pitiful tale is made by the haphazard selections of the translators! It often seems as if the French, the German, the Italian translators had carefully chosen the least important and least significant products for their interpretative efforts. In German, for instance, it is true that Mark Twain and Bret Harte and Poe, and, to some extent, Emerson, are well known by translations, but beyond that all is chaos; and among American writers of the last years, Andrew Carnegie and Helen Keller appear most often in the window of the German bookshop. The great tendencies of modern American writing do not show at all in the chance translations of the day. It must not be forgotten that the just anger of the European publisher plays an important rôle in this, and erects a barrier against many an American author. The Euro-

pean publisher sees his works practically unprotected against American pirates. He is not aware that American authors and publishers would greatly welcome acceptance by the United States of the international copyright laws of Europe, and that it is the typographical unions which are the centre of opposition. He knows only that his novels are reprinted in German-American papers, and that his text-books are published in American translations without any profit to him, and he takes his vengeance by refusing to print anything American. The Americans are hardly aware how quickly this feeling of spite is growing among European publishers.

Before me lies a beautiful German book, the first page of which contains the well-known American copyright formula. Below it the following words appear: "The United States demands the reprinting of this formula for the insufficient protection, limited to one year, which they give to foreign books; they demonstrate by it that with the majority of Americans the idea of the intellectual property of other nations is not so highly developed as with us." Hundreds of thousands read this note, and become painfully conscious that a German book is indeed protected in America for one year, while every American book is protected in Europe for thirty years after the author's death. It is truly not surprising that the good will of the Continental publishers towards the American author is faint, and that there is no other sure way for the propagation of American ideas abroad than the pushing forward of the American book and magazine themselves.

And yet the gloomy view of our American book-trade which I brought back from my European travels has, after all, a much more serious meaning. The failure abroad may not count for much, but the impressions in Europe brought more clearly to my mind than before that the American book to a high degree is not less a failure in our own country; here, too, it does not really reach the readers. Of

course, the American buys many books, and pushes the latest novel to its third hundred thousand, but no one who watches the selection closely can doubt that haphazard methods determine the demand and supply, and that superficiality and aimlessness prevail; and the guilt for all of it lies in the disorganization of the book-trade. A change somewhat after the European example is needed, and such a change would be not simply a commercial problem, but truly a social reform. That is the reason, and the only reason, why an observer of American social traits asks for a hearing; a serious injury to the people's mind is imminent — that it is an injury also to the publishers' pocket is secondary.

The well-adapted book at home is, after all, the strongest agency for national culture. It is the only reliable remedy for the saloon and its miseries, and it is the only antidote to the benumbing chase for mere wealth and its pseudo pleasures and excitements. The newspaper with its sensationalism cannot stem the longings of the mind, and the chances are great that those who are not in the habit of reading good books will benefit little even from the rich treasures that the magazines put before them. They glance perhaps at the pictures, they rush through a story, they peep into an article, — they have lost the repose needed for that reading which the library at home suggests and sternly demands. Of course, we are near the truth in blaming for all this the hurry of our up-to-date life. To rush through the world in automobiles means to accustom the eye to the rapid flight of impressions, and spoils the inner eye for the fancies of repose. The woman who wastes her time with bridge whist loses the energy for the old-fashioned habit of continual serious reading. But, however true that may be, is not perhaps the other side equally responsible? Is the book defeated only because the rush of superficial life has become so wild, or has not perhaps the rush become so passionate, and the automobile and the whist so absorbing, because

the book was too weak, and did not force itself sufficiently into the foreground?

I point at once to the core of the trouble: in Europe the bookstores are the centre of the reading community, and their number increases steadily, — America's bookstores are dying out, and their influence is insignificant; outside of the largest cities you seek them almost in vain. If I go in Germany, for instance, to a town of a hundred thousand inhabitants, I find from a dozen to a score of attractive well-supplied bookstores. A rich assortment of books from all fields — new and older books, literary and scholarly books, popular editions and costly works — is easily accessible to the customer, and by the splendid organization of the trade, every book that is not at hand can be supplied from the central reservoirs in a day. Each store has its ample display in the windows, constantly changing; each one gladly sends to its customers for inspection all the new books which might have for him special interest. The books there come to you and attract you and tempt you and take hold on you.

The average American town of a hundred thousand inhabitants may have a dozen jewelry stores, but not a single true bookstore. Of course there are plenty of chances to buy the stories of the month, and some books on birds and on travel, a golden treasury and a book for the boy; but a full supply in all lines, as it is found next door in the grocery or the cigar or the glove or the ribbon store, is practically unknown outside of the largest cities. The books are sold either in the small stationer's, with ink and leather goods, if not with candy, or in the huge department store, between bathing-suits and trunks. In the one case, there is no backing of capital; all is done with the narrowest means. In the other case, there is no profit, as the books are on the whole added to attract the people who might happen to buy an umbrella and shirt-waist after being drawn into the big place where the latest novel is given away below the publishers' wholesale price. In

both cases there is nothing at hand which has not the probability of pretty immediate sale, and in both cases all real interest in literature is absent; an adjustment to the subtler needs of the community is thus impossible.

You might reply: That does not matter, as we Americans order our books directly from the publisher, which saves us the profit of the middleman; the book can be sold so much cheaper because there is no local trade which adds the profit of the dealer to the price. What the publishers have to offer we know sufficiently from their advertisements in the papers, and from their pretty, attractive catalogues, and from the reviews and critical articles. And finally, there are the subscription agents, who certainly lack no patience in bringing their books to the prospective readers. We have therefore stationery shops, and department houses, and publishers' advertisements and selling agents, and in addition the railroad counters and the hotel-stands, — what more can be desired?

All this is granted. But what is the result? Buying books has become to a high degree a matter of passing fashions, and these fashions are essentially determined by the advertisements of the publishers. Everybody buys the latest book which the fashion pushes forward, and the chances are great that it is just that kind of a book which five years later nobody will read, and which will be a dead weight in the home library. No publisher can afford to give equal chance to all his publications. To bring a book, only for a few weeks, to the attention of the magazine or newspaper readers is extremely expensive; it is possible only for the books which, by the name of the author or by sensational features or by special timeliness, promise unusual sale. Any other book, too, might be brought forward by extensive advertising, but it would be ruinous; it may not be difficult to sell a one-dollar book if a two-dollar bill is laid in every copy, but the publishers do not like that method. As a result, most authors complain that

their publishers do not take enough trouble with the announcement of their particular writings, and that they therefore sell in unsatisfactory figures. They may well envy the German author whose books are supplied on request to every bookstore in the country free of charge for a year's display. With us here a book that is not widely advertised, or widely criticised, does not indicate its existence to the average reader. And yet this advertising system itself makes the idea of reducing the price of books by eliminating the bookstore entirely hopeless; it is more expensive than the profit of the middleman, and serves only the few favorites.

The immediate consequence of this whole situation is the rapid disappearance of the books after their noisy appearance for a few months. Débutantes in our society are allowed to dance at least more than one winter before they withdraw; but in the catalogues which pile up on our breakfast-tables the débutante books of the season are alone admitted, the output of the foregoing year is forgotten. A book which does not win favor in the first weeks seldom has a second chance. But that is a waste of intellectual labor which no nation can afford. Europeans are often surprised to find how wasteful the American household of moderate means is: the kitchen makes use only of the best slices, and does not understand the art of making the less favored parts appetizing by dainty cooking, and thus serviceable to the household welfare. The literary kitchen of the nation is much more wasteful, without being rich enough to be able to afford such luxury. To live ever from new books means in this case simply underfeeding.

This hasty rhythm is all the more ruinous because America does not believe in new editions, — one of the saddest features of American bookmaking. In Germany, for instance, a book outside of fiction is usually revised by the author when one thousand copies have been sold. It is thus kept living, in steady contact with the progress of knowledge, and in steady

adjustment to criticism; thoroughness demands it. In the United States I know students' text-books sold up to more than fifty thousand copies in the last twenty years with never a word in them changed. If the book has once found favor, it goes on, by mere tradition, unchanged, however antiquated its statements may be. The European publisher in such cases would have demanded from the authors a revision at least every second year. The reason for the difference is clear. The European book is printed from type for the purpose of making new editions easy, as the type is destroyed after the printing of a limited number. The American book, on the other hand, is printed from plates, which allow an unlimited reprinting if the book is successful. If the plates are once made, it is of course much cheaper to go on with unchanged reprinting than to set up a really new edition. The publisher too often tempts the author into such superficial usage by contracts which allow increasing royalty with the growing sale, and in this way the financial advantage of both author and publisher has made the custom of new editions unusual. Yet the best chance to bring an old book to new light is in this way thrown away; in Europe each new edition is circulated and reviewed like a new book. In short, very different factors work together to make American books melt away with the "snows of yesteryear."

The well-advertised books disappear too quickly, and the books which do not justify extensive advertisement have no chance, — but all this is the poor fate of books which have had at least the good fortune to appear. Can there be any doubt that this whole situation works from the outset against the appearance of many other books? Not every book has the desire to be a best seller, not every book is written for large crowds, and yet if it had a chance to reach the inquiring booklovers in every home, and to remain for their perusal in the bookstores, it might slowly find a little audience, and

might thus in the long run pay the publisher. But the American publisher knows that there is no long run for the book which is not expensively advertised, or which does not appeal to large circles. He cannot risk, therefore, manufacturing the plates, and the elaborate manuscript remains unprinted. The lack of good bookstores, which are just adapted for selling the slow-moving books, thus inhibits the literary production of the whole country. The young or unknown author is pushed into the newspapers and magazines, while his thoughts perhaps demand the book for adequate expression; or he is forced to keep his product unpublished if his work is unsuited to the popular channels.

Scholarship and academic activity suffer immensely from this unwillingness of the publishers to risk the publication of a modest book; and they are justified in their fears, as, under the American system, publication would indeed mean a loss to them. I feel sure that my first four German books on topics of experimental psychology would not have been published by an American publisher, or only at my own expense. In the last year there appeared in Germany, with its sixty million inhabitants, 28,703 new books; in the United States, with its eighty millions, not more than 8112. In magazines, America is far ahead of Europe; their organization is splendid, they know how to reach the American reader; as they do not need the bookstore, but live from subscriptions and news-stands, the publishers can count on success, and thus no plan need remain unrealized. With books, exactly the opposite; the channels of distribution are clogged because for them the bookstores are indispensable, and their meagreness thus works backwards on the timidity of the publishers.

At the same time the bookbuyers become disorganized too. They no longer have that delightful opportunity to spend half an hour once or twice a week in a well-supplied bookstore, and to enjoy the

old friends and the new acquaintances before they are brought home for the family hearth. The reader without a bookstore becomes uncritical; with him to work upon, the silliest book can be brought up to a large edition by clever advertisements, and a smart subscription agent can lead him into any trap. The St. Louis World's Fair published an excellent work in eight volumes as a report of its international scientific congress. This scholarly production was sold at first for twenty, later for twelve dollars, and when the interest seemed exhausted, the remaining two thousand copies were given on a small bid to a little publishing firm which was expected to sell the rest for a still smaller price. But the firm knew where our trade-methods have landed us. They took a cheap book of pictures, and distributed the photographs carelessly through the eight volumes; for instance, they had a picture of a naked woman with a crescent in her hair,—they gave it as an illustration to a scholarly report to the Congress about the moon; and so on. Finally they made a showy binding, and then they sold each set by subscription for one hundred and fifty dollars.

What can be done to bring the haphazard and hysterical methods of book-buying to desirable conditions, from which publishers, authors, and readers may profit alike? Nothing more ought to be necessary than a fundamental reform of the bookstores. We must have in every town large, beautiful, well-supplied bookstores, conducted with some literary instinct. The German method of bringing this about is not applicable in the United States, as here it would be construed as unallowable restraint of trade. The German law allows restrictions which American suspicion of monopolies would not tolerate.

In Germany all publishers form one association, no member of which has a right to sell directly to the customer; every copy, therefore, goes through the bookseller. Yet that alone, if adopted

here, would not secure any great advantage, for it would be very doubtful whether a small town could have its decent bookstore, as the large stores in the big cities would evidently be able to give a high discount, and would thus secure the whole trade by mail-orders. The bookshop in the small place would then be lost. The really decisive point is, therefore, that no member of the publishers' association should have a right to give books to a bookstore that sells below the regular retail price. The customer in a little country town in Germany can thus get his book from Berlin or Leipzig only at the same price at which the store in the neighboring street supplies it, and his neighbor can give him the further advantage of a convenient display. He trades, therefore, in his own town; and in this way even the smallest place can provide business for a solid bookstore which is a centre of literary interest.

Such an agreement, which stimulates the book-loving instinct through every county of the Fatherland, involves indeed a restraint of trade, and the Supreme Court of the United States has decided against it. The bookstore which breaks the price agreement with one publisher, and undersells its neighbor, cannot by any associative agreement lose the right to get books from other publishers; yet just on that hinges the German success. But there are other ways to secure similar results, and one especially which would be the true American way: a combination without monopoly. In every field of American activity the combinations have raised the level of demand and supply; it is high time that we get for the book-trade that improvement which even the tobacco interests have introduced for the sale of their goods. The dusty little cigar-shops of the past are crowded out by the large stores in which the united tobacco companies sell their goods under their own auspices.

It is by all means the best way. In the department stores literature will never take a dignified place, and the little book-

stores, or rather half-bookstores and quarter-bookstores, which prevail to-day cannot ever be the germs for the desired development, because there is no capital behind them. Bookstores which are really to serve the ideal interests of American culture must be attractive, large halls with a rich assortment, and a display with comfort for the reader, and that means an outlay of large capital, — which, indeed, will earn more than in the dingy shops of to-day. Places like the six or eight best and finest bookstores in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia ought to be, several hundred in number, spread over the whole land. Their function would be not less important than that of the public library. And all this is possible at once if the publishers themselves would unite their energies, and together create bookstores in which all products of their publishing houses should be on continuous display. They have the capital, and they would find this method ultimately cheaper than their present catalogue system; it would swell the home libraries; it would bring the quiet and modest books to a dignified sale; it would keep the good books alive longer, and would adjust the sale to the really serious needs of the public: a change which would bring a strengthening of every sound impulse in the community.

Something of this kind must be done, or the bookstores will and must dwindle away entirely, and with them the habit of reading a good personally owned book by the home fireplace, — the habit of reading with continued attention, instead of rushing spasmodically through the little cut-off pieces of the illustrated pamphlets.

Otherwise, instead of leisurely wandering through the fields of literature, there will soon be only hasty automobiling through them, with a steady increase of superficiality; and, worst of all, the authors will be more and more forced to adapt themselves to such conditions. American literature will become more and more hasty and occasional, while we are all longing for that great, new, upward movement of American literature for which the time seems ripe and the gods seem willing.

[The foregoing article has been submitted to two well-known American publishers. They agree with Professor Münsterberg in deprecating the present conditions of the book-trade, but they do not share his faith in a possible reorganization along the lines suggested. The American Publishers' Association, which has been held by the Supreme Court to be a combination in restraint of trade, was formed in order to prevent the small booksellers from being driven out of business by the department stores. Since the unexpected legal obstacle to the work of the Association has arisen, the problem of the small bookshop remains precisely what it was. For the publishers themselves to enter the field of retail bookselling, as Professor Münsterberg suggests, would not only require a vast increase in their capital, but would inevitably, in the opinion of the two publishers consulted, result in the further demoralization of the local booksellers, whom the publishers now desire to protect and encourage in every possible manner. Perhaps there is some other way out of the difficulty. — THE EDITORS.]

DESERT ASIA

BY R. W. PUMPELLY

ONLY mounds now, only rarer traces
Tell where cities slowly sank and died away,
Tell where hearts and hopes of passing races
Came to naught in melting mirage, time's decay;

Only mounds on far horizons fading
Over tossing sands where tall, gray camels graze,
Clear at morning, blurred at even, shading
Out of desert shadows into glowing haze.

Tired nomads there at even singing
Sound the echoes of a long dead world's despair:
Music of an ancient people ringing
Down the ages fills the desert everywhere.

Over barren hills forever haunted
Comes the chanting of the sad Hyrcanian shore;
Sorrowing winds of Asia waft unwanted
O'er a wasting sea still tossed by storms of yore.

He who hears it sees remote recesses,
Vague beginnings of an olden world's arrears,
Ruins of Oblivion's blurred abysses
Looming in the everlasting mist of silent years.

There are vistas dim where clouds dis sever
Over far forgotten lands where cities gleam,
Generations that are gone forever,
Kingdoms crumbling in a dim primeval dream;

Leaving only deserts gray and lonely,
Sites of unremembered cities, gloomed and grand,
Tenanted by winds and shadows only,
Desolating winds and dunes of idle sand.

"SOCIETY"

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

BUDS, in Nellie Grogan's world, come out like morning-glories. It is upon the morning when first she stands behind the counter — in the department of kitchen things, let us say, down under a shop — that Nellie enters society. Her industrial début implies her social début. That is why, all the evening before, she is an excited arrangement in curl-papers, flushed cheeks, and dancing eyes. Society! Independence! An end of school-days and the maternal suzerainty! Already there looms aureoled in romance the figure of a "steady." Fancy, peering still further into the enchanted future, reveals the *Sunday Star* one day printing Miss Helen Grogan's picture among portraits of "The North Cove's Society Belles." A week ago Sadie Fogarty achieved that distinction, and, as Nellie put it, she "ain't such a much."

Observed superficially, the North Cove might seem rather less than a stronghold of society. It has too many tall chimneys, too many gas-tanks, too many tenements like the one where the particular Nellie I select as typical shares a room with her widowed mother. It were a shabby enough folly, though, to contest the Cove's pretensions. "Society," in itself a graceful vocable, adds but one more humbug to the lexicon of inflated terminology that lends consolation to "sales-ladies," "manicure-ladies," and "chorus-ladies;" turns bell-boys into "hotel bell-men," and hod-carriers into "plasterers' assistants;" and makes an "engineer" of the furnace-man down cellar. Peculiar, however, are certain ladies and gentlemen in society. Said a North Cove girl to the deaconess at the mission, "How do, Miss Harvey? Been havin' the time o' me life. Been up in the jail, callin' on a gentleman friend o' mine. He was put in

for stabbin' a lady." At the Thalia, when an uproar had interrupted *East Lynne*, a voice explained, "It's all over now; there was two ladies fightin'." At the Settlement, the ethical adviser may dauntlessly accuse a man of lying, stealing, or monstrous intemperance, but must never exclaim, "You're no gentleman!" Society avenges that formula by awarding a "slam in the slats." And if, by its insistence upon distinguished appellations, society seems to be lifting itself by its bootstraps, pray note the beneficent results. "Society," "lady," "gentleman," express and stimulate a craving for gentility. Without those agreeable fictions, the North Cove would be notably more wretched, and intruders would still more commonly come off with cracked heads.

Now, between beginning to be in society and beginning to be of it, there yawns an interval. Six days divide Nellie from that sceptre of her sovereignty over her destiny, the Saturday night pay-envelope. Yet the interval hums with sociability, there in the basement. "An' Terry, he says to me, he says " — you know the vein. Indeed, one might marvel that it lacks for our bud the tang of freedom. It does, though, and when comes at last the little envelope, there surges through Nellie's blood a wild exultancy. There's only one thing for it — a ball!

You are not to interpolate an invitation. The beauty of being in and of society is that one lives above invitations. Neither are you to demand a delicately enthusiastic paragraph about Nellie's ball-dress. Save for a new pink ribbon, set jauntily in her hair, she goes clad as for her Sunday afternoon parading of the Cove's "Peacock Row." You may, however, insert a shudder. For we purpose to send Nellie to Spread Eagle Hall — as

why, forsooth, should we not? Often she has heard of it, in glowing reports by other girls; a jolly place it must be — a bit adventurous, perhaps, but suiting her mood. She sets forth alone, and takes her way beneath the elevated railroad to the corner where a sign in a doorway proclaims, "Social To-night — Gents 25 cents, Ladies 15." Head high, she ignores the "kidding" idlers who dangle about the entrance; she buys her ticket; she trips down a dirty hall-way, the clamor of Doolan's Orchestra banging in her ears, and a hundred apprehensions hammering in her heart. She is of society now — her own mistress, and duly scared.

Consider it. Upon the walls of the dance-hall she sees posters' announcing students' nights, masquerades, a French ball, a *pas seul* by Little Egypt — frauds, every one, though they augur no good. She sees a roisterous multitude, whose faces tell tales. Pasty faces there are, suggesting the creatures one finds under stones; yes, and here and there a painted face. Worse, the girl sees faces pure, for Spread Eagle Hall is not only a haven of sinners, it is also a school and forcing-bed of crime. Ruskin, who wrote of "girls dancing because of their misery," might have written with equal fidelity of girls miserable because of their dancing. But what especially alarms Nellie is the manner of the dancing. Instead of "dancing society," as the phrase goes, yonder merry-makers permit themselves to "spiel," and for spieling there exists no adequate condemnation. Nevertheless, one may try a blow at it, possibly, by intimating that, were it ninefold more bacchanalian and executed for hire and before an audience of three thousand people, aristocrats would clap their hands. The costuming, of course, would require revision. Street clothes violate the canons of taste and decorum established by musical comedy and sanctioned by the applause that drowns disgust in a semblance of glee.

Having brought Nellie hither, for sake of probability, it behooves us for sake of chivalry to snatch her away, which should

scarce be difficult. Look! A churlish, slouching fellow has seized her about the waist and swung her out into the dance. "Fresh!" she snaps. The youth lets her go; in society, "Fresh!" declares a suspension of civilities. It announces "trouble." Perplexed, not guessing why a lass should resent his advances, he blurts sulkily, "Y' ain't sore, are you?" But Nellie has no mind for parleying. She flees, almost prepared to "beat it for home and mother." She has identified Spread Eagle Hall with that highway to perdition which forty blood-and-thunder melodramas have taught her to abhor.

At this point, since the background teems with his kind, and his advent is never untimely, let us bring on the "steady." A heaver of packing-boxes in the basement where Nellie works, Mr. Hefty McCafferty (as we assume) has already adored from afar. Happening by as the girl emerges from the social and stands beneath the "el," her eyes moist and her cheeks blazing, Hefty notes Nellie's all too evident infelicity, and addresses her with the compassionate though perchance over-conventional query, "Stung?"

If Nellie replies, and undoubtedly she will, we have a clear case of "pick-up." Spare the term, though. As well address a saleslady as "Cash," or ask a Celtic lad "how he likes the country." If this sounds odd, remember that on ocean-liners there develops an all-around good fellowship only partly come at by way of introductions; also, that in certain highly genteel circles, "the house is the introduction."

So Nellie responds cordially to Mr. McCafferty's overtures, and berates Spread Eagle Hall in language at once tart and vivid. Hefty finds her disenchanted — pessimistic, even — if not inclined toward arraigning society with harshness unseemly in one so young. "Say, yous ain't wise, Nell!" he urges, pointing out that Spread Eagle Hall is by no means representative of that mainly harmless institution, the promiscuous

dance. For his part, I fear, he leans a trifle too genially toward optimism. Nevertheless, he fortifies his contentions by adding, "Mebbe we could butt in at the Captain's." A kind, obliging steady, then — to Nellie, and, for that matter, to us. We pause, however, to elucidate.

Among society swains, "wise" is a snug, Anglo-Saxon equivalent for "sophisticated." A "wise guy," in truth, is our Hefty. In yonder throng of spielers, he will distinguish with rare criminological nicety between "guns" and "dips," between "students" and "boiler-makers." He knows the proprietor's court record — can tell how often that worthy has been "on the carpet," and when, and by how long a sojourn each time, he has "squared it" on "the island." He knows the umbrageous methods by which the fellow gets his license renewed in return for umbrageous votes. Moreover, he is "hep" — or, for sake of elegance, should I not say "jerry"? — to much lore fetched down from the Parnassus of pugilism. Versed in good as well as evil, he knows Nellie, at a glance, and knows what joy awaits her at the Captain's.

Would that you possessed a copy of the Captain's prospectus! It begins in charming phrases: "Captain Riordan's Dancing School and Club was founded by the business men of our city in order that there might be one place where they could take their wives and lady friends in safety and cultivate the polite art of ball-room dancing." Bravo, Captain! Well may you boast the quality of your clientèle, among whom, as you proudly assert, "there are three policemen!" And well may you quote by way of superemphasis such rules as, "No smoking, no intoxicating liquors, and no profane language permitted in the Club," and "No high kicking, separating, or splits allowed."

Nor is Captain Riordan a mere ethical "four-flusher." A retired petty officer, he glories in discipline. "First offense, reprimand; second offense, expulsion." His personality extends to the very door.

There he has posted a gimlet-eyed dame, who sights Hefty and demurs, though presently, seeing Nellie, she softens. "Fifty cents each," she concedes; "but mind you, no bad language, no vulgar dancing!" Fifty cents — oh, saints preserve us, what a monstrous "bunch of change"! Nevertheless, all are plutocrats on a Saturday evening; preach socialism on Friday. As usage requires, Hefty suffers Nellie to finance her entrance; and it is with a little thrill of pride that the girl surrenders the coin. She worked for it, now it shall work for her. In return for the half-dollar she receives a claim for checking her hat. While admitting to a quasi-public dance, that bit of pasteboard dodges the look of commercialism; for Riordan's club and school exist, extending hospitality to refined outsiders for the better augmentation of profits, but reserving the right to borrow an epigram in favor at the mission, "Your worth is warrant for your welcome." At grand houses one tips the servants. Here one pays for the keeping of hats.

Just within the doorway of the ball-room stands a shaven, priestly-seeming person, with hair well moistened before combing. This is Captain Riordan, who smilingly greets Hefty. "Find you a partner, if you say, or you can ask any lady. We inculcate that in the school." Then, turning encouragingly to Nellie, "The ladies know they won't ever meet a man here that is n't a gentleman." But Hefty, you may be sure, has eyes only for his protégée. He is about to slip an arm around her, when lo, a nimbler, fiercer lad cuts in ahead. As the pair go blithely two-stepping across the smooth hard-maple floor, Hefty has leisure to reflect upon a theme dear to Dr. Johnson, namely, the vanity of human wishes. His thoughts, however, shape themselves in words somewhat more spirited than those vouchsafed to the author of *Rasselas*. "Gee!" he gasps, "would n't that sting you?"

Moping here in the doorway, he surveys the room. — its Nile green walls, its

lugubrious Welsbach lights, its platform for the orchestra, its blazoned moral precepts. The dancers — men in business suits and thick-soled boots, girls in shirt-waists and skirts — he finds eminently genteel. They "dance society" with true elegance, admitting every variety of hold, from the dorsal and long-distance to the cervical and strangle, and clasping hands with that contempt of method which is the soul of art. About their glide there lurks something of the Puritanic. This, and Nellie's defection, may reasonably induce in Hefty a mood like that owned up to by DeQuincey, who described the impression of melancholy afforded by a room full of dancers.

Suddenly the music stops. Each cavalier pilots his lady to her seat, keeping an arm attentively about her waist and prepared dutifully to maintain the posture till the band strikes up again. Thereupon Hefty charges through the crowd, breathing out threatenings and slaughter. Luckily, the disappearance of his rival precludes a "mix-up," but there is fire in his eye as he faces Nellie and blurts, "Say, ain't you the frosty article?" Her ruse has succeeded. The lad's rage is a sort of proposal, the debutante's blush a sort of acceptance. He her steady, she his lady-friend, the two have shipped aboard that pretty, rose-tinted galleon, a short-term love-affair. Until further notice, the world may take cognizance that Hefty and Nellie are "keeping company." Let other suitors stand aloof! With Hefty she dances the rest of the evening, "off" Hefty she consumes raspberry ice-cream soda at the cut-price drug-store during the intermission, and it is Hefty who sees her home, receiving, in all innocence, a good-night kiss.

How easily we have played Providence, thus far! Now comes the rub. It devolves upon conjecture rather than upon knowledge to arrange that, next evening, Mr. Hefty McCafferty shall commit a call. Calls, being rare in the North Cove, elude scientific observation. I think Hefty should present his card, covering

his embarrassment by apologizing for its being a printed instead of a written card — gentlemen, you know, should have their names done into canary-bird curlicues by a professional penman. But how cover the embarrassment of the ladies Grogan? One rented chamber in a tenement suite makes a sorry enough drawing-room. Hence I suggest the amiable intervention of Mrs. Donnelly, who deduces affliction through the wall and hastens to proffer the use of her parlor. A moment later, the couple are seated upon Mrs. Donnelly's installment-plan red-plush sofa, next the installment-plan graphophone. To pay them honor come seven small Donnellys, to say nothing of Mrs. Donnelly, Mrs. Grogan, and three neighbors from across the hall. If this be calling, let us make the least of it, though pausing a moment longer to be sure the graphophone is playing. Fancy hints even the tune — "The Bird on Nellie's Hat; or, You Don't Know Nellie Like I Do."

Here we return to terra cognita. No man can doubt that Hefty has seen a great light. He declares (and I quote him textually) that the park bench "has calling skun a mile." So next morning in the basement he and Nellie formulate a "date," the two to present themselves at seven that evening "under the big clock." What more romantic trysting-place? In the jeweler's window, behind the clock, you have seen the announcement of "genuine imitation diamonds," while from that establishment emanates the thrilling advertisement, "Marry me, Gladys" (or Rosie, or Susie, or Queenie — a new name each day), "and I'll buy the ring at Carter's." Meeting there at the wished, the trysted hour, the pair proceed to a near-by park, where they choose a green bench beside the shore of the pretty toy lake. On other benches, all about, sit other mooning couples, each lad with an arm around his lass. Need I say that Hefty's already encircles Nellie? Ever so gentle is his caress. In fact, it is scarce a caress at all. The arm slips

lightly behind Nellie, and the hand hangs listless beyond her further shoulder. It has almost an air of the extraneous and academic, that posture. It seems to imply, "I, Hefty, take thee, Nellie, to be a lady of charm and dignity, toward whom, in obedience to convention, I thus symbolize my respect. Being a gentleman, I am above omitting a ceremony whose neglect would affront thee." Society, I sometimes think, went not wholly wrong when it contrived this singular custom. Hefty and his breed lack the skill to be-token regard by those delicate nuances of expression which lend sweet eloquence to eye and voice. Nor have their ladies the skill to interpret subtleties. Instead, they are half-way between the gentle-bred girl and the Matabele miss who, when clubbed mightily on the head, knows she is made love to. Society recognizes, however, that strangers, passing its affectionate benchers, feign horror. What of it? Once, when Sadie Fogarty had lectured Nellie touching the inadvisability of being seen in Chinatown, Nellie rejoined, "Take it from me, Sade, you won't never get on in this world till you quits carin' what strangers thinks!" So here. Besides, the more complete the publicity, the more impersonal it becomes, till one finds seclusion in "the tumultuous privacy of a crowd."

What do they talk of on benches? Of themselves, mostly. They unmask their "past lives." Nellie's, as is normal, divides itself into two periods, the pickled lime, and the chewing gum; the latter, by its noble persistency, bringing us down to the present day. "The flavor lasts." Simpler still is Hefty's story. He is, was, and aspires evermore to remain, a devotee of pugilism. His fistic passion he confides to Nellie, telling how he "put away" Kid Briggs in an amateur bout before the Thoroughbred Club, and how he shone, as a luminary of the ninety-third degree, at John L. Sullivan's benefit. For these disclosures concerning his rank in the "sporting fraternity," Hefty is destined to receive a "jar." To his

amazement, Nellie intimates that he has crossed himself before unworthy shrines. For thus, not infrequently, do lady-friends essay the amelioration of steadies. They will at times do a braver thing; as when some shuddering girl comes before the city editor and beseeches him to suppress a bit of news, owning tremulously and with downcast eyes, "A friend o' mine has stole sump'n'." As for Nellie, she labors with her swain, evening after evening, till he gives over sparring. "cuts out the booze," deserts the "2½-cents-a-cue" billiard-rooms, breaks with noxious comrades, and in inspired moments thinks of night-school, and yearns to resemble the self-made captains of industry whose biographies embellish the *Sunday Star*. Mayhap he will say of her in years to come, —

"Showed me the way to promotion and pay;
More like a mother she were."

Among benchers of the inner willow-grove there exists, I grant you, abundant silliness. Nevertheless, as you pass, you may witness without suspecting it the turning-point in a career — in a girl's career, perhaps. When Nellie plays chaplain to Hefty, be sure the youth will reply, "An' you sellin' mousetraps? Yous ain't got no ambition, Nell, or, you'd go to college" — meaning, of course, Green and Wiggs's Institute of Commercial Science. This hitching of wagons to stars — what comes of it? In Nellie's case, we shall see; but Hefty — such is the unsteadiness of steadies — must ere long swim out of our ken. After perhaps a twelvemonth of consecutive Nellie — Nellie on the green bench, Nellie on the merry-go-round, Nellie parading in "glad rags" on a Sunday afternoon, Nellie breasting the surf at Idlewild Beach, Nellie at the "theatre," Nellie tripping it bravely at the Captain's (and at dances less refined, I grieve to say, though always policed by Hefty) — the lad lends ear to the refrain, "The world is full of girls the same as you-ou-ou." There comes a broken tryst, and Nellie learns that her late adorer has transferred his

allegiance to a professional beauty, Miss Kitty Hughes, who "demonstrates" in a shop-window.

Heinous — ineffably, inconceivably heinous — is Hefty's secession, particularly in its method. Let me cite you an opinion by that master of social jurisprudence, Mr. Chuck Connors. "It's a dirty Irish trick," says he, "for a gorilla to get a bundle stuck on him an' den go off an' leave de bundle to go up in de air — see?" Nevertheless, society tempers the law for frail humanity, admitting that keeping company may eventually pall upon a gentleman; in which afflictive emergency it provides a balm for feminine pride by requiring that the final step toward rupture shall remain the prerogative of the lady. A gentleman, when a-weary, must act in an obnoxious and hostile manner, thus courting dismissal.

Here let us state the case fairly. Keeping company, as interpreted by the best sages, simulates an engagement without involving an engagement. In society, one takes short views of life; while Nellie gave Hefty her lips to kiss and her waist to clasp, she has kept her heart whole. They were chums, those two. Chums no more, each may seek a new comrade; only the smash should have been come at more decorously. "He ain't no gentleman!" cries Nellie, as she rends to bits Mr. McCafferty's literary remains — those clumsy brief notes written on ruled paper with an embossed design in the upper left-hand corner, and beginning, as is proper, "Friend Nellie." She reiterates the verdict as she pitches his gifts down the air-shaft — "soov-neers" from the benches, medals reminiscent of holidays, and sundry buttons and badges inscribed, "Skidoo," or "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," or "23 for you."

This frenzy of vandalism redoubles her fury, and affords us our opportunity to awaken within her a resolve to have done with the whole race of Hefty McCaffertys, and to choose her next steady in a more distinguished social milieu. The

thing is perfectly possible. It happens. Like many another girl, she will rise in the world. She will enter realms where no "gorillas" ever "leave bundles to go up in de air" — realms, forsooth, where neither gorillas nor bundles exist. Did n't we say, back yonder in the park, that Hefty's disdain for the vending of mousetraps would bear fruit? Little thought he then that Nellie would flee mousetraps to avoid henceforth his brand of gentility.

So Nellie becomes a climber. Society applauds climbing, since it is not by diplomacy or pretense or display of opulence that one mounts from class to class in that infinitely complicated social organization we naively term "the masses." It is by giving a more and more dazzling answer to the question, "Where do you work?" For work is selective, and quality determines jobs. To improve your social position, improve your industrial position. Brevets of rank are conferred by employers, who choose the most eligible from among many applicants. They are ratified by one's new associates, who, if one shows deficiency of intelligence, dignity, comeliness, or delicacy, may apply the eliminatory treatment known as "passing the ice-pitcher."

Hefty, you perceive, was altogether right in prescribing "college" for Nellie; yet it costs, both in time and money. We may therefore suggest for her that most accessible of social elevators, the telephone school. No tuition fees there; indeed, the school gives each pupil four dollars a week for lunches and carfares. Nor are bills rendered for "sarcasm," or "the cold, bitter laugh of scorn," when girls conspicuously better bred than "the North Cove's society belles" resent Nellie's hoydenish, graceless ways, her coarse, guttural voice, her sibilant enunciation, her slang, her defiance of grammar, and her occasional indulgence in swear-words. Such hazing continues till a girl gentler than the rest draws the parvenue aside and "tips her off." "Honest to goodness, dear," says Nellie's counselor, "you

won't ever get on unless you put up an up-to-date front."

Now the up-to-date front will involve a threefold revision of Miss Grogan, who must acquire the speech, the dress, and the manners of the class she would adorn. To speak softly and grammatically and in the main without slang — that is relatively easy; it means only doing what she has been taught to do in the public school. Waitresses do as much — except when off duty. Dress, too, yields readily to reform, which demands chiefly a striving after simplicity, with the dismissal of portrait-brooches, diamond-studded side-combs, and the tendency to distribute one's favors simultaneously and impartially among the colors, — in a word, it demands a deference to the distinction between the gay and the "guy."

Perhaps you have wondered why, with us as lovely patterns, society parades the caste-insignia that excite the mirth of aristocrats. You had only to glance at Nellie to deduce shop, while as for Hefty, he gloried in his "roached" hair, his tilted derby, his celluloid collar, and a pink ready-made four-in-hand tucked into his shirt-bosom. The fact is, society craves no admiration from aristocrats. It ignores their existence or deplors it. None too flattering, you will find, is the cat's-eye view of the queen. Society reads of aristocratic divorces; it hears from a veracious butler how seventeen highly aristocratic young gentlemen tarried too patiently over their glasses and were ultimately subtabulated. Besides, society judges the "high lifes" more harshly than the "high lifes" judge society, since the Cove never tempers its arraignment with compassion. Queens may pity cats, but cats won't pity queens.

Yet who can progress socially without in some sort stooping to conquer? As Nellie approximates the "bonn-tonn's" dress, so she sets about approximating its manners.

Already schooled in kindness and sincerity, she strives to master the amenities. Partly by imitation, partly by perusing a

valuable treatise called "Don't," and partly by heeding counsel imparted by the girl who "tips her off," she acquires a sort of business, or pidgin, decorum that will later become second nature. Thus panoplied, she may invite us to furnish her a job. What better, for our purpose and hers, than the post of switch-board operator at that modest but very respectable hotel, the Topsfield? There, let us assume, the manager is favorably impressed with Miss Grogan's "up-to-date front," and promises her "ten dollars per."

Now, hotel lobbies, you have heard, bulge with temptations. Possibly; but so do street-corners and socials and beaches, and even, through the contacts they enforce, the basements of shops. But a new armament has of late been added for Nellie's protection — pride. She was vain before — grotesquely vain. To-day the dominant passion springs from a sense of importance, of success, of still bigger success ahead.

Slowly and not without squirms of self-reproof, Nellie has come to look scornfully upon the North Cove. She would prefer Arlington Avenue, where the Topsfield's telegraph operator has lodgings, and where one may proclaim one's address with some elation. Little does she dream how soon she too will dwell there, or how grievous a calamity is to facilitate her transplantation. If we follow for the moment the individual Nellie, who is presently to lose her mother, we shall find a motherless Nellie more typical than before. In general, the Cove is as unmothered as unchaperoned, and were scarce less fortunate if orphaned.

Now an interval; an interval dictated by the biography of the individual Nellie who impersonates the type. A year passes, — to be exact, a year and four months, — after which Miss Helen Grogan, of Arlington Avenue, has begun to recover her blithe spirits. Will you venture to call? Hers is the fine tall mansion between the one with the palmist's sign and the one where they teach stage-

dancing. To the north and south lie endless solid blocks of mansions just like it, save as here and there a lower story has become a shop. Cast shells of the rich, they are now the abodes of "trot-mealers" and "folding-Bedouins." Families have moved out. Detached individuals have moved in. Society, here, consists of single folks in chambers. To you — and likewise to the youths who flock to see Nellie — her landlady says bluntly, "Miss Grogan? Fourth floor, rear. Sure! You can go right up."

Well, two centuries ago, as you may read in *The Spectator*, ladies of fashion received admirers in their chambers — and ere the ladies had risen. Addison denounced the custom, and quite numerous are they who denounce with equal solemnity this infinitely less startling arrangement. To such I rejoin, Nellie and all Arlington Avenue will unite in protesting the innocency of a usage based upon compulsion. The boarding-house had a common parlor, but when the boarders slew the boarding-house, they slew the parlor along with it; the lodging-house has none; it can't have — and yield a profit. Exceptions? Yes, but how rare they are! Again, neither Nellie nor her guests will demand a parlor. They respect the fourth-floor call, and enjoy its cozy informality; for a timorous race are they of the Avenue; most of them have come but lately from the country.

Threadbare stair-carpet, niches where once stood statuettes, doors half ajar, each door veiling a human life, or not quite veiling it — till you reach Nellie's door and knock. She springs to let you in — a changed Nellie, changed and wondrously improved since her entrance into society. Though perhaps she lacks reserve, she has charm, sweet graciousness, and little piquant traces of culture, among them the broad *A*. The up-to-date front has struck in. She is prettier, too. Her face has outgrown the slight under-lying sullenness so common in "society," and has meanwhile gained that significant look of focus which North Cove beauty

almost invariably lacks. She has acquired it through the discipline the switch-board forces upon attention. And Nellie can talk — so engagingly that you almost forget to scrutinize this room where the fourth-floor calls obtain. Glance about you. Yonder lugubrious sarcophagus — that's the folding-bed. This music cabinet? A wash-stand. The artlessly, though ever so artfully, arranged screen? A nook for the bureau. Laughs Nellie, "In my room everything is something else!" So is the room. At present it is a parlor. And if no chaperon presides, neither are there chaperons at the Topsfield, or in offices where the bachelor maids of Arlington Avenue pass whole days in masculine company.

But what, you ask, means the litter of papers that dropped from Nellie's lap as she rose to let you in? Stenography! The same eager ambition that got its start when Hefty McCafferty derided mouse-traps and the vending thereof, is still active. Why spend one's life among the "Have-you-got-'ems?" Though "Central" stands well socially, she merely stands. A stenographer may progress — become, by your leave, a law-clerk, a private secretary, or even a journalist, improving her social status as she improves her professional status. That is why Nellie fashions pot-hooks and chicken-tracks during otherwise idle intervals at the switch-board, attends a class at the People's Institute, and trains her fingers in nimbleness at "home." I call her case typical; not universally representative by any means, but typical in the sense that here you have in full flower a spirit germinal throughout society — the spirit that depopulates the kitchen to crowd the mill, the spirit that puts brass buttons and a helmet on your erstwhile truckman, the spirit that drives men out of the Navy into less attractive but more eminent callings, the spirit that inspires a thousand applicants for the puniest crumbs of officialism at City Hall, the spirit that hails night school with joyous gratitude and enlists patrons for innumerable cor-

respondence schools. Never a hint of advancement but society grows excited — that is, all save a sunken residue not worthy the name of society. What if aspiration ends but too commonly in disappointment? The aspiration is splendid.

Considering the elegance of Nellie's present entourage, one may marvel that she yearns for yet better. When she dines at the Exclusive, the Bon-Ton, the Elite, or indeed at any of the Avenue's magnificent twenty-one-meal-ticket cafés, she receives nods of merry recognition from the most fashionable of feminine wage-earners; while as for her masculine retinue, it constitutes a veritable salon. In Miss Grogan's sky-parlor one may meet three highly polished "sales-persons," a student of watch-making, a book-keeper or so, a developer of photographs two telegraph operators, and a proof-reader who describes himself as "on the *Star*." Decorous youths are these. In their urban state they display the zeal of the convert. In manner and speech, and particularly in dress, they achieve a more than metropolitan virtuosity. The developer of photographs, having worn a black tie with his hired evening clothes at the Mutual Aid Society's annual dinner, remained under a cloud for six weeks.

But are n't there times when so much grandeur rests heavily on Nellie's spirits, times when she wishes she was back in the North Cove? Perhaps, just as there are times when a lass newly endowed with long skirts and coiled tresses bewails her extinct occupation of climbing trees. Moreover, you will appreciate that in certain respects the Cove was superior to the Avenue. There, Nellie courted what acquaintanceship she chose; now she waits for introductions — a rather drastic limitation, when you come to think of it. There, a girl sought what fun she liked and paid her way; here she goes where she's invited, mainly, and at a man's expense — a fine arrangement, on its economic side, but a damper upon spontaneity, and, to many a girl, the cause of much tarrying at home. There, the steady pre-

vailed, while he lasted; here a whole battalion of suitors — some over-serious and in need of a squelching, others mere roving knights attaching themselves to girl after girl with a shockingly inconstant levity not tolerated in the Cove. They flirt, these errant beaux; some even make a virtue of flirtation. "Flirting is beneficial," writes one of them in the People's Column. "It gives a backward or bashful fellow confidence in himself and encourages him to study and read, that he may be interesting when talking to new friends."

Nevertheless, the Cove's gayeties savored too often of the penurious and cheapy-cheapy. One dangled about the edges of bliss, lacking the cash to plunge in. Not contentedly does society look on while the opulent afford rented bathing-suits, go moonlight-riding in canoes, or ascend hilariously in the Big Eli Wheel; and there lurks a certain ignominy about going to the "theatre" on tickets laid hold of through politics. The Avenue, meanwhile, maintains a wild and splendid disregard of expense; it has the mood of him who cries, "Come on in, the water's fine!" Says the developer of photographs, "Scrip all you like when you're out alone, but when you take a lady, do it right!" Not that all Nellie's admirers live up to that lofty principle; the student of watch-making, I dread to own, retains a noble bucolic thrift. At home it was his wont to invite his inamorata to prayer-meetings, auctions, funerals, and fires. To him, consequently, Miss Grogan owes the exhilaration of attending a Prohibitionist rally, a policemen's parade, the grand opening of the International Clothing Store, and a service in memory of deceased Elks. And of course he takes her walking.

You would love to go walking with Nellie. She prefers the fashionable thoroughfares, but a little coaxing will lure her into the parks, and there the fun begins. All around her she sees representatives of the life that once was hers, and that she now finds most mockable. Girls

go by, with an air of “I’m here with the berries,” — the phrase is Hefty’s, — and Nellie laughs. Silly couples on benches express their regard after the fashion of their kind — and Nellie jeers. Other couples pass, invariably the man taking the girl’s arm; out in rowboats, amateur mariners exhibit their imperfect acquaintance with oars; on shore, the facetious point out commanding objects in the landscape, — “There’s the Himmalay Mountains, hee, hee!” or “That’s Blackwell’s Island, hee, hee!” — while Nellie indulges a glorious, incommensurable mirth. But why has she halted so suddenly to pick up a newspaper some bencher has abandoned? See! The paper contains the announcement of the prizes awarded in the *Sunday Star’s* Beauty Contest. “First Prize: Miss Sadie Fogarty, the North Cove Hebe.”

Three years ago Nellie would have burst with envy. A year ago, the up-to-date front would have slipped its adjustment; a frantic storm of giggles would have concluded with, “Say, ain’t she the limit? Ain’t she the scream?” To-day Nellie laughs heartily enough, but keeps her dignity. She has assimilated the elegance, the refinement, the *savoir faire* of Arlington Avenue. In fact, she no longer insists on being called a lady or upon calling the Avenue’s social life “society.” Wish her success, then, with her pot-

hooks and chicken-tracks! No matter to what pinnacles of gentility she may ascend, she will adorn them.

But deeds outdo wishes, and I think we may reasonably undertake to marry Nellie off. She has piloted us up from darkest society to the point where it blends with the world “not in society.” Let us manifest our gratitude by allying her with a rising restaurateur of the Avenue. Congratulations, now, to both bride and groom — to the groom especially. If he deplores certain incidents in Nellie’s past, let him give thanks for the merits her past has developed. Having earned her living, she knows the value of money. Having grown up among workers, she can share her husband’s business cares. “Wise,” she can protect her children against many a foe whose existence the gentle-bred mother knows nothing of. And her goodness — it is the tested, tempted, disciplined goodness a man can count on. Here and there other girls, in the Cove and the Avenue, have come to grief under the conditions that have made Nellie strong; and now and then their stories are held up as typical, casting a burden and a stain upon those who had burdens enough before and who struggle hard enough, God knows, to maintain their fair name. Is that right, think you? Ask Nellie! Better yet, ask Nellie’s husband.

A DAY WITH PROFESSOR CHILD

BY FRANCIS B. GUMMERE

WE have an army of intellectual progress in America; it has fought its good fights, and won here and there its victories. In no country, however, are the victories so often misunderstood, ignored, exaggerated, assumed; and nowhere is to be found such a confusion of mind on the part of the public about the difference between a battle and a parade. This confusion is particularly marked in the face of investigations in literature and language; above all, where our own tongue is concerned; and perhaps the most inveterate and inevitable of blunders at such times is a habit of taking the drum-major for the general. The late Francis James Child was acknowledged in all competent quarters as a leader of the first rank; but the public knew nothing of him. He was never on parade. He never coveted the drum-major's fame. When the army was marking time, a gorgeous spectacle, when uniforms shone resplendent, and the band played, and kodaks were snapping on every hand for a characteristic pose of the happy warrior, and reporters were getting words of wisdom for the Sunday supplement, — on these occasions Mr. Child was sure to be at work undisturbed among his roses. The roar and blare from the street had for him neither threat nor allurement; and the most grotesque distortions, spread abroad as fresh conquests of truth by the grand army, drew from him nothing more than his favorite comment: "Let the children play." Only you must not go too far, not trifle with the really serious things. Once he was told that a certain "eminent" writer had made highly derogatory remarks about ballads. "Did he? Did he?" murmured Mr. Child, as if in pain; and presently came some comments on the offender, which left him,

to be sure, the chance of uncovenanted mercies, but a very clouded prospect along orthodox lines. This, however, was only momentary vexation; for honest work and earnest scholars Mr. Child had infinite patience and an almost pathetic hope. More to the point, his own precious time was never grudged to the student who had serious business in hand, however humble its degree, and however limited its possibilities.

Some fourteen years ago, during the long vacation, the present writer was engaged in making a small collection of English and Scottish ballads, and had, of course, obtained Mr. Child's permission to use such texts as had then been published in the famous edition. A card or letter from him, asking about progress, was answered to the effect that the compiler was just beginning to copy texts. Post-haste came a fairly indignant card with command to "stop that nonsense" and await word from Cambridge; the signature was undertaken with such righteous vehemence that the pen broke, and a wild sputter of dots and blots was the sole result. Under this, with a new pen, was carefully written, "Chinese for F. J. C." This card, with its sequel, would be known by any of his friends as an epitome of Mr. Child's character. And the sequel? A huge package, crammed with old proof-sheets in every stage of progress, gathered from various corners of his house, and even from the haunts of his printers, and representing hours of search, all to save a vagrom writer the labor of copying texts.

On another occasion, a random inquiry about some rare Danish ballad, meant only to draw a few words of information, sent this busy man to the Harvard library, and resulted in a careful

manuscript copy of the entire ballad, a long one, tossed over to the repentant inquirer as if it were the merest bagatelle. But that bundle of proof-sheets was not all. It is well known that ballad-texts are kittle cattle to shoe; it is easy to print all the versions, but when selection or combination of the best is attempted, a hundred questions rise. Mr. Child suggested a discussion of this matter in all its bearings. "Come up here," he wrote, "and spend the day with me. We can talk it over in comfort."

The day was spent, indeed, and ballad-texts were discussed; but Cambridge in August is relaxing, and for one word on ballads there were twenty of miscellaneous import, — particularly after luncheon, with the cigars. Doubtless many a reader of these lines has the same tale to tell: of the short, curly-headed man clearing his rose-bushes of the slugs and worms, whose taste he admired and whose destruction he deplored, propping, clipping, what not; then the head bent toward his visitor, a blinking glance over his spectacles, a gleam of recognition, a smile, the undertones, — did any one ever hear Mr. Child shout or scream? — as he first stretched out and then withdrew his arm, with "Let me 'wash this filthy witness' from my hands;" and then the walk to the study, and the preparatory smoke. I am sure that the things which Mr. Child said on that long, lazy day were the simplest and most spontaneous utterances for him; but they touched here and there on important matters, they summarized a remarkable experience, and expressed a remarkable man; and a few of them are set down now, as faithfully as may be after the lapse of years, that they may recall the memory of the keenest, soundest, and most lovable of American scholars.

So far, of course, as the professional talk is concerned, nothing need be reported in this place except the general fact that then, as always, Mr. Child combined the sharpest possible criticism on editorial work with kindly allowances for the

editor. Even the sins of Peter Buchan, which he never forgave, did not quite overwhelm the sinner; and when it came to that most pestiferous of all pests, the common or American platform-man, indignation yielded to jest, and not a curse but a laugh was flung at the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal of scholarship.

We were scarcely seated in his study when he lifted up a letter from the desk. "I've just been writing to Blank in London," he said. "Did you now, by any chance, ever hear of Dash in these parts?" Dash, indeed, was an American who had just been making a kind of progress through the gregarious literary societies of England, and had read "able papers" of a cheap and now quite forgotten brand. "Well," went on Mr. Child, "here Blank writes me as if the Campbells were coming, and says that I shall doubtless be overwhelmed with joy to learn that Dash is returning to America, and will soon be among us once more. And I have answered, 'What is this about Dash? Who is he? *Is it a pseudonym?*'"

He tossed back the letter, and came deftly to the point of business. Specific discussion for perhaps an hour yielded, as I remember, to the general subject of American scholars and the things which they could and could not do. Remote from original sources, they must make their opportunity, he said, by dealing accurately and intelligently with materials of the first hand. Thus it was his ambition to have his own scholars come definitely to terms with the problem of Chaucer's language, and put the knowledge of this important matter on a permanent base. His constant maxim for all work of the kind was, "Do it so it shall never have to be done again."

Few persons are aware of the difficulties which beset Mr. Child himself in the preparation of his paper on the Language of Chaucer, those "Observations," as he modestly called them, which really form the basis of all subsequent studies in the subject, and remain now secure as one of

the few treatises which have, so his biographer notes, "permanently settled important problems of linguistic science." He was reminded by his guest of the paucity of materials, and particularly of the slender margin of leisure which had been at his disposal for original work. "Yes," he assented, as he stood by the fireplace, "I had n't much time for it; but I kept the books and papers ready on my desk, and sat down to them, even if there were only twenty minutes or so free." "And you had to leave it," I suggested, "to correct themes!" A grim look came into his face. "Do you know," he said solemnly, placing his foot on a light chair in front of him, "that I corrected themes in Harvard College for twenty-five years?" It has been remarked that Mr. Child never lifted his voice unduly; but some sort of physical emphasis was imperative, and this was furnished by the chair. As he pronounced the "twenty-five years" with most exact and labored utterance, his foot was released, and the chair found a new site half-way across the room.

No small part of Mr. Child's charm lay in his impulsiveness. Once, in a class which was reading *Hamlet*, he assigned some ordinary passage to a young gentleman who had been trained to wildest feats of "elocution," and who now saw his chance for immortality. The rafters of that bare room at the top of University Hall fairly echoed to the frenzied performance; there were bellowings of rage, the low hiss of scorn, the ringing appeal, the cry of triumph, the wail of baffled hope, all accompanied by a kind of suppressed wheeze or asthmatic undertone which I take to have been the "deep breathing" indicated by doctors of this diabolical art. Mr. Child uncoiled himself slowly, craned out his head, lifted his spectacles, and peered, first amazed, then quizzical, then tragic, at the performer. "Heavens, man, — stop!"

Whenever I hear Hamlet's soliloquy, or Othello's last speech, "rendered" in terms of "Curfew shall not ring to-

night," I think of that scene in the old class-room three and thirty years ago. But there is another scene connected with that room which the members of English 3, — I think it was, — an omnibus course in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, and Dryden, should still recall with pride. We were tantalized with the too brief glimpses of Chaucer and Shakespeare as Child interpreted them to us, and as no other man then living could have done; and we showed plainly our desire for more. The course had to make its predestined way; but he told us that if we cared to sacrifice an extra hour each week, say the gorged and lazy hour after what was then midday dinner in "Memorial," he would read us the *Canterbury Tales* and a fair bit of Shakespeare. "You may bring a friend, if you like," he added, and appointed his first reading in the familiar little room. But when he came to keep his tryst, he found stairway and hall fairly filled with a gentle mob which awaited the chance of a seat for perhaps every fourth man. His score of students had become a crowd of listeners; like another Moses, he had to lead his flock about the building until he got habitation in a room which is now sacred to the faculty. All the seats there were occupied and remained so to the end of the course. Some of those hearers can never forget Mr. Child's combined pleasure and amazement as he made his way through the first crowd; can never forget those readings, — the quiet but effective tones, the comments, the sympathy which made Chaucer so fresh, so rich, such "God's plenty" indeed; and, above all, the pause and the slow wiping of spectacles after the "And so I am, I am," of Cordelia to Lear.

We have kept Mr. Child too long on his hearth-rug looking ruefully at the gap between him and the chair. Talk swung back to the ballads, but this time it was his own troubles and difficulties that he deplored. Nothing could be more characteristic of him than his embarrassment in facing a small group of what the Scotch

call "high-kilted" songs. Yes, he had to print them; but it was a poor business. He spoke sternly, uncompromisingly, of one of these; and how he judged the wanton and outrageous, how he frowned on stories, phrases, allusions, which make deliberate sport of man's best impulses, may be read in terse summary in his own introduction to "The Keach in the Creel;" an offensive passage there is characterized as "brutal and shameless."

For the brutally and shamelessly obscene he had no mercy; but there is another ballad, high-kilted enough in all conscience, but without any vicious taint, which Mr. Child next began to denounce in the most orthodox fashion, but with a queer catch in his voice and with a twinkle in his eye. Preposterous, he said, to have to work in such stuff when you could have Young's *Night Thoughts* or Cowper's *Task* for the asking. "The impudence of the thing!" and he suddenly broke into a kind of chant, reciting the last stanza of the rollicking ballad, and ended in a burst of laughter. He was fairly "going" now, and went on, in a kind of prose parody of that highly moral strain with which Chaucer concludes the *Troilus*, to bewail his task of dealing with so many bandits, outlaws, roisterers, silly girls, Lord Lovels, and other chuckleheads of tradition, setting withal a harmless little trap of quotation, as characteristic as might be. "You remember the line —

Of Jove, Appollo, of Mars, of swich *ca-*
naille?"

he asked, with sly emphasis on the last word. And, with the laugh at this, was also said the last word on the business of the day.

For whatever reason, talk after luncheon turned into reminiscence, on Mr. Child's part, of the Civil War, and of the Harvard men whom he had known who shouldered a musket or wielded a sword for the good cause. Much of what he said is common story, and could be told again with profit only on condition that his exact words should be set down, and that some

idea could be conveyed of his enthusiasm, his sympathy, his sense of dealing with high things. One anecdote, however, which he recited with unusual appreciation and zest, I have never seen in print; and it has its peculiar interest in its reception by men of various nationalities. The Englishman or American to whom it is told again is invariably impressed; the Frenchman is polite, but misses all point, all climax, and seems to hold back a damaging "*Après?*"

Two Harvard men, who had been classmates and room-mates, went to the front. In a hot fight one of them fell, mortally wounded; the other, by nickname "Pat," bent over his comrade for the last word. — "What shall I tell them at home?" — "Tell them how it was, Pat."

This story, one hopes, is characteristic of Harvard spirit at the best; there can be no doubt how near it lay to the heart of the man who told it. He too, was hewn from the Puritan rock; he loved to take and give hard blows in silence, to do no bragging, to have no brass band at the head of his procession of moral ideas. He knew also the deeper Puritan mood, and he had his faith in the God of battles. With all his impatience of cant, his hatred of oily holiness, his irrepressible humor that could not resist an apparently innocent comment of "Unknown," as he read the title of Milton's sonnet "To a Virtuous Young Lady," he kept alive in his heart, not only the stern old code of conduct, but the larger hope as well. If these halting recollections did nothing else than preserve a single phrase uttered on a subject which men seldom touch in a personal and emotional mood, I am persuaded they would be worth while. It was near the close of that languorous August day, and reminiscence had fallen upon "James Lowell," as Mr. Child called him, upon the noble qualities of the man, the pathetic struggle with disease, the memorial services in the college chapel, and on this and that incident of the closing years. Mentioning one cruel

blow which struck home as no other blow can strike, "I wrote," said Mr. Child, "a letter of condolence to James Lowell." Then he paused. He looked sharply, almost defiantly, across at his visitor, as if he suddenly remembered that young men of these latter days regard condolence as a hollow form, alien to the robust selfishness of modern life, and words of hope after death as an insult to the intelligence. Very quietly and steadily he continued, "I *could* send a letter of condolence to James Lowell. For I am one of those old fools *who think that we go on.*"

The writer's last glimpse of Mr. Child was on another August day, little more than a year before he died. He had gathered a small company at luncheon to meet a man of admirable learning and ability, who had lost his position through quite unworthy influences, — I wish I could give Mr. Child's pun on the name of the offending college, — and for whom this unwearied benefactor of "the docile bairns of knowledge" was determined to do all that could be done. I had to take an early train for a far country, and Mr. Child came, moving not without a kind of effort, to say farewell and to take a breath or so of fresh air upon the porch. He was thanked for the pleasant hours that had just been spent with him, and for some kindly personal words. — "Ah! *But we must do something for that man.*" These were the last words I heard him say, and they were characteristic of all I had ever heard from him, of all I had ever heard about him.

There should be a collection of Professor Child's good things, — his quips, his comments, his speeches before the faculty, all his words and his ways; and it should be made by one who knew him intimately in his daily life. Old notebooks of his courses in college should be ransacked; for one of those pungent phrases of his was often worth all the voluminous comments on literature "printed this year." The inevitable process of

transfer in tradition is already at work; and his brightest sayings are here and there attributed to most incongruous origins. A brisk young graduate, hot from the Harvard griddle and talking eloquently about Mr. Child in the smoking-room of an ocean liner, blended him in an impossible composite of habits and sayings with Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles. The famous utterance on original work in college is still passed joyfully from mouth to mouth; but it will be good luck if another generation shall not fasten it upon Francis Bowen. One story, however, cannot be torn for many a day from its hero. When it was proposed to reinforce old ways of teaching by modern appliances in the class-room, Mr. Child is reported by his colleagues to have asked the authorities for an aviary. — "An aviary?" — "Yes, and a boy with a pole. When we come to mention of larks and nightingales, exotic for my classes, I shall say, 'Boy, the lark!' or 'Boy, the nightingale!' with edifying results."

Not for his humor, however great its charm, not for comment or phrase, but for the things which he did, and for the man that he was, is the fame of Mr. Child secure. He was a good man. Like Scott, he left the note of soundness, goodness, bigheartedness, as the permanent fact of his career. Large as the differences may loom when one compares him with that other lover and gatherer of ballads, there is likeness enough in the humanity of both, a sterling, kindly, impatient, generous sort, which most men recognize as the best of nature's making. While he never did what he might have done in creative work, he chose the right path in his determination to set high standards for American scholarship. He never got the ear of the multitude; for figuratively, as well as literally, he never raised his voice. Yet throughout the length and breadth of this land there is not a class in the higher English studies which is free from debt to him for the quality of its work and for the excellence of its ideals.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A DEFENSE OF DOGBERRY

It seems to me that the gentleman who recently published, in the Contributors' Club, "Dogberry in the College Classroom," Verges on dangerous ground. In the drama from which he took his parallel there were two defective mentalities, one older than the other. Was it not Verges who helped bring Dogberry to this pass (or did Dogberry in real life fail to pass)? I am sure that it was not hilarity, but remorse, which urged the guilty teacher to dangle before the public such visible et risible tokens of his own mis-spent hours.

Those of us who are teachers have an uneasy suspicion that we are not infallible; our students, in their secret tribunals, do not spare us. Therefore, when pious Eld unmuzzles his wisdom he must beware lest he too prove that thing unknown even in Wall Street, — a laughing-stock. Dogberry may well point with accusing finger at his teacher and say, "I am your own *progeny of learning*." Are there not on record jokes just as amusing as any of the mistakes of youthful students? May not a student smile grimly at the personal touch in this statement, about a course in zoölogy, extracted from the catalogue of a leading American college? "Course B, open to juniors and seniors, is parallel to course A, open to freshmen and sophomores; course B does for vertebrates what course A does for invertebrates."

I can recall the laughter roused in my student days by notices given out in chapel. Mr. — will lecture on View of the Hills of Palestine on Horseback. — One day during Thanksgiving week a teacher, leading chapel, announced that there would be that week a missionary meeting, at which it was hoped there would be special thought and prayer for

Turkey. I could reveal other reminiscences from my undergraduate days, but I live now in a glass house.

Certainly Dogberry has power of retaliation, and in more ways than one. Formerly I, too, jested over the errors of my pupils. Intrrenched in my knowledge, I read to classes extracts from their papers, and I laughed aloud over their ill-considered answers. But Nemesis, in the shape of a student assistant who read papers for me, changed all that. This embodiment of justice prepared for me a little volume, beautifully written, in which were carefully set down all the laughable blunders of my students, in a recent examination. With an irony cruel and unrelenting, heads and sub-heads were arranged in such a fashion as to cast hideous aspersion on my teaching. There they stand, the things that I have taught so badly, so carelessly. There are the records of my inefficiency. That book has been to me an incentive, a scourge. It is the most satirical production I have ever read.

Here are some of the results of my pedagogical career. Teachers will see, at a glance, that in every instance the pupil had done her best. And let me remark that these are the works of college girls, and show, when compared with the Dogberrian literature, the difference between the feminine and the masculine mind. The boy cares little for even a semblance of intelligence in his answers; he blurts out any grotesque fancy. The girl is far more wary and careful of appearances; she answers tentatively, groping for something that will sound well, and her mistakes have not the bold inconsequence of the boy's, but, rather, a finished, serpentine evasiveness.

"An elegy is a form of poem which usually consists in a scene of struggle. It is comprised of much action. A hero is

usually the main feature."—"An elegy is usually brief and the style is not copied."—"An elegy is a lament upon the mental and moral state of the author."—"Anglo-Saxon is literature from the German scholars."—"The English race was made up of three peoples. The Saxons were a dreamy, happy, beautiful people. They came into England in hoards. The Romans brought in the responsibilities of life. The Celts were a contrary-dispositioned people."—"The Reformation produced such writers as Crammer who wrote the prayer-book, a charming and dignified piece of literature."—"John Wiclif was the father of argumentation."—"Miracle plays were given on church holidays and everybody went in great throngs, not only because they felt drawn to them, which they certainly did, for they had much the same effect as modern evangelistic meetings in extreme cases."—"Bede was the author of *Cædmon*, a very familiar work. An angle appeared to him in his sleep and requested him to sing."—"Chaucer described a band of pilgrims who were journeying to the Holy Land to pay their religious respects."—"His style is neither very swift nor very slow."—"In the description of the Prioress he is clear but complementary."—"He is not illiterate."—"All dates used in this paper are A. D."—"The King James Bible was translated into *rime royal*. This translation was an invaluable feat of Bacon's. The Old Testament was taken from the Hebrews."—"This tale has a metre in every line."—"Richardson stands as the one who had the germ of the society novel."—"Popish diction was a term applied to Pope's poetry and then to the poetry of his admiring successors. By it we understand that the piece contains many contracted words and an abusive amount of classical figures of speech."

This is not what my pupils call "shear raving." Some intellect has gone into the making of these responses. No one would accuse the young of believing these

monstrous absurdities; the amount of the matter is that youth does not see things in their proper relations, it has little sense of humor. If these boys and these girls knew how amusing they are, what would be left for teachers to do? What differentiates age from youth is the power of perceiving fine shades of meaning, of detecting incompatibilities of phrase and idea. How could we teachers maintain our show of superiority were it not that the chief characteristic of our pupils is a splendid solemnity about its utterances?

At the close of this warning to schoolmasters, let me offer, for serious reflection, a moral:—

True genuine dullness moved his pity
Unless it offered to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confes't,
He ne'er offended with a jest.

THE TYRANNY OF FACTS

ONCE upon a time, very long ago, when I was young, I used to dream of all the things I would some day possess. As time went on, the nature of the things I coveted changed, but not the dream of possession. Then, as some of these dreams found their fulfillment, a fundamental reconstruction of ideals took place. I dreamed no longer of possession, but of enfranchisement; I no longer wished for more things, but only for the power to cope with the things I already had—or that had me. And at last my strongest desire was to possess nothing—but friends.

Of late, I notice, the same thing that happened in my house has happened in my head. There was a time when I loved to collect information. Facts—all facts—were precious to me, and I loved to feel them making piles and stacks and rows in my brain. Everything was welcome, from the names of the stars to the prepositions that governed the Latin ablative, from the dynasties of Egypt to the geography lists of "state products"—"corn, wheat, and potatoes," "rice, sugar,

cotton, and tobacco." While this mania was upon me, dictionaries allured me, cyclopædias held me spellbound. I was even able to read with interest the annals of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, a book which presents more facts per page than any other in that great and unclassified mob called "fiction."

What were the causes and processes of change I cannot say. Possibly an overdose of facts produced reaction. At all events, the change took place, and the time has come when, just as I deprecate the arrival of new possessions in my house, even thus do I deplore the stream of information whose constant relentless flow into my unwilling consciousness I am powerless to prevent. For I find that whereas, during my years of enthusiasm for accumulation, everything combined to help me, now that my endeavors are reversed, the powers arrayed against me are mighty. The Sunday newspaper, which is the embodiment of information invading the last stronghold of peace, this I can and do bar out of my house; but on weekdays the newspapers have things their own way. They invade my morning quiet, they disturb my evening calm, they render the male section of my family indifferent to morning coffee and dilatory before evening soup. Nor am I myself exempt from the baleful influence. Various digests of the "world's news" lie constantly upon my table, and I am occasionally weak enough to think it my duty to read them, "so as to be a little intelligent, you know," as a firm-minded aunt of mine is in the habit of saying. In this unwilling endeavor to acquire intelligence I stultify what little of that faculty I may have been originally endowed with, I stuff my brain with cotton, in the form of "science brevities," "literary jottings," "religious notes," "political news," and so on. And then for a time a violent reaction sets in, and I eschew all informing books, and hie me to Lamb, to Shelley, to Malory, to Homer. These are my joy, my recreation, my tonic.

Nor is it only the newspapers and their

kind with which I have to contend. My dearest friends are traitors, and my foes are they of my own household. For they cling to the possessions of their brains, they are busy amassing more, they survey them with satisfaction and exhibit them with pride, so that I am driven to question, Which of us is right? Is the change in me due to growing wisdom or to on-coming senility?

In my out-door life the same issue is constantly presenting itself. I love birds and flowers. In fact, I believe that I honestly love that grand and joyous conglomerate usually called "Nature." There was a time, moreover, during that remote period of which I have spoken, when I possessed a respectable amount of information about these matters. Just as, in my lust for physical possessions, I collected butterflies and eggs and flowers, even so in my lust for intellectual possessions I accumulated knowledge—I learned all their names, I knew all about their wings and their spots and their petals and their seeds and their roots and whatever else appertained to them. It amazes me now when I occasionally stumble upon some record of my former knowledge. I feel like saying, with the old woman in *Mother Goose*,

"Lawk a massy on me!
This is none of I!"

But following my feeling of amazement there usually comes one of relief—how glad I am that I don't know all that now! I still love "Nature," but when I have found the lovely flower in the meadow or the deep wood, I do not hasten to pick it, and bring it home, and analyze it, and press it. I am content to lie down beside it awhile and enjoy its companionship, its beauty, its fragrance, whatever it has of charm and comeliness, and then I leave it and pass on. When I hear a sweet bird-note, I pause and listen as it comes again and yet again. But I do not pursue the bird with an opera-glass to count its feathers, and estimate its dimensions, and then hurry home to my "bird books" to

"look it up" and make a marginal note of the date. When I see butterflies fluttering about the lilacs and the syringas and the phlox, I stand quiet and watch them — those huge pale yellow ones banded with black that love to hang about lavender flowers — do they know what a lovely chord of color they strike? Those dark ones with blues and greens splashed on their wing-edges, those rich rusty red ones, with pure silver flashes on their under-sides, those little jagged-winged beauties with all the colors of an Oriental rug — old reds, old blues, old yellows — all mottled together. Ah, they are all delightful, and as I watch this favorite and that, holding my breath lest I scare him into flight, I find myself smiling to think — I knew his name once!

But most of my friends still know their names. They have opera-glasses and notebooks, and a prodigious amount of information. They keep tally of the number of birds they see in a day, or on a walk, or on a drive, of the number of new birds or flowers they recognize in a season. They call me up by telephone to tell me that the beautiful creature we had seen in a certain tree was, after all, not the *Apteryx americanus* but the *Apteryx warrensis*, a much rarer variety of the same species, with a longer tail and two more white feathers in the wing than his commonplace cousin.

Amid such whirlpools of information I feel that I am unable to hold my own, and so I try to drift out; but now and again I am drawn in, and I find myself growing stupid as I bend over my friends' bird books. I give myself headaches looking at their butterfly cabinets; real butterflies on the phlox and the lilacs never seem to give me headaches.

I have said that I do not regret the change in myself — that I would not, if I could, gather up the stores of information I once possessed and refurnish my brain with them; no, not even if I could arrange them all in order, cleaned and dusted and sorted ready to be used or admired. Let

them go! Some of them have already gone altogether, thrown away, dropped into cracks, burned up, ground to powder, dissolved into nothing. Some lie, perhaps, piled up in the dusty garrets of my brain, huddled together in formless heaps or stowed close in the old chests of memory that are never opened. If I searched I might find them, and drag them out, and perhaps among them I might perchance discover some treasures, but I shall never search. I shall let them all lie together in the quiet, dusty twilight, not to be disturbed until the whole mansion, from dim attic to sunlit living-rooms, shall perish to be known no more.

MY ARCHITECTURAL FRIENDS

I WONDER if to others, as to me, houses seem to have names expressive of their characters, — names universally of the feminine gender. I do not refer to the absurd and high-sounding abortions of misspelling given them in baptism by their parents or guardians, — "Mayplehurst," "Wyndwold," "Hylholm." No, I mean good honest Christian names, suggested by the personality of the houses themselves, like "Margaret and Mary, Kate and Caroline," to quote the May Queen's list of defeated candidates for the regency to which she herself was chosen. To an old man who has been robbed of human companionship by the relentless years, these friends of wood and stone are among time's compensating gifts.

I have lived — for more years than the psalmist would allow me to consider free from labor and sorrow — in a country town where each dwelling is to me a distinct personality. Of course houses express the individuality of their occupants and are saturated with associations which, to the octogenarian, are so much cud for the toothless jaws of memory to chew. That goes without saying, — but what I cannot go without saying is that to me each house has a name and a character of its own, not of its owner.

Across my street is a matronly-looking colonial mansion with yellowing complexion and a pleasant look of experience, whose name I am sure is Deborah. Her broad brow beams benignly upon me, and the smile of her hospitable front door, cordial and affectionate, recognizes that we are contemporaries. Close by is a little cottage whose eyebrows are always raised in an expression of surprise, and whose hair seems tightly pulled back on her roof. Neat, trig, and compact, this little house is always "Ellen" to me, for I once knew an Ellen — sixty years ago — whose personality was the same.

All the way down the street to the post office these friends of mine stand, cordial, smiling, intimate. That fat, comfortable house who seems to recline rather than to sit up like her neighbors, is called "Lizzie," as any one with an ounce of imagination can see at a glance. Poor Lizzie's eyes are half shut under their swollen lids, and her rather cumbersome bulk emanates indolence. I know she is rheumatic from lying in that damp hollow so long, and the thought gives me a sympathetic twinge.

Of course there are some houses for whom I have not the same affection as for these intimates. For instance, there is a prudish little gray house on the corner whose nose is in the air, and who is too prim to smile at any man, even when he is almost a right angle in shape, and leans upon a cane. She is thin, angular, and old-maidish, and I know her name is Sophia, and that is all I care to know about her.

Next door is a flirtatious little Queen Anne cottage peeking coquettishly out from a tangle of flowers, her hair hanging picturesquely over her eyes in curls and tendrils. Dear little Flossy! I can't look at her beguiling personality without regretting that her unsymmetrical prettiness has been superseded by a more classic type of beauty. Yet who can look at her dignified neighbor Helen and regret anything! Helen, the pride of her architect, and of her town, pure in line,

stately in bearing, perfect in beauty. To her I take off my hat, while to Lizzie, Ellen, and Flossy I informally nod and smile.

Of course in architectural circles, as in others, there is the vulgar *parvenue* who tries to get into good society by imitating her neighbors. Close beside Helen, peeking at her through an ornate fence, is one of these pretentious little upstarts. She is shockingly overdressed, blatantly pinchbeck, and shows hybrid inheritances. Her hair is done *à la Française* (French roof), she has the real English complexion (red brick), and she has decked herself with inappropriate Florentine furbelows and Roman mosaics (Italian garden and pergola). Her name, I need hardly say, is Gladys.

Of course I understand that one of the many pleasures which dwellers in cities must resign, is this sense of intimacy with inanimate things. Who ever heard of houses in blocks having names or personalities, — with their red faces all alike, and never so much as a profile among them! There is no variation of type. I feel like saying to them what Humpty Dumpty said to Alice when he felt the hopelessness of ever recognizing her again. "Your face is the same as everybody has. . . . Now if you had the two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance, or the mouth at the top, — that would be *some* help."

As one grows callous and cold with age, one welcomes anything that brings back the glow of life to organs almost obsolete. So when I leave the monotonous characterless city, after my annual visit to my grandson, and get back to my dear old-fashioned town and look in the friendly faces of Deborah, Lizzie, Ellen, *et al.*, I feel the cockles of my heart warming with love, and the muscles of my throat tightening with emotion. And if I can keep my "cockles and mussels alive, all alive," like those in the old song, till my shell of mortality falls from me, it will be owing to the silent influence of my architectural friends.

"THESE ARE MY TROUBLES,
MR. WESLEY"

It was a prosperous merchant, before whose fireplace John Wesley sat conversing, after a cold and comfortless circuit of the coal-fields; and the wind veered, and blew a puff of smoke down the chimney. It made the merchant's eyes water, and he thus mistook it for a sorrow; and turning to the evangelist, he said mournfully, "Ah! these are my troubles, Mr. Wesley!"

Had it been Charles Wesley instead of John, a real instead of a satiric sympathy might have been extorted. To live in such a penury of sorrows that he must beg for these husks of grief, and scant crumbs of the bread on which self-pity feeds — was not this a trouble, Mr. Wesley? His self-esteem grown so thin and poor — his Nessus shirt worn threadbare — scarce a prickle left to bless him! "Ease is the worst enemy of happiness," says Mr. Chesterton; and reviewers smile and call it a pretty paradox. It is a sermon from the text Isaiah xxxii, 11, — a sermon full of personalities, directed plumb at me. Others, too, I see, sleek neighbors, who might join me in a pew to hear the Reverend G. K. C. hold forth upon this theme. We seldom hear these bracing, pungent, insolent, thrilling truths in church!

I am poverty-stricken in this sort myself. I have few better sorrows to boast than the city merchant. Our chimney never even smokes; for a mason built it who knows more of chimneys than was known in the days of Wren. But we have sorrows of a like calibre. My housemate and I have some such sorrows together, and we have others apart. Here I paused, to endeavor to think of them; but my mind was a vacuum. I was obliged to call out to my dear J. O. H., —

"What bothersome things have we in the house?"

"Bothersome things — I don't know what you mean."

"Why, *Wesleyan troubles*."

"Oh — I don't know. The roof *used* to leak."

"That was before we had it slated."

"Well, I can't think of anything else. Oh yes — the furnace-damper."

"That's been mended."

"Two blinds always bang when it blows."

"And you bump your head coming up the cellar stairs."

"For a long time the ice-box doors would n't shut!"

"And oh, the deep drawer in the spare-room bureau won't open!"

We are getting a nice crop of them. These are our troubles, Mr. Wesley! But I have a more respectable one of my own beside — I have hay-fever. I deserve pity for *that*. (I very appropriately sneeze twice at this point.) I have, too, a trouble connected with J. O. H. herself. She *will* take the pile of mendables I keep on a chair, and she *will* spread them all over my counterpane. She has another despicable trait. She often reminds me of something forgotten just as we set forth for the village together; and then calls after me, as I speed back to our house, "*I'll wait for you at the drug-store*."

She has a worse, a more intolerable fault than this and one I should not mention were her initials really J. O. H. She never hears me out! I have theories, which I would like to develop under the stimulus of an *intelligent listener*; but merely because she has finished her breakfast, — merely because she "has a letter to write," — she walks away and leaves me talking. I have never expressed my opinion of this habit to J. herself. I would not wound her feelings. She thinks herself considerate, because, from time to time, she listens to my reading aloud of poetry. It is considerate — it is kind; but they are poems that she *ought to like*. I cannot understand her lack of appreciation of "*Kinmont Willie*." I have read it to her again and again, but she has not learned to like it yet. I know, indeed, that some of my idiosyncrasies are *non grata* to her.

She dislikes my stodgy boots, and that Scottish plaided ribbon which I often wear in the morning, and think very pleasing. I am sure she dislikes, though she refrains through affection from saying so, my habit of humming long pieces of poetry to a monotonous no-tune, when I am dusting. I have an indulgeable — fault, shall I call it? — of being always a few minutes late. It arises from a praise-worthy dislike of wasting time. If I am a very little late for an appointment, the other person is always there; and thus no time is lost — off we go together at once. J. declares that the other person has wasted time waiting for me; and persists in censuring me, while she pities that party of the second part. I must admit that she has “some spunks” (as Alan Breck would say) of reason on her side; but after all, it is an *interesting* sort of fault. All my so-called faults have a sort of charm about them. And yet I am often willing to apologize for them. Does J. O. H. ask my pardon for coming into my room and spreading out my mendables on the quilt? Far from doing so, she inquires, “How long has this garment been without a patch?”

‘These are my troubles, Mr. Wesley.

Though my years have overflowed the twenties, I still live in bounty in this kind house, and my path “runs down with butter and honey.” I have passed these many years, not alone generally free from pain and illness, but full of a positive sense of well-being, and wakings, “to feel like the morning star.” I am flattered with affection ill-deserved; and my time is filled, and even pleasantly crowded, with welcome small responsibilities, and agreeable cares. Alas — am I one of those Daughters of Ease whom the prophet bade to tremble? Can I think of no worse troubles than these I have mentioned? These paragraphs, for all their verbosity, have an emaciated look. Yes, there is one — a looming, though second-hand trouble; one which the late Lord Shaftesbury felt, and remembered in his Diary. It is the thought of the mute sorrows of the beasts. Alas, “the beasts that perish” at our hands! When shall we think it a part of respectability to make their perishing swift? Their trouble is our trouble, Mr. Wesley! It is chronic with my dear J., and quotidian with me. We might have thought of *that*, when we were trying to think of a bothersome something in the house!